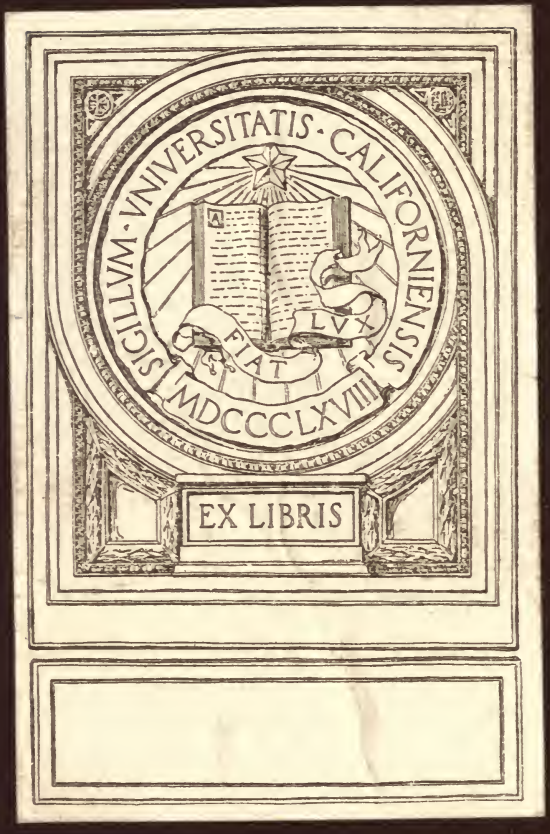
MILITARY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MASSACHUSETTS
FOUNDED
·1876·
INCORPORATED
·1891·


SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
FIAT LVX
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

PAPERS

OF THE

MILITARY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME XII.

NAVAL ACTIONS AND HISTORY
1799-1898

NAVAL ACTIONS

AND

HISTORY

1799-1898

PUBLISHED FOR THE MILITARY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF MASSACHUSETTS BY
Griffith-Stillings Press
BOSTON
1902

E464
.M45
v.12

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE OLD NAVY	1
THE HOME SQUADRON IN THE WINTER OF 1860-61	75
THE STORY OF THE CUMBERLAND	101
THE STORY OF THE MONITOR	127
REMINISCENT OF THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON	155
THE BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY	209
THE NAVAL BRIGADE	245
PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR, 1861-1865	269
SAMOA AND THE HURRICANE OF MARCH, 1889	305
THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY	365
INDEX	389

29399.4

THE OLD NAVY.

BY

REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE E. BELKNAP, U.S.N.

Read January 5, 1897.

THE OLD NAVY.

My topic this evening is the Old Navy, Historical and Reminiscent, with glances aside at the British Navy.

We hear a great deal about the New Navy in these days; but just when and where the Old Navy became merged in, or was swallowed up by, the New is a question that perhaps no man can satisfactorily answer. The conditions of our naval service have not changed a whit more during the past fifty years, except in academic directions, than have the conditions of the British navy, yet I venture to say that no man ever heard the invidious distinction of new and old applied to that grand service — a service which is literally the foster-mother of our own, and unquestionably, as regards organization and homogeneity, strength and mobility, the finest navy the world has ever seen. Nor do we in this country ever hear such distinction applied to our Army; and certainly no man will deny that the Army has kept equal pace with the Navy in meeting the changed conditions of warfare, which the improvements in ordnance and armor, small arms and explosives, electrical appliance and manipulation, have demanded since the close of our civil war.

New ships alone do not make a new navy. The spirit of man and his directing hand are required to give them any value whatever as constructions for the defence of the nation. In other words, without an organized and disciplined personnel, schooled in the art of naval warfare,

and trained to the knowledge of the sea and its turbulent conditions, they would be as useless and

> "Idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean."

But the personnel of the service is a continuing body, imperceptibly evolutionary in character with the passage of time, like every other organization with which mankind has to do, especially in this age of notable invention and unsurpassed activity. Nor are the new types of ships a whit more novel in design or more difficult to handle in any respect than the monitor class of vessels which, in their experimental state, the personnel of a generation ago had to take directly from the hands of the builders, and go forth with haste to meet the enemy in battle, leaving to such supreme hour the test of appliances and the development of defects, as witness the searching results of the enemy's fire at Charleston on the memorable 7th of April, 1863.

What officer of this day, indeed, has matched Worden in sea-daring, when he took the first Monitor, full of faults, from New York to Hampton Roads in 1862, and engaged in battle the confident Merrimac but a few brief hours after arrival? Or John Rodgers, who, when in the Weehawken, off the Delaware breakwater, cast off his tow in a blinding north-easter, and boldly pushed into the teeth of the gale to test the sea-going qualities of that new type of ship of which, on the part of many seamen, there were grave doubts? What ship of this so-called New Navy to-day, indeed, has gone or been fit to go into instant service in face of the enemy the moment she left the builder's yard?

Anent the monitor-class of turret-ships, Admiral Porter tells this story in his Recollections: "When Ericsson laid his model for the original monitor before the Navy

Department, Lenthall, the Chief Constructor, said the Swede was crazy; but old Admiral Joe Smith — he who said 'Then Joe is dead,' meaning by Joe his son, who was the frigate Congress's Executive — grasped her possibilities and favored her building. When approaching completion, Porter was ordered to make a critical examination of her, and report his conclusions. Ericsson resented such procedure; he didn't want his vessel examined by a practical seaman, but by a mathematician who could figure out tonnage and displacements. Porter, during his inspection, always full of fun, talked to Ericsson from time to time, and badgered him in the most exasperating way. Finally he said, 'I will report that Mr. Ericsson has constructed a little iron vessel, which in the opinion of our best naval architects is in violation of well-known principles, and will sink the moment she touches water.' 'Oh,' said Ericsson, 'he's a fool.' 'But,' continued Porter, 'I shall also say that Mr. Ericsson has constructed the most remarkable vessel the world has ever seen; one that if properly handled can destroy any ship now afloat, and whip a dozen wooden vessels together if they are where they could not be manœuvred so as to run her down.' 'My God!' exclaimed Ericsson, seizing Porter's hand, and almost shaking it off, 'I took you for a d——d fool, and you are not a d——d fool after all;' and the two became fast friends from that moment."

But to return from this digression, I accept, for the purposes of this paper, the designation of Old Navy, and claim for it the major credit substantially for the achievements and progress the navy has made from the foundation of the government to this day; for until the spirit of the war-experienced element of the service is entirely eliminated by death or retirement, the "New Navy," so called, cannot come to what it already affirms to be its own.

As for a time after the wars with the Barbary powers of Northern Africa and with England in the first and second decades of the century, the Navy, under the neglect of Congress and the indifference of the people, languished, and was only kept in any sort of condition through the pluck, steadfastness, and tenacity of the grizzled old captains and commodores who had won such renown in those early years of the Republic's life, so it was only the patience, resolute purpose, and unfaltering endeavor of the men who had done such brilliant things under the lead of Farragut and Foote, DuPont and Rowan, Rodgers and Worden, Davis and Dahlgren, and other great seamen, that kept the navy respectable and, indeed, from going by the board, during those mortifying years of decadence that began in Secretary Robeson's time, and continued until the character of our ships and their ordnance became a reproach to the country and a by-word among the Powers. They saw ship after ship relegated to "rotten row" as no longer serviceable, and no ships in sight to replace them, till at last the Flag-Officers of our little squadrons abroad were compelled to shift about from one little craft to another with pitiful, illy arranged, and meanly appointed accommodations, never intended for such use, and, at times, forced to take up quarters on shore in order to live befittingly.

In those depressing days of decadence and neglect, when our ships fell in with the new cruisers and battleships of other maritime powers in foreign waters, including those of China and Japan even, the contrast was most marked and humiliating to our officers and men. It is a notable fact, that when Commodore Perry steamed into Yedo Bay, in 1853, in his "black ships of Uraga," as the startled beholders on shore called them, the Japanese had never looked upon a steamship before, and they marvelled at the sight.

Yet, thirty-seven years later, I saw the Emperor review and manœuvre his steam fleet of twenty-two ships of recent construction and latest armament in Hiogo Bay, a review and manœuvre conducted with a skill and a precision that would have done credit to any navy in the world. After the review the Emperor gave an audience on board the ship that carried his standard. He received in the cabin, attended only by the Minister of the Navy and the grand chamberlain. All of the Admirals and Captains — Japanese and foreign — together with the officers of their respective staffs, were presented in turn. The deck where the officers, resplendent in gold lace and epaulets, awaited their turn of presentation, made a scene at once suggestive aud brilliant. Among the epauletted throng was Ito, the subsequent victorious commander of the great sea-fight of Yalu, then all unconscious of the great distinction that was so soon to come to him.

To the great discredit of this country, my flag flew on that day from the masthead of an obsolete old wooden cruiser, not a whit in advance of the type and armament of the ships that composed Perry's fleet nearly forty years before! Indeed, the policy that for long, long years made the United States conspicuous by its continued display of obsolete ships and worthless armaments in Oriental waters, while all other maritime nations — especially John Bull — were represented by newest ships and latest ordnance, constantly brought the blush of mortification to the cheeks of our Ministers and Consuls, merchants and missionaries, travellers and sea-faring folk in the Orient, while the lot of our naval officers and seamen under such conditions was, indeed, hard to bear. The governments and peoples of those Asiatic countries marvelled at such fatuous policy, and the prestige we lost by it in a commercial and political sense was well-nigh incalculable.

When our merchants and ship-builders tried to get contracts in that part of the world, our ships of war were pointed at derisively as striking demonstrations of our antiquated ideas as to ships and ordnance, and the contracts went to Europe. And to-day, notwithstanding the fact that we now have some of our finest ships in Asiatic waters, Japan and China give their ship contracts to British builders, rather than to the ship-builders of our own country, though within a few weeks it is reported that the government of Japan has contracted for two cruisers to be built at the Cramps' on the Delaware and at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco. It used to be the habit, indeed, of Li Hung Chang when our gunboats visited Tientsen, to question their captains with regard to the composition of our navy, nor did the genial Viceroy fail to intimate that our English friends were ever impressing upon him the idea that we lacked in America the experience and ability to build ships and guns of modern requirements. England has some pride in mothering us, but she takes care to reserve the cakes and ale of production and commerce for herself.

But despite these disheartening conditions, the officers never lost hope. They felt that the day must come when the country would see the necessity for naval rehabilitation; wherefore, swallowing their mortification for the time being, those afloat, while keeping in touch with the naval changes and improvements going on about them, never relaxed their efforts in the maintenance of discipline and diversity of drills, the bettering of the condition of the enlisted men, and diligent purpose in every other direction that tended towards thorough organization and efficiency.

On the other hand, the officers on shore duty kept pace with every new invention and method, whether pertaining to new types of ships, increased power of ordnance,

improvements in armor, or advance in economy of motive power. They also worked on new and original lines of development with characteristic zeal and ability, and so were ready to begin the work of reconstruction the moment Congress granted the means for such purpose.

During this period, be it remembered, the Old Navy was still at the fore. Every chief of bureau at the Navy Department, commander-in-chief of squadron or commandant of a Navy Yard, was a veteran of the war, and every advance in rehabilitation on ships and guns and other manifold appliances for war was made under their direction.

Let it be remembered, too, that, despite the lack of the thorough academic education the midshipmen or cadets now receive at Annapolis, the Old Navy, from its inception down to this day, can boast of as many able, accomplished, and courtly men as any naval service can show in like period.

In every aspect, indeed, of professional fitness and resource, accomplishment and valorous conduct, the great captains who commanded the ships of Nelson's and Collingwood's fleets during the Napoleonic wars were in no wise more able and distinguished than the captains who illumined our naval annals by their valorous deeds under the lead of Farragut and Porter, Du Pont and Foote, and other Commanders-in-Chief in rebellion days. And this, notwithstanding the loss of many brilliant officers who threw up their commissions and went South in 1861.

The veteran officers of the War of 1812 who, as members of the Board of Commissioners, administered the general affairs of the service up to 1842, after the time-honored manner of the British Board of Admiralty, did their work wisely and well.

Composed of the older Commodores and Captains, the

jealousies, heart-burnings, and political manipulation that seem to obtain now had less marked place and influence under the system and management of their day, while individual genius and effort met with quite as much encouragement and support from the Department in the interest of the public good as is the case at this period.

The depot of charts and instruments at Washington, suggested by Louis M. Goldsborough, grew to be the Naval Observatory under the promotive hands of Gillis and Maury. Gillis was the most learned astronomer who ever adorned the line of the Navy. Maury blazed out new ocean routes, both for sailing craft and steamers, and literally developed a new science in his elucidation of the Physics of the Sea. His fame as a writer forty odd years ago on a new line of effort was as world-wide as is Captain Mahan's to-day.

Pertinent to this is this story that General Dabney H. Maury tells in his "Recollections of a Virginian." "In 1853–54 I was spending the winter in Philadelphia when my uncle, Lieutenant M. F. Maury, wrote me to go and see Mr. Biddle, who had charge of the annual report of the National Observatory, and deliver to him a message relative to it. After our business was ended, Mr. Biddle said to me, 'This uncle of yours is a strange man. Here he is publishing as an official report the materials for one of the most valuable and interesting books of science ever produced. You may tell him for me that if he does not utilize it, he will have the chagrin of seeing some Yankee bookmaker steal his thunder and reap a fortune from it.' I sat down at once, and wrote my uncle what Mr. Biddle had said. He replied by the next mail that he would take Biddle's advice, and the "Physical Geography of the Sea" was soon published by the Harpers. At the outbreak of the war eleven editions had already been published."

Commodore Charles Morris and Admirals Joseph Smith and Paulding, Gregory and Stringham, had no superiors, whether as seamen or administrators.

As explorers by sea and land Wilkes and Hudson, John Rodgers and Ringgold, Herndon and Gibbon, Lynch and Page, Strain and Truxton, De Haven and Kane, stand in the forefront. Jenkins may be regarded as the father of the present Light-House establishment. Under the orders of the Secretary of the Treasury, he examined and reported upon the aids to navigation and light-house illumination in Europe, and in 1852 framed the statute upon which the present light-house system, and the Board to administer it, are based. He became the first naval secretary of the Board, while Commodore Shubrick became its first president.

Silas Bent was the virtual discoverer of the black stream of Japan, which, in its characteristics, is to the Pacific what the Gulf Stream is to the Atlantic. As hydrographers, and inventors of hydrographic appliances and methods, scores of brilliant names might be given. Brooke, indeed, was the first man to invent an apparatus which would detach the sinker automatically, and bring back a specimen of the bottom soil in deep-sea sounding. As linguists and naturalists, authors and diplomatists, the service of the older day fears no comparison. In naval ordnance, Dahlgren was the ablest and most accomplished officer of his time. Wise and Jeffers, Simpson and Sicard, Folger and Sampson, have worthily built upon his triumphs on the progressive lines that have given us our incomparable naval ordnance of to-day.

In 1861 our system of smooth-bore ordnance, together with the requisite ammunition and fittings, had been so perfected by Warrington and Morris, Magruder and Dahlgren, supplemented by the work of their zealous

coadjutors, Farragut and Rowan, Porter and DuPont, Barron and Hitchcock, Taylor and Brooke, and other notable officers, that expansion only was necessary to meet all the conditions and demands imposed by the emergency of sudden and extended war. Of the hundreds if not thousands of Dahlgren guns in service during the four years' war, not one of them ever burst or weakened, — a record not equalled by any other naval ordnance of cast-iron known to the naval world.

The admirable system of ordnance inspection and arrangement at our Dock Yards was the creation of Rowan. He organized the first inspection when inspector of ordnance at New York.

Commodore M. C. Perry was the prime mover in the establishment of the first naval apprentice system attempted, and the real father of the Naval Engineer Corps, as Stockton was the father of our steam navy. The first Princeton, built on Stockton's advice and under his supervision, was the first screw ship-of-war built for any navy, as she was also one of the most successful.

Franklin Buchanan and other officers of weight suggested to Secretary Bancroft the establishment of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and himself and Goldsborough, Porter and Raymond Rodgers, were among its ablest superintendents. Jeffers, as Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, established the torpedo school and station at Newport, and the War College, now doing such excellent work, was the conception of Admiral Luce. The idea was not only Luce's own, but he did not rest until the college had become an accomplished fact and himself its first president. The location of the training station for apprentices at that point was also due, if I mistake not, to the suggestion and push of Luce, ever active in telling professional work on many lines of effort for the benefit of the service and the enlargement of its sphere of

action. His book on seamanship has given many a youngster good practical help, and perhaps sometimes the headache, but all for their own good.

The distinguished President of this Society says, in his "Making of the Nation": "It was the most ingenious branch of the Teutonic race, the English, which furnished by far the largest part of the population of the Atlantic coast; that the early settlers constituted a picked population; that the inhabitants of the English colonies, especially in New England, constituted a population which was more truly selected in the respect of mental vigor, intellectual inquisitiveness, enterprise, and self-reliance than any other considerable population which history knows."

Let us bear such facts in mind when we consider the genesis of both our naval and merchant marine, and wonder not at the early maritime excellence the colonists so readily achieved. The salt of the sea was in the blood of that picked people. Wind and wave had no terrors for them. Their environments and necessities quickened and stimulated the fierce Norse spirit of their inheritance — a spirit which had made England so great, so masterful, upon the sea. Making their first settlements along the seacoast, and on the banks and bays of rivers, inlets, and creeks, sounds and reaches, their aptitude for the craft and skill of the sailor found ample scope and vent. In many settlements, indeed, highways were sought not on the land, but on the water; highways where tracked not the wheels of cart or wagon, but the dimpling furrows made by all sorts of sea and harbor craft. Did the husband wish to transact business, or the matron visit her neighbor; the maiden take an outing with her lover, or the family go to meeting of a Sunday, — the chances were they took carriage by water. In many communities there was no other way. So perforce, among the first industries

established by the Colonists, the practice of the boat and the shipbuilder's art was of prime importance; and, as time rolled on, it became apparent to the shipping and seafaring folk of the Old World that provincial skill and genius was fast rivalling, if not surpassing, European shipwrights in ship and boat construction. Nor was there any halt in the increasing stanchness and beauty of model that characterized the vessels launched from American shipyards. The skill and deftness of the fathers continued, indeed, until in our own day we have seen a Yankee yacht bear in victory to these shores from British waters the Queen's cup, which Britons have vainly tried for nearly half a century to win back.

Under such conditions of early colonial life, the youth of the land took to water as naturally as young waterfowl. The sea offered them a hardy and noble profession, and many eagerly availed themselves of its inspiring opportunities. And soon it began to be seen that a superior set of seamen were daring and navigating the high seas with a pluck and audacity, skill and venturesomeness, that bespoke a new and potent power on the ocean. There are few families, indeed, of chronicle and influence in New England to-day, but what can claim ancestral achievement on lines of commercial or naval effort, either in colonial or later days. Old sea-chests of camphor wood and cedar in attic and hall, and the china closets and cabinets of many a dame in the land, and especially in seaport towns of New England, show eloquently in such directions of commercial conquest and maritime splendor, alas, now so sadly neglected by our people. A splendor that reached its zenith in the decade preceding the war, — a decade when almost every other vessel that was met on the ocean flew the Stars and Stripes, — a period when our merchantmen, dotting every sea, and seen in every clime, were known at a glance by the beauty of their hulls, the trimness of

their spars, and the whiteness of their sails of cotton duck.

The age that preluded such growth and development was one of great unrest and daring enterprise; an age that stimulated the most heroic qualities in men. England, France, and Spain were all striving for supremacy on this continent, and either active or quasi wars existed on the ocean between those powers during the greater part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The mother states encouraged the aggressions of their colonials against their neighbors. Privateers, under the flags of the three nations, and the dreaded craft of the buccaneers, swarmed the Atlantic, from the shores of Newfoundland to the Spanish Main. The ships of the Colonists went on their voyages armed to the teeth. The gun and swivel, the cutlass and boarding-pike, were the essentials of every vessel's outfit, whether fisherman, trader, or whaler. As the Colonies grew in population and wealth, they sent forth privateers, and also organized and maintained little navies of their own. In the wars with France for the possession of Canada and English dominance on this continent, the Colonists took active part. The ships of the provincial navies helped swell the king's fleet on this coast, and at Louisburg our New England folk had the superior force in ships and guns.

Among the most gallant of colonial sea-captains was Captain John Rous, a native of Boston. How many among us know that such a Massachusetts worthy ever lived? At the siege of Louisburg, he commanded the Massachusetts frigate Shirley, 24 guns. One day, while the siege was progressing, a French 60-gun ship was descried in the offing. Rous was the first to give chase. Standing out on the port tack, close-hauled, he boldly approached the huge stranger until within easy gun-range, then went about, and stood back towards the harbor,

closely followed by his big antagonist. Suddenly the latter found herself in the midst of the combined royal and provincial fleets, and there was no option but to surrender. The prize proved to be the Vigilant, laden with re-enforcements and munitions of war. It was a grievous blow to the French garrison, as it was a glorious event for the besiegers. For this and other notable service to colony and crown, Rous was made a Post-Captain in the King's Navy, and subsequently, in command of a British squadron, continued to be a terror to all seafaring Frenchmen along our northeastern coasts for years after. He died at Portsmouth, England, in 1758. His statue ought to adorn one of the parks of his native Boston, but unfortunately no line or trace of his lineaments or figure has come down to us.

Association of the colonial ships with those of the king imbued the Provincials with the spirit and traditions of the Royal Navy, and made them familiar with its laws and customs. Many sons of colonial families, indeed, had entered such service of the king, not a few of whom rose to the highest rank. Among such was Sir Isaac Coffin, a Boston boy, born in 1759. At the age of fourteen he was appointed a midshipman on board the Gaspé frigate. He became a Post-Captain at twenty-two, and took part in Rodney's great victory over the French fleet in the West Indies in 1782. Twenty years later he received his commission as Rear-Admiral, and was knighted in 1804. Every schoolboy knows, or ought to know, that Washington gave up a midshipman's appointment to the Royal Navy at his mother's tearful entreaty, and so was saved to the majestic destiny that awaited him under the Providence of God. But does every schoolboy know it? At City Point, South Boston, last summer, I said to a lad lingering near Farragut's statue, "Do you know who that is?" "No, sir." "How

old are you?" "Fourteen." "Where were you born?" "In Charlestown." "And you do not know who that statue represents?" "I know we had a holiday the day the statue was unveiled, and that we school children wore badges — and, come to think of it, Mister, isn't it Admiral Farragut?" "Yes; and I hope you will remember it hereafter."

From what has gone before, it will be seen that the transition from the provincial navies to a national service was a comparatively easy matter when the colonies had declared their independence of the Crown. Substituting the United States of America and the name of the President of Congress or its Marine Committee for the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the name and authority of George III. in the commissions of officers and in the Articles of War, the new marine was readily launched on the sea of independent being.

And for half a century or more the laws, customs, and regulations, as well as the dress or uniform of the Navy, varied but little from those of the mother service; nor are there many differences now.

And touching uniforms, up to the time of George II. the dress of the Royal Navy, as illustrated by portraits of officers hung upon the walls of the Naval Gallery at Greenwich Hospital, make clear the fact that it varied with the whims and fancies of fashion's fickle sway. Now we see the beruffled costume of the court; anon appears the buff belt and jerkin; later some of the heroes show up in armor. Then came a dress of crimson and Lincoln green, followed by suits of russet brown, or gray, faced with silver. Still later on scarlet faced with blue, or blue faced with scarlet, became the favorite colors, all the result of individual taste and fancy. But in the days of the "Merry Monarch," when the Benbows and the Trunnions were to the fore, whose rough speech and

brusque manners have been embalmed in the graphic pages of Smollet, the King was solicited to appoint a fixed uniform for his lieges of the sea. "Oh!" said he, with a contemptuous shrug, "dress them as you like; you can't make them look like gentlemen, whatever you put them in!" And he went off to his dogs, his tennis and his mistresses. His answer was worthy of a monarch whose neglect and baseness had brought defeat to the British fleet in a few brief years after the Restoration; and Englishmen hung their heads in shame, and murmured the name of the dead Oliver, and longed for the days that were gone.

But in the reign of George II., when the rougher characteristics of naval men were toning down in common with the general softening of manners everywhere, the question again arose as to the uniformity of dress in the Royal Navy; and, as usual when important things happen in this world, a woman unconsciously had something to do with it, for relates Admiral of the Fleet, Hon. John Forbes: "I was summoned one day to attend the Duke of Bedford, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and being introduced into an apartment where various dresses were spread around the room, my opinion was asked as to the most appropriate for the Navy. I said, 'Blue and red, or red and blue,' as these were our national colors. 'No,' replied his grace, 'the King has determined otherwise; for having seen my Duchess riding in the park a few days ago in a habit of blue faced with white, the dress took the fancy of His Majesty, who has appointed it for the uniform of the Royal Navy.'" This was in 1748; and from that day to this the full dress uniform of the British Navy has been of blue cloth, faced with white silk, with appropriate trimmings of gilt buttons, gold lace, and embroidery. Such is also the full dress of our own service in material and color, but with different arrangement of trimmings and insignia.

Let us note here the tradition that soon after the Roman invasion, the British seamen dyed their sails a light blue to resemble the color of the sea; while to lessen still further the chance of being seen, the crews of the vessels wore clothing of the same hue. An old English naval captain said, indeed, generations ago, that "Our British uniform was worn by Admiral Noah, aye, and before his time; old Ocean himself wore it, time out of mind. You have noted his blue jacket, I suppose, and seen his white lapels when he puts on his full dress; and he always wears that, d'ye see, in a gale of wind!"

It is also suggestive to know that the dress proposed by Admiral Forbes to the Duke of Bedford, as before related, was in line with the dress adopted by the Marine Committee of Congress, September, 1776. The uniform then prescribed for a Captain in the Continental Navy was a coat of blue cloth with red lapels, slashed cuffs, and stand-up collar, flat, yellow buttons, blue breeches, and a red waistcoat with yellow lace; while the Marine officers were to have a green coat faced with white, slashed sleeves and pockets, with buttons around the cuffs, a silver epaulette on the right shoulder, skirts turned back, buttons to suit facings, with waistcoat and breeches edged with green, black gaiters and garters.

From such display of various hues, adopted by serious-minded statesmen during the height of war, we may well conclude that love of color and brilliant decoration in dress is by no means confined to the gentler sex.

The first step in the creation of the Navy was the resolution of the Continental Congress, November 10th, 1775, authorizing the raising of two battalions of Marines, and providing that particular care be taken that no person be appointed as officers or enlisted men but such as are good seamen, or so acquainted with maritime affairs as to be able to serve to advantage by sea when required. When

we consider such historic fact, the saying, "Tell it to the marines" seems but poor wit.

The first extended code for the government of the Navy — commonly known as the Articles of War — was enacted by Congress in 1799. The Department of the Navy had been established the year before, 1798. Prior to that time the Navy had been under the jurisdiction of the War Department. The next year, 1800, new articles were enacted; the principle change was in their phraseology only.

The Articles of 1799 had this fine old phrase of Bunyan English, "Every Captain shall 'heart on,' and encourage the inferior officers and men to fight courageously." The revision of 1800 left out those fine words "heart on," much to the loss of vigorous and idiomatic expression, it seems to me.

Up to the era of the rebellion, some of our statesmen and hyper-constitutionalists contended that the United States was not a nation but a confederacy; but the closing paragraph of the naval enactment of 1799 provided "that every Commander-in-Chief and Captain, in making private rules and regulations and designating the duties of his officers, should keep in view also the usage of the sea service most common to our nation," — a pronouncement of nationality at once legislative and specific.

The enactment of 1800 continued with but few changes until 1862, when the code was revised and put in a more concise form.

The codes of 1799 and 1800 awarded the death penalty on three counts without qualification — nine others death or such other punishment as a Court Martial might adjudge. The Articles of 1862 designate no absolute death penalty, but define twenty distinct offences on which a Court Martial may award such penalty.

In the British service the Act of 1749, George II., pro-

vided the absolute penalty of death on ten distinct counts, and twelve other counts where a Court Martial might award such punishment. It was under this sanguinary code that Admiral Byng was judicially murdered in 1757; the Court Martial on its finding had no alternative but to award the death sentence. Such code was amended on lines of amelioration in 1779, and again in 1847.

I have often heard it alleged that in the early days of our service, a captain could give at his own discretion four dozen lashes of the cat to an offending seaman, but such was not the fact. The law permitted him to give but one dozen. It required a Court Martial to award a higher number.

Those were hard days. The late Admiral Foote, of pious and glorious memory, told me that as a young officer and mate of the gun-deck of a frigate, he always carried a colt in his cap. The colt was a small sized rope, some three feet long, used in flogging for minor cases. Old Admiral Thatcher, when first Lieutenant of a ship, used to keep one, it is said, under his pillow, so as to have it handy at night for the discipline of the ward-room boys.

In those stern days of two generations ago, it was the custom on board ships to colt or flog the last man to get on deck when all hands were called for drills or evolutions. That is the way they made "smart ships," so called; but it savored something of the ferocity of the custom of ancient Gaul that, in war, required the last man reaching the battlefield to be tortured to death as a monition to the rest.

The cat-o'-nine-tails consisted of nine small hard-twisted cords of cotton or flax, some eighteen inches in length, fastened to a wooden handle for the better wielding by the boatswain's mate. Smaller cats for the punishment of the boys were called "kittens," and lively kittens they were in their palmy day!

Our law forbade the use of any other but plain cats; but in the British service they sometimes pickled the cats in brine, or made them of wire. The salt in the pickled cats made the broken skin smart the more acutely and the more difficult to heal. The wire cut dreadfully.

English captains were empowered to inflict four dozen lashes at a time, and the floggings sometimes awarded by their Courts Martial were terrible in their severity; but there is no flogging now in the British Navy, except under sentence of a Court Martial, and such sentence cannot be carried out without the approval of the Board of Admiralty. But they continue to birch the boys, and the Parliamentary returns of the present year report 266 boys so treated. I guess they deserved it, and a little application of the birch on this side of the water would do no harm in some instances. With us, old officers used to say that discipline could not be maintained on shipboard without resort to flogging; but from 1850 to 1855, at which latter date a special law was enacted for disciplinary purposes, the service went on under the old statute with flogging omitted, and no special trouble ever grew out of such fact. We wonder now, indeed, how the enlisted men ever stood it, or why public sentiment ever permitted it.

Let me here ask you to note the fact that the Constitution of the United States provides, among other things, that "the Congress shall have power to raise and support armies, but no appropriation of money shall be for a longer term than two years," but that with regard to the Navy, the empowering clause simply says, "To provide and maintain a navy." No limitation is imposed. Congress fixes the pay of the enlisted soldier; the President fixes the pay of naval seamen. A like difference also governs the status of the army and navy in England. The British army, indeed, had no legal existence for a

hundred and ninety years from 1689, except through annual enactment by Parliament of the statute known as the Mutiny Act. True, the sovereign established regulations for the government of the army, commonly designated as the Articles of War; but without the yearly enactment of the Mutiny Act there could be no army for the sovereign to regulate. In 1879 Parliament consolidated the Mutiny Act and the Articles of War into one Act called the Army Act, but such act also requires the yearly sanction of Parliament to be of legal effect. The Crown, however, is still left with the power to frame new regulations if it chooses, but not in contravention of law.

No limitations of the character described have ever been put upon the British Navy; for that grand service, founded by Alfred the Great, and confirmed in its power at the great sea-fight of Swanage a thousand years ago, is first in the hearts of the English people and has ever been trusted. With us, it is the Army and Navy; with England, it is the Navy and Army, for England knows that

> "Who holds the sea, perforce doth hold the land,
> And who lose that, must lose the other too."

Said Mr. Labouchère in a recent issue of *Truth*, "As in 1805, so now, the country looks to its Navy for defence, and it is the business of the Admiralty, not the War Office, to provide this."

With true insular prejudice, the English at first looked askant at the new marine our Revolutionary fathers had put afloat; but there came a time when they had to recognize, at the sore cost of defeat, that not all the valor or seamanship of the race was to be found under the cross of S. George.

The new Navy soon proved itself indeed worthy of its valorous descent; for the stormy sea that beats against our

rock-bound coast had bred a race of seamen that for skill, endurance, and courage was never surpassed. The men who had served with Hawkins and Drake, and other stout captains of Britain in the 16th century, were no hardier or of more heroic strain than the seamen of Salem, Marblehead, and Gloucester. Their valor indeed, their dogged purpose and staunch fidelity, have been grimly tested in many a sea-fight, fierce, obstinate, and bloody; and some of their prime victories have been won over the meteor flag of their great ancestry.

The new service that had come so suddenly upon the scene in the great drama of modern nationality began at once to harass the enemy at sea, both on our own coasts and the coasts of the mother country. Many armed transports laden with munitions of war were captured and their cargoes diverted from the Royal headquarters to Washington's camp, while Paul Jones and other Continental captains harried British commerce in their own waters with such vigor and success that, as a last resort for safe trading, British merchants forsook their own bottoms, and shipped their goods abroad under the French flag. Fancy the feelings of the average John Bull of that day when he felt obliged to seek the shelter of his hereditary enemy's flag for the safe transport of his goods on the domain he claimed for his own as the ruler of the waves!

All England was astounded; and Jones was denounced as a pirate, to be hung at short order if captured, although he bore the commission of the Continental Congress. But we ourselves indulged in such peevish talk in 1861.

At the close of the Revolution, it was found that the little navy and privateers had captured some eight hundred vessels and 16,000 seamen from the enemy. The political effect of such maritime success was incalculable; it undoubtedly contributed largely to the winning of our

independence, Captain Mahan to the contrary notwithstanding, for when British commerce is hampered or put in jeopardy the commercial dons of England at once besiege the ministry and cry for peace!

The year 1794 was one of marked interest to the service, for in that year the keels of six frigates were laid of the Constitution and Chesapeake classes. Their dimensions and scantling were larger, and their models finer, than had hitherto characterized ships of that class. They were designed to be the most efficient frigates afloat. European officers scouted the attempt at such superiority; and our English friends deemed such efforts presumptuous on the part of the "King's rebel subjects," as many of them still affected to call us. The Constitution and United States, Congress and Constellation were lucky ships, the Chesapeake and President unlucky ones from the start. Both of them finally fell into the hands of the enemy, as you know. It used to be said of the United States that the sailors dubbed her the "Old Wagon" when first fitted for sea, owing to her poor sailing qualities; but it was soon found that she could hold her own with the most of her class when trimmed by the head. She did not mind the bone in her teeth, provided her heels were lightened.

The Constitution made her first cruise in the West Indies. One day the captain of a crack English frigate challenged Captain Talbot to an all-day race, wagering a cask of wine on the result. The challenge was promptly accepted. The race began the next morning at sunrise and continued until sunset. The Constitution had it all her own way from the beginning. When the sunset gun was fired, the English ship was miles astern. Backing the main-topsail, Captain Talbot waited for his antagonist to come up. When arrived within hail, the British captain gracefully acknowledged his defeat, promptly lowered

a boat, and sent the wine on board the winner. There was no Dunraven about him!

In the quasi war that ensued between our country and France, as the century drew towards its close, our ships were the victors in every encounter. Commodore Truxton in the Constellation, and Captain Little in the Boston won great fame by their captures of the frigates Insurgent and Vengeance, and the corvette Borceau, to the great discomfiture of their gallant foe.

Then in the first decade of this century, 1801 to 1807, the Barbary Powers were taken in hand, and again in 1815. For three hundred years those pirates had been permitted to ravage the commerce of the Mediterranean. England had been the only sea-power strong enough to suppress them; but in order to maintain her dominance as "Mistress of the Sea," she permitted them to keep on in their villanous work, and so continue to be a scourge to the other European powers. She emphasized such policy by paying those barbarians a tribute so great that other states would have great embarrassment in their attempt to buy immunity from their plunderings. And when we became an independent nation, our exasperated mother included us in the category of weak powers who must submit to the exactions, the robberies, and the cruelties of those recognized, and in some sense petted, corsairs, in those classic waters of southern Europe and northern Africa. When the Duke of Kent visited the Dey of Algiers, in 1818, the Dey, thinking to be complimentary, said to him, "Your father is the greatest pirate in the world, and I am the next!" Said Lord Sheffield, in 1783, "It is not probable that the American states will have a very free trade in the Mediterranean. It will not be for the interest of any of the great maritime powers to protect them from the Barbary states. If they know their own interests, they will not encourage the Americans to be

carriers. The Americans cannot protect themselves; they cannot pretend to a navy." And when our government attempted to negotiate with the Barbary states, the diplomatic hand of English obstruction was shadowed forth in every direction. But we had great men at the head of our affairs in those days, who did not propose to submit to such wrongs; and the Corsair states were soon dealt with so energetically, that they finally renounced the tribute they had hitherto exacted from all the Christian powers to the infinite discredit to Christendom. It was a great moral and political triumph for our then young nation. It impressed the European states profoundly. It was a lesson in national ethics they have never forgotten.

"And never since the Argo floated in the middle sea,
Such noble men and valiant have sailed in company
As the men who went with Preble to the siege of Tripoli.
Stewart, Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur — how their names ring out like gold! —
Lawrence, Porter, Trippe, MacDonough, and a score as true and bold;
Every star that lights their banner tells the glory that they won;
But one common sailor's glory is the splendor of the sun."

So sings a gifted American poet of our time. One of the last men to deal with these pirates with old-fashioned naval diplomacy was Commodore Decatur, who conducted his negotiations with the Dey of Algiers on the quarter-deck of his flag-ship. The basis of Decatur's demand was the renunciation of tribute. The Dey begged that it might continue, "if only a little powder for form's sake." Decatur replied, "If you insist upon receiving powder, you must expect to receive balls with it." That settled it; and I may say that the readiest way to unravel stubborn problems of diplomacy, when impossible terms are insisted upon, is this forceful method of powder and ball, a diplomacy we ought at all times to be prepared

for, not as a menace of war, but as insurance bonds for peace.

During the first operations against the Infidel powers, the more thoughtless of our English cousins looked disdainfully on. They said it was quite within bounds for the Yankees to beat those barbarians; but it would be impertinent in them to think they could meet British forces with any promise of success in war, especially on the sea. The London *Times*, indeed, characterized the Constitution as "a bunch of pine boards, flying a bit of striped bunting, — a gridiron flag that had no meaning." But such vaporing was soon to be discredited, for the War of 1812 drew nigh.

England had chafed under the loss of her colonies, and she resented with growing heat the increasing rivalry of our merchant marine. Our New England seamen were so superior that British naval captains insisted that they were not Americans, but English, and as such impressed them into the Royal Navy wherever they could find them. No American merchantman was safe from visitation and the outrage of impressment, and the attack upon the unready and ever unfortunate Chesapeake near the Capes of Virginia still further exasperated our people. These continued provocations, together with others equally grave and unbearable, finally determined Congress to declare war. The country was not at all prepared for war; but it was felt that we must fight or else be compelled to sink back into a semi-dependent condition — a condition that Great Britain longed to bring about. Many defeats befell the land forces, but the little Navy came out of the contest crowned with many laurels of victory. Such bright chapter in our annals would have had no place, however, if the government's plan had been carried out. That plan was to lay the ships up out of harm's way. The Navy protested; and Commodores Stewart and Bain-

bridge sought the President, and begged him to let the Navy have a chance. They promised him that the Navy would give a good account of itself in its encounters with the enemy, if but given the opportunity.

Those intrepid souls and their fellows had met many of the English ships in their cruisings, and knowing their captains in that heartsome way peculiar to the sea, and the character and state of their commands, felt convinced that, ship for ship, the chances in the game of war would be equal. They had watched with keenest eye the British cruisers and their manœuvres, both at sea and in port; and whether at feats of seamanship or the grimmer tests of guns, they felt they had nothing to fear. They knew, indeed, from long acquaintance with other seafaring folk, that, in every detail of seamanship, quality of pluck, and fertility of resource, the American seaman acknowledged no superior. The gallant crews of our cruisers were equally confident of their powers as seamen and fighters and equally eager to meet the enemy. Happily the arguments and entreaties of our grand old captains prevailed over the timidity of the President and his Cabinet, and England soon learned an unexpected lesson on her vaunted element.

On the other hand, the British officers and men, standing for centuries of naval experience and achievement, and representing a navy overwhelming in strength and of acknowledged domination, looked with scorn, if not with contemptuous amusement, at the presumption of the little Navy of the United States in thinking for a moment that its ships could cope, in any degree, with the ships of the Royal Navy. And so it came to pass that the Philistines were not more astonished when David slew Goliath, than were the British folk when the news of their first naval defeats in the War of 1812 came to their startled ears.

The strength of the British Navy at the outbreak of the war was appalling. It comprised a thousand vessels of all rates and one hundred and forty thousand men, and back of all stood a history luminous with great deeds and replete with the names of illustrious commanders unsurpassed in the naval annals of the world for the grandeur of their work: while we could only count upon seventeen vessels — six frigates and eleven sloops-of-war — and some worthless gunboats, manned by a few thousand men, whose experience in war had been but slight in comparison with that of their antagonists. In two hundred actions between single ships in the European wars the British Navy had been defeated but five times, but in the first six actions with the hitherto invincible enemy our ships were the victors. Our success in the fleet actions on the lakes was overwhelming, and at the end of two years and a half war with the United States British commerce had been almost destroyed. In eighteen naval engagements, the Royal Navy had sustained fifteen defeats, and the press of London teemed with articles expressive of chagrin and bewilderment. Officers of the British Navy had not conceived such results. They had been accustomed to beat the French and Spaniards with such ease that it never entered their heads that the Yankees could in any way match them upon the seas. In the words of a distinguished English writer, they did not grasp the fact that "race traits are immortal," and that on this continent the picked British stock had in no wise suffered deterioration.

Our success, indeed, astounded and mortified the British, gratified the Continental powers, always chafing at England's superiority on the ocean, and electrified our own people.

The renown gained by the Navy was imperishable. It was of incalculable value to the country. It gave the

United States a prestige on the ocean it has never lost. We can never give the full meed of praise and honor to the men who won such glories for the flag. How, indeed, would we have stood among the powers had we suffered like disasters afloat that befell the land forces, in such degree as to allow Washington to be captured, our Capitol and presidential mansion and our national archives to be burnt by a ruthless enemy?

While the English excused their defeats under the pretence that they had been generally outmatched in force, other powers saw that superior seamanship, better gunnery, and the greater alertness of the Americans, were the prime causes of John Bull's discomfiture. How was it, they asked, that the British officers, with their overwhelming number of ships, ever allowed themselves to be outmatched by the Yankees? The English claimed, most absurdly, that our frigates were line-of-battle ships in disguise, and blamed us for taking such unfair advantage! Heaven save the mark! Their whines remind one of the complaints of the Austrian generals against Napoleon for ignoring the obsolete tactics in the field they still clung to with routine stupidity, and to their certain defeat.

Here let me give you a story of British accounting for their naval defeats.

When, during the War of 1812, Admiral Warren in command of a British fleet was lying in the Chesapeake, Captain Smith of our Navy was sent down from Norfolk by Commodore Stewart under flag of truce to negotiate an exchange of prisoners. The news had just arrived of the capture of the Java by the Constitution; and the Admiral, speaking of that event, as well as of the captures of the Guerrière and Macedonian, asked Captain Smith how it happened that the American frigates were so successful in taking theirs. Smith said he knew no reason for it, unless that our people fought better. "No,"

replied the Admiral, "that cannot be; the reason is that two-thirds of your men are British seamen." "Well," responded Smith, "the other third being Americans, makes the difference!" The Admiral had nothing more to say.

A similar story is told of William Cobbett, the notable English radical of two generations ago.

One day, in London, he was speaking somewhat boldly and exultantly on the subject of the naval victories of the Americans, in the hearing of a British officer. The officer, much nettled at Cobbett's assertions, sharply said: "There was good reason for it. I went on board their men-of-war after our defeats, and found half their sailors were English." "And had you not all English?" replied the dauntless radical. What answer could the officer make?

This story gives a glimpse of the patriotism of the old time man-o'-war's man and his rugged frankness of that day. During the blockade of New London, in the War of 1812, a celebrated Connecticut divine, making a visit to that town, improved the occasion by preaching a sermon to the sailors and soldiers on duty there. The good Doctor took for his text, "Fear God and honor the King." During the sermon he frequently quoted the words of the text, much to the evident ire of one of the sailors of the Macedonian. Finally, the unwitting Doctor once more repeating the words "honor the king," the old salt could restrain his indignation no longer, and springing to his feet, shouted, "Fear God and honor the Congress — let the King alone!" In the midst of the excitement caused by such interruption, an officer of the church stepped up to the irate seaman, and told him to be quiet or he would put him out of the church. "Oh, choke your luff," replied the old veteran, "if the lubber says so again I'll pull him out of his bunk!"

Let no one think that the English in those days did not do their best. They never fought more valiantly. At Trafalgar, Lord Nelson's ship — the Victory — after five hours' fighting, lost 159 killed and wounded, or 26 per cent of her crew of 600 men.

In the action between the Constitution and the Java, lasting little more than two hours, the Java lost in killed and wounded 161 out of a complement of 426, or 34 per cent. The loss of the Constitution was but 34.

The Bellerophon, 74-gun ship, 584 men, sustained the greatest loss of any British ship at the battle of the Nile. Her loss was 197, or 34 per cent, in a fight of twelve hours.

The Macedonian, with a complement of 300, lost in her fight with the United States of 90 minutes' duration, 104, or 35 per cent. The United States lost but twelve killed and wounded.

At the great battle of Camperdown, in 1797, the British 74-gun ship Monarch, with a crew of 593, sustained a loss of 136 killed and wounded, or 23 per cent. The Guerrière, in her fight with the Constitution, lost 30 per cent. The Reindeer, captured by the Wasp, lost 56 per cent. The Peacock, captured by the Hornet, lost 30 per cent of her complement in the fight of fourteen minutes.

In the fight between the Shannon and the Chesapeake, our loss was 43 per cent; the British loss 26 per cent. The Essex, in her fight at anchor in Valparaiso Bay with the Phœbe and Cherub, lost 49 per cent of her crew in killed and wounded, or 124 men out of a complement of 255, and twelve per cent were missing, — men who had jumped overboard and swum ashore rather than be taken prisoners.

These percentages of death and disablement illustrate the dogged character of the naval actions of 1812–14; and when our British kinsmen had recovered somewhat

from their amazement, and taken to heart the fact that the old Viking blood had not suffered a whit in quality from its trans-Atlantic environment, they began to examine the causes of their defeat in the spirit of judicial inquiry, and to take measures for the correction of the faults that Yankee valor had revealed to them.

The first thing the more candid among them admitted, was the fact that a new power had arisen upon the ocean, of such intrepid character as to command their most serious respect. Second, the inculcation of the principle that the navy of Great Britain could no longer rely upon the prestige of past achievements to overcome the enemy, but that in future it must be better prepared for the emergencies of battle and more circumspect in the incidents of attack. Third, that they must better their gunnery, if they would hope to contend with an American fleet upon equal terms.

The late Admiral Sir Charles Napier, R.N., K.C.B., addressed a series of letters, covering a period from 1816 to 1850, to the Prime Minister, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and other distinguished personages, as well as to the editor of the *Times*. The pungent comment and stinging criticism with which he boldly attacked the shortcomings of the British Admiralty and its mal-administration of naval affairs, would take away the breath of our service folk, but which the liberty of English law and the birthright of the British subject permitted that distinguished officer to indulge in without hurt to his status as an officer of the Royal Navy!

In the first of the series, addressed to Lord Melville, March 1, 1816, he says, "Formerly we had to contend with nations that we believed to be less brave, and that we knew to be less skilful than ourselves; but from the want of discipline, and our inattention to the main point — the guns — we have not only taught the Americans to

despise us, and given them confidence that will take all our skill and exertion to destroy, but have opened the eyes of other nations, and shown them that we are not invincible on the sea. However distant it may be, we must look forward to a war with that young nation, proud of its young navy and the glory it has acquired; I say glory, because I look upon beating our ships, though much inferior to them, a great glory in so young a navy."

The next year — 1817 — he wrote the same minister, "Let us see the difference at this moment, my Lord, between the seamen of the greatest maritime nation in the world, England, and those of a power that has only within a few years claimed the name of a maritime power, America. Both have squadrons in the Mediterranean. The latter come into port well manned, well clothed, well paid, and are handled like men-of-war. The former come into the same port ill manned, clothed in purser's slops, ill managed, and ill paid — or rather not paid. The Americans go on shore, spend their money, and laugh at the poor Englishmen who have none!"

Again he says, "The moment the American War broke out, we had to fight a navy better disciplined than our own, and we were defeated, by superior force it is true; but be it remembered, we were most severely punished without inflicting any great injury on our opponents."

Now I beg you to bear in mind that Sir Charles is speaking of that navy which Paul Jones and his gallant compeers first made famous, and that under the supreme test of war, Preble, Dale, Somers, Rodgers, Decatur, Stewart, Hull, Bainbridge, Porter, Lawrence, Biddle, Jones, Blakely, Perry, McDonough, and other intrepid souls brought to such a high state of discipline, efficiency, and wealth of achievement. Note, also, that it was a new thing for a British naval officer to be obliged to confess defeat under the excuse of superior force of an opponent,

nor fail to remember that the glory won over the flag of England by our ships was your glory also.

The grim old captains, who had done such valiant things, acquired so much respect and power thereby, that they dominated the Navy Department for more than a generation afterward. Some of them carried things with so high a hand that it was said indeed, and not without reason, that there was no law for Post-Captains in those days.

This story is told of old Commodore Chauncey when in command of the New York Navy Yard, sixty odd years ago.

One Sunday the Chaplain read a church notice in the Yard chapel. "By what authority, sir, do you read that notice here?" asked old Chauncey. "The Bishop of the diocese sent me the notice, sir," replied the Chaplain. "Well, sir," replied Chauncey, "I'd have you know that I am the bishop of this diocese, and you will read no more notices of that sort here without my permission!"

The Chaplain bided his time, but his opportunity soon came. It so happened that the next Sunday the old Tartar was late in getting to chapel; and the Chaplain, to the amazement of the congregation, waited his appearance before he would begin the service. At last the Commodore's footsteps were heard in the porch; and the moment he entered the door the Chaplain sprang to his feet, and began in his most impressive voice, "The Lord is in his Holy Temple; let all the earth keep silence before him!" The congregation understood and chuckled, and old Chauncey himself enjoyed the Chaplain's counterstroke!

But with all their idiosyncrasies, the Fathers of the Navy well met this summing up by Judge Kent, of the powers given them, and of the qualities they should possess as commanding officers. Says the Judge, "The naval commander is clothed with the power and discretion to

meet unforeseen and distressing vicissitudes, and ought to possess moral and intellectual qualities of the first order. His authority is necessarily summary and absolute; and if he chooses to perform his duties or exert his power in a harsh, intemperate, or impressive manner, he can seldom be resisted. He must have the talent to command in the midst of danger, and courage and presence of mind to meet and surmount extraordinary perils. He must be able to dissipate fear, to calm disturbed minds, and inspire confidence in the breasts of all under his command. In tempest as well as in battle, he must give desperate commands, he must require instantaneous obedience. He must watch for the preservation of the health and comfort of his crew, as well as for the safety of the ship. It is necessary that he should maintain perfect order and preserve the most exact discipline, under the guidance of justice, moderation, and good sense. Cultivate imperturbability!"

When, after the war, Decatur appeared again off Algiers for the further chastisement of those Barbarians, the Dey's Prime Minister said reproachfully to the British Consul: "You told us that the Americans would be swept from the sea in six months by your navy, and now they make war on us with some of your own vessels which they have taken!"

No event in the British Navy ever caused more exultation than the Shannon's capture of the Chesapeake. The city of London gave Captain Broke a sword, and the freedom of the city; the tower guns saluted, and Broke was made a Baronet, and a Knight-Commander of the Bath for his successful gallantry; but despite what Englishmen may believe, it was one of the most unequal fights of the war. True, the ships were equal in tonnage and armament; but in the conditions and circumstances of the fight, and the personnel of the ships as regarded the enlisted men, the

advantage and superiority were markedly and unmistakably in favor of the English ship. It was, in fact, a grave error of judgment on the part of Lawrence, to accept Broke's challenge to combat at that time. Broke had been in continuous command of the Shannon for six years, and the same crew had served with him continuously for five-sixths of that time. The Shannon, indeed, was the most efficient English frigate in drill and discipline of her day. On the other hand, the Chesapeake had a new and motley crew — undrilled and undisciplined — and Lawrence was warned by his brother Captains not to give battle under such unequal conditions, and especially not to fight the first day out of port with a drink-demoralized crew to lessen his chances; but Lawrence had captured the Peacock with such ease that he underrated his enemy. Had it been Broke's fate to have fallen in with the ever-victorious Constitution, with her crew of battle-seasoned Marbleheaders, the odds are that he would have continued to remain plain Captain Broke.

Soon after the close of the war, when the Constitution was refitting at the Boston Navy Yard, a distinguished British officer visited her. He was shown all over the ship, and upon returning to the quarter-deck, he remarked, "This is one of the finest, if not the finest, frigates I ever put my foot aboard of; but as I must find fault with something, I'll just say that your wheel is one of the clumsiest things I ever saw, and it is unworthy of the vessel." The American captain replied: "That wheel, sir, is the only English thing in the ship. Our wheel was shattered in the fight with the Java, and we brought the Java's wheel on board to replace it. We think it as ugly as you do, yet we keep it as a trophy." The British officer was Admiral Sir George Collier.

Let me give another incident connected with the famous old Constitution.

Captain Hull of that ship had known Captain Dacres of the Guerrière, well before the war, and upon one occasion Dacres had wagered a hat with him on the result of a possible meeting between their respective ships. When Dacres, after the loss of his ship, came on board the Constitution to deliver his sword, Hull said: "No! No! I will not take a sword from one who knows so well how to defend it, but I'll take that hat!" Such are among the amenities of civilized war.

Said Admiral John Rodgers, of glorious memory, to me one day over at the Navy Yard here, when he was about to set out for the Asiatic Station, as Commander-in-Chief, "How did you get on with the English out there?" "My relations with them were always very agreeable," I answered, "and I feel sure you will be warmly welcomed by all Englishmen in that quarter and especially by naval men." "Well," he replied, "when I was an infant, and my father was away at sea in the President, my mother had to fly with me and my brothers and sisters into the woods from our home on the Susquehanna, just above Havre de Grâce, to avoid the insults and hen-stealing depredations of Admiral Cockburn's fleet, and to this day I have never been able to overcome my aversion towards British officers. Nor can I forget that the British Admiral in the Pacific broke his word after promising to act jointly with me in belligerent measures to prevent the bombardment of Valparaiso by the Spanish Admiral in 1866." Rodgers had the old two-turreted monitor Monadnock in his squadron, and longed to try conclusions with the Spanish iron-clad. It has been said that he would have been sustained at home had he intervened, regardless of the attitude of the British Admiral.

But, as a matter of fact, as time rolled on and the bitterness engendered by the War of 1812 died out, the officers and men of both services became very chummy.

Ship visiting was frequent, and many hospitalities were exchanged between officers and men.

The tobacco on board our ships was naturally superior to the niggerhead article supplied to Her Majesty's ships, and the Queen's sailors were only too glad to exchange their good blue broadcloth for the strong unadulterated Virginia plug that our seamen could command.

I recall the fact that back in the fifties, when smoking hours were much restricted in the British service as regarded both officers and men, the officers of the English cruisers lying in port with our ships used to come on board frequently to get a good smoke; and though not accustomed to our whiskey, they did not absolutely refuse it — especially in the form of a toddy. Admiral Simpson used to tell a story of a British officer who when visiting a ship he was in got his first taste of a mint julep. The jolly Britisher did not know at first what to make of the fragrant mixture when it was set before him, but the first pull through the inviting straw convinced him that it was good, — so good that he soon made way with it and, like Oliver Twist, asked for more; for after a little while he expressed his wishes in this wise: "I say, fellows, let's have another salad toddy." Many of us here can doubtless appreciate the delight the Britisher's palate must have received when first introduced to that rare drink which my friend Admiral Ammen pronounces to be a sovereign remedy for diphtheria.

This story told of Admiral Gregory, as occurring about the time of the Mexican war, illustrates the good fellowship that exists in times of peace between the different navies of the world, and especially as regards our own and the British services, — and I may add the Russian; for the latter are heavy drinkers, and expect their guests to do their whole duty when discussing the contents of the flowing bowl.

Gregory, then a Captain and in command of one of our frigates in foreign waters, was invited by the captain of a British man-of-war to dine with him on board. Gregory knew what that meant; for the custom was in those rollicking days, to drink your guest under the table, if possible — a custom that is still in full observance in the Russian service.

To make a sure thing of it, Gregory's British host had arranged that his officers should spell one another at intervals, so as to keep the bottle going; meanwhile Gregory, having no relief, had to keep the American end up alone. Now, in those days our naval officers wore high black stocks, coming well up under the chin like the collars that choke the luffs of the ears of some of the young men of this time. This enabled Gregory, when he threw back his head to swallow the liquor, to pour it inside his stock instead of down his throat.

After a time the British captain gave in, and had to be put to bed by his steward. The next morning he asked the officer of the deck of the night before what had become of the Yankee captain. "Well, sir," said the officer, "he came on deck shortly after midnight, walked up and down with me for a while, talking about the weather, the spars of this ship, and one thing and another, then bade me good-night and went over the side into his gig, and pulled for his ship." "Was he sober?" "Perfectly sober, sir."

The steward was next questioned. "My eyes, sir," he answered, "I never seen a man who could drink like that Yankee captain. After all the others were under the table he called for a fresh bottle of brandy, poured out a stiff drink, tossed it off, and then asking that his gig might be ordered, went on deck." "Was he sober?" "Yes, sir, but you ought to have seen how he sweat! The sweat ran off of him in streams and all over the cabin floor!"

It is an interesting fact that at the trial of a British officer before a naval Court Martial, the sword of the accused is placed across the table; and when he comes in to hear the finding of the court, he knows whether it is favorable or not, according as the hilt or point is placed towards him. Such nice punctilio is not known to our Navy. In fact, with us, no person who has the misfortune to be Court Martialed is ever brought before the Court to hear the finding. On the contrary, he may be kept in suspense for weeks and months before he is informed of the decision of the Court.

As the reverse of such procedure, let me give you the closing incident of the English Court Martial that tried Captain Bourke, and the surviving officers and crew of H. M. S. Victoria, sunk in collision with H. M. S. Camperdown, June 22, 1893, causing the loss of Admiral Sir George Tryon, 22 officers, and 336 enlisted men. I quote from the record:

"The court was re-opened; the prisoners brought in; the Prosecutor, Witnesses and Audience were admitted; the finding read; and the prisoners acquitted accordingly. The president declared the Court dissolved."

Thus you see Captain Bourke, his officers and men, were tried by their peers and adjudged. That ended the matter; there could be no review, no influence of any sort, no political or social pull could touch the finding or judgment. Picture to yourselves the delight Captain Bourke must have felt when his anxious eye caught sight of the sword with its hilt lying towards him; and take to your souls the thought that when we laid the corner-stone of Americanism there were some things British that we had better have held on to.

Let me give you another fact. It is this: when an Englishman enters the naval or military service of the Queen he does not lose thereby any of his privileges as a

subject. He may take his seat in the House of Lords, or be elected to the House of Commons. In either capacity, he may freely criticise the government and vote against its policies, and yet not imperil his Commission, nor forfeit any right common to every British subject. With us no officer of the army and navy on the active list is eligible to a seat in Congress, and the privilege of expressing opinions on political matters or service affairs is sternly frowned upon, or put under mortifying restriction. Thus we see that the liberty of the British subject is broader in some directions than that of the American citizen.

When I entered the service fifty years ago, as a youngster of fifteen, just caught, many of the customs and traditions as well as drolleries of man-of-war life, so vividly portrayed by the magic pens of Cooper and Marryat, were still in vogue and of authority. The nomenclature was puzzling, and the terms of speech often heard were strange and startling, if not jargonish. The bearing of officers and men was that of the old school before steam had begun to play havoc with the zest and poetry of the sea. The officers were punctilious and stern in every detail of duty, while the men, weather-beaten of countenance and with unconscious roll in their gait, had the habits of respect and obedience that bespoke the discipline and training of the men-of-war's men in the hard days of the cat and colt, long passages and salt junk, and infrequent shore-going. The black tarpaulin or white sennet hat, heavy, rakish and broad brimmed, constituted their general head gear. Some of the veterans still wore gold rings in their ears and curled their locks, while their Sunday rig of blue or white was set off with a jacket of jaunty cut, having slashed sleeves and trimmed with bright buttons.

The inspiriting drum and fife had not yet given way to the trumpet, and the handling of the boatswain's call or

whistle was a fine art. The boatswain and his mates vied with one another in its skilful use. Each one put so much individuality into his piping that the style and quality of his notes invariably disclosed his identity.

The call had a vocabulary all its own — readily understood when skilfully sounded. The *veer*, the *haul*, the *aloft*, the *lay out*, the *lay in*, the *down from aloft*, the *lower*, the *meal call*, the *turn to*, the *belay* — all had clearest expression; and every boatswain's mate was gauged as to his efficiency in some degree by the quality of the notes he blew, and the way he swung the cat.

My first service was on board the brig Porpoise — ten guns — on the West Coast of Africa. She was commissioned at Norfolk early in January, 1848. The day we went on board what confusion there seemed to be in the reception and mustering of the crew — the stowage of bags and hammocks and mess-gear, the work going on alow and aloft, the constant piping, the gruff commands, the unintelligible orders, the strange and emphatic utterances of the boatswain's mates. In the midst of my dazed wonder at such seeming hurly-burly, my ears were suddenly saluted with, "Mr. Belknap, don't stand there, sir, with your hands in your pockets! Stir yourself about the deck and make yourself useful, sir!" As I did not know at that moment a squilgee from a marlinspike, a lubber's hole from a magazine scuttle, a jack-stay from a flemish-horse, I could not conceive just what useful thing I could do; but it is needless to add that I stirred around to the best of my ability, and kept stirring!

One of the first special things I had to do was to attend at grog serving. When the Purser's Steward had got through with the roll-call, an old boatswain's mate, whose ears were decorated with ear-rings, stepped up, and touching his stiff tarpaulin hat in the most respectful and winning manner, said, "Beg pardon, sir, but my name was missed;"

and before I had grasped the fact he had "doubled the tub" on me! I was more wary the next time.

Two or three days afterwards, I was put in temporary charge of the deck. I felt as green as current story tells us another midshipman felt when he first wrestled with the hawse. It was the midshipman's first day on board a ship of any kind; and the Lieutenant of the watch having been allowed to go on shore for the night, he was put in charge of the deck from 8 P.M. to midnight. About nine o'clock the Captain put his head out of the cabin door and said: "Quartermaster, how is the hawse?" "The hawse is all right, sir," answered the Quartermaster. "Well," said the middy to himself, "they have a horse on board it seems;" and he went forward to take a look at him. Not finding him, he returned to the quarter-deck, and asked the Quartermaster if the Captain had not inquired into the condition of the horse. "Yes, sir," the old salt replied, "the hawse is all right." "Well, I so understood," said the puzzled reefer, and he spent the rest of the watch looking for the animal.

A day or two after, when the ship got a foul hawse by swinging around her anchors and twisting up her cables, which had to be cleared for safe riding, he learned what the hawse meant!

We had been on board but a few days when one afternoon a playing-card came fluttering down from the main-top to the quarter-deck. Now, cards were expressly forbidden on shipboard in those days, and the officer of the deck ordered me to go aloft and take the names of the culprits. No sooner had I reached the top than a man lashed me to the topmast rigging with two or three turns of small stuff, and I was told that I must pay my footing in the shape of a bar of soap or a plug of tobacco before I could be released. Casting my eye down to the officer of the deck, I saw that he was in a broad grin, and I con-

cluded that he knew what would happen when he sent me aloft. It is needless to add that the footing demanded was promptly promised.

It used to be said before the war that the two biggest liars in the army were John Magruder and John Pope; but old Commodore Skinner of the navy well matched them in the stretch of his imagination.

Among other yarns he used to tell, was this: "One day I was out hunting on my plantation in Virginia. My pointer dog had just settled down to a point, when one of the household darkies came running up to me with one of those ominous drab envelopes in which the Navy Department used to send its orders. Tearing it open, I found orders to repair to Norfolk and hoist my broad pennant on board the old Constellation, proceed to the West Coast of Africa, and assume command of the African squadron. Hurrying to the house, I packed my sea-chests and went on my way. The cruise lasted two years. When I got back home, and had exchanged greetings with the household, I inquired what had become of the pointer. No one could tell. He had never been seen since the morning he had gone out into the field with me. It then struck me that in my haste to obey orders, I had forgotten to call the dog off. And sure enough, when I sought the spot in the field where I had left him, I found the poor creature's bones still pointing in the direction I had last seen him. The faithful dog had remained at a point until he starved to death."

The one great failing of the old-time man-of-war's-man was his love of grog. He took to his glass with as much gusto as did Dick Swiveller to his modest quencher. Such habit had logical excuse, however, in the fact that the use of strong drink was a general failing of the age he lived in; but his thirst was unquenchable, and it required unremitting watchfulness to prevent the smuggling of

liquor on board our ships-of-war when in harbor. A ration of grog — one-half a gill of whiskey — used to be served twice a day, a custom that tended to strengthen and confirm the appetite for it, and the men would do almost anything to get a clandestine drink, regardless of consequences.

In talking with an old man-o'-war's-man at the National Sailors' Home, Quincy, the other day, it came out that he was one of the crew of the steam frigate Colorado, the flag-ship of the Home Squadron in 1859–60. I said, "Do you remember how fond the Colorado's men were of sardines when the old ship was lying at Aspinwall?" "Oh, yes, sir," he replied, as a broad grin lighted up his countenance in chuckling recollection. The tale that hung thereby was this. For days and weeks the men were smuggling liquor on board, and getting drunk in the most unaccountable manner, and no clew could be found in solution of the mystery. Finally, it was observed that the men seemed to be extravagantly fond of sardines; so one day, when a man came out of the bumboat with a dozen or more boxes in hand, the Master-at-Arms, the chief police officer of the ship, was directed to open one of them at the gangway, when lo! not the toothsome sardine met the eye, but the vilest sort of whiskey trickled upon the deck. It need not be said that instant embargo was laid upon that sort of fish, much to the disgust of the smugglers and the rascally bumboatmen!

This reminds me of an experience with tin hams during the war.

One day, off Charleston, some of the New Ironsides crew brought on board from the supply steamer, which visited the blockading fleet once every three weeks, a batch of hams, neatly covered with cotton cloth, painted yellow, and branded true grocer fashion. Noticing that one of the hams, perfect in form, seemed to have a liquid oozing out of it, I called for a battle-axe, and ordered the

Master-at-Arms to ply it on the suspected package. A blow and a spurt, and an unmistakable odor showed that the tinsmith and the rumseller had put their heads together to get Jack's money in that nefarious way, and give him a chance to get drunk in the face of the enemy.

On another occasion, despite the utmost vigilance, one-half the ship's company got more or less drunk. The why and wherefore was solved when, after much search, a five-gallon demijohn of whiskey was found packed in the middle of a barrel of potatoes.

I recollect that one of my first duties upon arrival in a foreign port, nearly fifty years ago, was to take charge of a boat, land an officer, and await his return. The further order was to allow no man to leave the boat, and on no account to let any one of them have a drop of liquor. Pretty soon a man came down to the landing, and began to talk with the bow oarsman. A moment later I looked back to the ship to observe some routine of harbor work she was engaged in. As I turned my head back towards the boat's crew, I saw one of the men with a bottle of Portuguese brandy in his hand, pouring the liquor into the heel of his low-quartered shoe, which he had slipped off to serve as a pot or tumbler, — the pot for drinking purposes being under the stern sheets where I was sitting. I thought to myself, "I can't help it now; if you want a drink so bad as that, you can have it this time;" but wisdom came with experience, and thereafter I made boats' crews lie off on their oars some distance from the landing. Luckily for me the men did not get liquor enough on that occasion to make them drunk!

But such untoward doings do not mark the old sailor alone; for the other day I saw it chronicled in the newspapers that an actress in New York had been testing the devotion of her admirers by offering them champagne in her satin slipper!

We had a trim, dapper boatswain's mate, Jack Ryan by name, of the old school, on board the Porpoise, who blew notes on his silver call as clear and sweet as the song of a canary, and he sometimes broke into rhyme.

This doggerel will show his feeling and that of his fellows on the question of grog — before the late Senator John P. Hale, dubbed by the sailors "Cold Water Jack," succeeded in abolishing that ration.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Around the fore hatch that dinner was nigh;
And I said, if there's anything good in this world
'T is made in our mess, and they call it sea-pie.

'T is twelve, and the boatswain is ordered to pipe,
His mates they stand ready to answer and bawl;
The grog-tub is out, and, the line stretched along,
Each hand is awaiting the sound of the "call."

By the side of yon grog-tub how sweet 't is to stand,
And listen to catch the dear sound of your name:
But oh! how much sweeter when the tot's in your hand,
You drink and are off for some sea-pie to claim.

And thus in a snug man-of-war did I say,
With a cook to attend me, and make me sea-pie,
With my half pint of whiskey to drink every day,
How sweet could I live, and how calm could I die!

So sang the old time man-o'-war's-man, a type of salt-water man now as extinct as the man-at-arms in the days of the Crusaders.

To offset this, let me give you another story to show how some of the old-time officers loved their grog, as told by the late Billy Parker.

A somewhat eccentric officer — much addicted to drink — had great difficulty in getting a command. Finally his friends got him the command of a brig upon condition

that he would take no liquor to sea with him. After being at sea a week or two, the Captain felt very dry. Now, in small vessels the ration of grog was served to the men on the lee side of the upper or spar deck. One day, at 12 o'clock noon, the grog-tub was brought up, as usual, and the Captain, after passing it several times with longing eyes, suddenly strode up to the Purser's Steward, and said: "What's this complaint I hear of the ship's whiskey? Give me a tot!" Pouring it down with great gusto, he exclaimed: "It's as good whiskey as ever I drank; let me hear no more complaints!" It is needless to say there had been none. On the contrary, it was well understood by everyone on board that he would have been glad to test the quality of the whiskey every day of his life; and we had, during the cruise of the Porpoise, two or three officers who would often slip over to the grog-tub and beg a tot.

They would have delighted the heart of bluff William IV., England's last sailor King. You may recall this story that Greville tells of that irascible monarch. Water was to him an abomination, and brusqueness a prime trait of his character. One day King Leopold of Belgium was dining with him at Windsor, and had the temerity to call for water. "What's that you are drinking, sir?" asked the royal host. "Water, sir." "God d—n it," rejoined William, "why don't you drink wine? I never allow anybody to drink water at my table!"

In those days, when at sea, it was the custom for the officers to assemble every Saturday evening around the flowing punch-bowl to tell stories, sing songs, and drink to sweethearts and wives; but that custom is no more, for in 1862, during the height of the war, Congress abolished the grog ration in the Navy, and neither officers nor men are now allowed to bring on board our men-of-war any drink stronger than wine or beer.

It has been said that the custom went out with the "flog and the grog;" but flogging was abolished in 1850, or twelve years before the grog ration was taken away. A better reason was this. The Navy was losing its drinking habit in common with the rest of the people; and the shorter passages of the increasing steam-navy and the more frequent receipt of home letters, abated the desire to gather round the flowing bowl for the whiling away the time, as in the tedious sea passages of yore.

In other services grog or wine is still served out to the men. Some of you may have visited H. M. ship Blake when she was in Boston harbor a little time ago. If so, you may have noticed on the main deck a big grog-tub of black oak, bearing the legend in big letters of brass, "God bless the Queen!" The Queen's sailors will have their grog; the eighty odd thousand of them are a power, and will not stand prohibition!

The English are more conservative than we are; and in a service whose personnel now approaches some ninety thousand men, innovations affecting time-honored customs and privileges are adopted with great caution.

In the abolition of the spirit ration — good move as it was — the wishes of the enlisted men were not consulted at all. Such procedure could not have taken place in England, for there is no service in the world where the privileges of "the man behind the gun" have been so carefully considered and so specifically ordered as in H. M. Navy.

We Americans are prone to think that the mantle of wisdom of all the ages has fallen on our shoulders, but there are many good things in this world not dreamt of in our philosophy!

There is perhaps no life that so quickly discerns and lays bare special traits and eccentricities as that pertaining to the sea, and especially to the Navy. Nicknames

once given cling forever. The late Admiral Nicholson came of a naval family coeval with the Revolution. He knew from tradition what to expect from the "oldsters" when he first went on board ship as a young midshipman or "youngster," for hazing is by no means a new plague in the world; so he provided himself with a pair of big horse pistols, and brandishing them about with a defiant air, declared that he would shoot the first man that ventured to lay hazing hand upon him. The rollicking "oldsters," delighted at such unwonted show of spirit, dubbed him "Warhorse" on the spot; and "Warhorse Nicholson" he was called from that day forward down to his death. "Horse Williamson" was an officer so-called from the resemblance of his head to that of a horse. "Alphabetical Kennedy," and Porter, Craven and Caldwell, were so dubbed because of the number of initial letters to their names. Old Commodore Elliot went by the name of "Old Bruin."

In 1855 I sailed with a pompous old Captain by the name of T. Darrah Shaw. We were bound from Norfolk to the West Indies. One day he came out of the cabin in a tearing sort of humor saying: "They've sent me charts all the way from Buffin's Bay to Holmes's Hole, but not a single one of West Indian ports!" From that moment we never spoke of him but as "Old Buffin." He was a character; tall, handsome, and portly, he was vain as a peacock; but he was now well along in years, and the salt in him had never struck in. In other words, he was a poor sailor. Where once had been a luxuriant head of hair was now bare and smooth as a well holystoned deck; but two or three days before we were to get into port, he would retire into the innermost recesses of his cabin with an attack of neuralgia, and leave the care of the ship to the First Lieutenant. The moment, however, we got in, and were snugly moored, he would appear on

deck, furbished up in all the glory of a flowing wig, coal-black whiskers and moustache, set off by his newest uniform of blue and gold in readiness for the delights of shore.

"Mad Jack Percival" and "Monkey Hall" were two notable characters in our own and in the British service in bygone days. "Mad Jack" saw his last service afloat in the old frigate Constitution. He took it into his head that he might die during his three years' cruise around the world; so he provided himself with a stout oak coffin, made to order, which he carried for safe-keeping in his cabin. When he got home safe and sound with no signs of dying, he took such cheerful furnishing, and turned it into a watering-trough by the roadside of the then rural Dorchester, where the unconscious horses and cattle refreshed themselves long after the old Commodore's death!

"Monkey Hall" had distinguished himself in the Baltic during the Crimean war, but his personal make-up was so much like that of a monkey that his brother officers dubbed him accordingly. Darwin had not then promulgated his theory of evolution. Possibly had he met the gallant Admiral, he would have hastened the announcement! When I knew him he was Flag-Captain to Admiral Sir Michael Seymour on the China Station in 1856–58. At that period Sir John Bowring was the Governor of Hong Kong and Minister Plenipotentiary of England to China. Sir John was a great radical, and had been given that appointment to get him out of the kingdom. The English naval officers on the station — most of them Tories — did not like him at all. Your native born insular Britisher is a queer being. He is at once a compound of ineradical flunkeyism and of the sturdiest independence.

Said one of them to an officer of our squadron, "So

you are going to call on Bowring," as they called the governor, "and make the acquaintance of Vinegar and Pickles!" "Vinegar and Pickles" were the sour-visaged daughters of Sir John, whom the British officers detested.

You may recollect that the late English Bishop Wilberforce went by the name of "Soapy Sam" the kingdom over. We used to match that in the navy in the having of a chaplain whose nickname was "Slicky-Jones," so smooth were his ways and so oily his tongue. Both "Soapy" and "Slicky" were men of parts. The latter accompanied Perry in his expedition to Japan, and made scientific observations upon the phenomena of the northern lights.

I have a soft spot in my heart for Mr. Jones because, as Assistant Professor at the Naval Academy, he taught me the rudiments of navigation there in 1847. The first lesson he gave us youngsters was to learn to "box the compass." Then in further instruction in navigation, he taught us "dead reckoning," which accomplished, we thought ourselves quite salty; but the moment we got out of port, and felt the long, heavy swell of "the placid ocean plains," of which Tennyson so mistakenly sings in "In Memoriam," we found that our christening as incipient seamen had not been of the briny sort, but of land-lubber experience of the freshest kind.

I well recollect the lovely day in January, 1848, when we left Fortress Monroe in the brig Porpoise for Cape de Verde Islands. We had dined at one o'clock, and the rice pudding we had had for dessert seemed particularly nice. But when we got outside Cape Henry, and the vessel began to roll and butt into the sea, I was suddenly seized with a headache, followed by a dreadful sickness that lasted me all the way across the ocean. I first laid it all to the rice pudding, but learned to know better, for it took me fourteen years to fully conquer sea-sickness.

Lieutenant Junius J. Boyle was another eccentric character. He lived in Washington. One day some ladies called to see his wife and daughters. Boyle put in an appearance first, and greeted the callers with this sea-smacking information: "Mrs. Boyle and the girls will be down as soon as they are done cleaning themselves." The ladies thought that a queer way of designating the finishing touches of the toilette, although old Pepys tells us in his diary that his wife stayed at home all of one day cleaning herself.

Boyle was fond of drink, and one of his bouts brought him before a Court Martial. His counsel was Purser Levi D. Slamm. Slamm had been co-editor of a lively Democratic newspaper in New York, and from the vigor of his editorials went by the name of Slamm, Bang, & Co., until Mr. Polk made him a Purser in the Navy. Civil service reform had not then blighted the hopes of political editors after the fashion of this purer day!

During the trial, one of the witnesses was asked how he knew Boyle had been drinking on the occasion he was charged with drunkenness. "I smelt the liquor on him," he answered. When Slamm presented the written defence to the Court, which Boyle and himself had prepared, it contained this adaptation of Burns:

> "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To smell oursel's as others smell us!"

Boyle was acquitted.

In the war with Mexico the Navy had no naval foe to meet; but it co-operated effectively with the Army in the Gulf, blockaded or captured all the important Gulf ports, and landed General Scott's army at Vera Cruz — and all its belongings — in a few brief hours without loss of a man, confusion in any direction, or mishap of any sort.

It also landed, established, and fought a battery of six

guns — 32's and 64's — from the fleet at the bombardment of Fort San Juan de Ulloa.

One day an artillery officer visited the naval battery. "Ah," said he, as he watched the work of the blue jackets at the guns, "those are the boys for me. Our fellows stand up like ramrods, and do everything by rule of thumb; but your men jump about with the freedom of cats, and serve their guns as though they really loved them!"

The blockade of the port, before the fall of its defences, by the Saratoga and Germantown, St. Mary's and Albany, Decatur and other sailing ships of that period had been so admirably conducted as to extort the praise of the British Admiral watching operations there. Coming on deck one morning at break of day, he called his officers about him and bade them "note with what precision and alertness the American cruisers kept their stations in all weathers — whether by night or by day — and to take such lessons of fine seamanship and rigid performance to heart and not to forget them, for they might be called upon some day to meet ships so well manned and so smartly handled as enemies."

If the work of the Navy had been secondary to that of the Army on the eastern seaboard of Mexico the conditions were reversed in the Pacific; for by the timely and energetic action of Sloat, Stockton, and Montgomery the Navy possessed and occupied all the seaboard towns of California, and secured that splendid territory to the country.

The first mayors of the coast towns under our flag were Navy officers; and the Navy had control, afloat and ashore, until Army detachments arrived to garrison the different places and assume the direction of affairs on land pending the readiness of the civil authority to assert its supremacy.

Admiral Seymour, R.N., was cruising in the line-of-battle-ship Collingwood along the Mexican coast at the time of our conquest, with orders to seize the bay of San

Francisco as an offset to British claims held against Mexico. This assertion has been denied by the "unctuous rectitude" so characteristic of British folk, according to the latest utterance of Cecil Rhodes; but some seven years ago, Commander Adam D. Dundas, R.N., retired, told me at Yokohama that the story was true. Said he, "I was serving on board the Collingwood as a young officer at the time, and I know our Admiral had such orders, but with this qualification, that if he found the American flag hoisted in occupation, he was to respect it."

It was a pet theory of the Southern officers, as well as of the secession leaders, that the Navy was too small to maintain an effective blockade of the extended coasts of the South, and that it could accomplish nothing of moment in inland waters and against shore batteries and forts. John Bull also hugged such delusion to his breast, and scouted what he was pleased to call a paper blockade. He insisted, indeed, that that was the only sort of blockade the United States could maintain. But a rude awakening was soon to confound such calculations. Necessity pointed the way; and, as if touched by the hand of a magician, the Navy suddenly expanded into a great service. Officers and men were at once taken in from our then splendid merchant marine and put under naval instruction. Keels of new ships were immediately laid — some of them even on Sunday; merchant ships were bought, and converted into ships-of-war in hot haste, and the construction of iron-clads hastened. Hardly was the ink dry, indeed, on the written fulminations of Lord John Russell against ineffective blockades, when the most effective blockade known to the world's history was established from the capes of the Chesapeake to the mouth of the Rio Grande; and our courts of Admiralty were soon all too busy with the work of adjudicating the cases of British blockade runners which had encountered, to their sore cost, that matchless cordon of ships.

It was said at the dinner of the New England Society in New York the other day that "the New Navy was born amid the throes of civil war!"

Shades of Farragut and Foote, Porter and Du Pont, Davis and Dahlgren, Rowan and Rodgers, Stringham and Goldsborough, Worden and Winslow and their distinguished compeers. It would astonish them, I think, to learn that they, and the officers and men whom they led in rebellion days, were of the new birth. It was not so: there was no glint of such newness. It was the spirit and traditions, the organization and methods, of the fathers that dominated the souls of those intrepid seamen at the capture of the forts at Hatteras Inlet; the circling fight at Hilton Head; the brilliant passage of forts St. Philip and Jackson, and the capture of New Orleans; the battle incomparable of Mobile Bay; the river fights at forts Henry, Donelson, and Arkansas Post, Port Hudson and Vicksburg; the running of the batteries at Island No. 10; the battle of Memphis and destruction of the rebel fleet there; the fateful combat of the Monitor with the Merrimac in Hampton water; the fight of the double-enders with the iron-clad Albemarle, and the battles of Roanoke Island, Plymouth, and Newbern in the sounds of Carolina; the work of the New Ironsides and Monitors at Charleston and Fort Fisher; the destruction of the Alabama by the Kearsarge; the establishment and effectiveness of the extended blockade, and many other notable things of achievement in that memorable time.

It is told of Captain Samuel Barron, one of the ablest of the Southern officers who threw up their naval commissions at the outbreak of the war, that when the ships of Stringham's fleet began to throw their shells in continuous stream into the Hatteras forts, with unerring aim, he forgot for the moment that he was a rebel, and with passionate gesture and exultant voice exclaimed, "There is

nothing like our Navy." What tender memories of the past must have flashed through his brain at that revealing moment!

The Old Navy was incarnate in Farragut. Battle-seasoned from the day when, as a mere lad of thirteen, he fought on board the Essex in her desperate fight with the Phœbe and Cherub, he loved and believed in the old service, and knew that its noble personnel led, as in his inmost being he felt he could lead it, could accomplish anything of daring and high emprise that men of the sea of whatever race or prestige of achievement had ever done or could do. Like Grant, he did not stay his purpose or slacken his grip because of what the enemy might attempt, but bent his whole thought and aim towards what himself and his eager officers and men were expected to do. And so with transcendent genius for war and self-confidence, bouyant courage and intuitive grasp, he succeeded in straits of threatened disaster where others less heroically endowed would have failed.

What incident, indeed, of naval warfare in the chronicles of time presents a theme of more dramatic or inspiring interest than the figure of that Sea-King, standing high up in the main rigging of the Hartford, holding on to the futtock shrouds as he guided the fleet to victory through the torpedo-strewn fire-swept channel leading past Fort Morgan. You may recall the fact that in approaching Fort Morgan the monitor Tecumseh was suddenly torpedoed; that the Brooklyn, the ship Farragut had reluctantly assigned to lead the main column, suddenly stopped, appalled at the disaster to the monitor. To stop at that point was to get the concentrated fire of the fort and rebel ships; to turn back was disaster and defeat; to go ahead was to tempt the hidden power of the torpedoes. In this strait, Farragut, always a devout man, offered up a silent prayer for divine guidance. And it seemed, said he, that

in answer to his petition, a voice commanded: "Go on!" And on he went to victory and fame eternal! Who can doubt that God illumined his soul with heavenly light at that crucial moment?

It was on that occasion, too, that brave Craven of the Tecumseh, when that monitor was blown up by a torpedo, did an act of grace and quiet heroism that lights his name with a ray of immortality. You will recall that as the ship reeled to the torpedo stroke the pilot and himself made for the scuttle leading from the pilot tower to the turret below; but Craven suddenly drawing back, with the characteristic dignity so well known to his fellow seamen, said, with a gracious wave of his hand, "After you, pilot!" There was no "after" for him; for, said the pilot, "The bottom seemed to drop from under me as I clambered out of the turret, and Craven went down with the ship."

> Alas! No "after" was there for him,
> Waiting in tower so stout and grim,
> For shrouded in iron he sank to rest
> To sleep with those forever blest.
> On swept the fleet, 'mid flame and smoke,
> And thunderous roar and cannon stroke,
> But the bubbles that rose to the surface brim
> Were the last of earth that told of him.

In the realms of diplomacy and of independent action, flag-officers and captains of the older day had wider and more responsible fields of action than they can now have. Submarine cables and overland telegraph lines now put most civilized governments in immediate touch with their officials abroad; and, as a rule, the diplomatic and naval officers of the Powers are under the constant direction of their respective governments in matters of moment and responsibility, requiring diplomatic or naval action. Before this day of ready communication, our naval command-

ers were obliged to act frequently on questions and exigencies arising in different parts of the world that admitted no delay. Among such occasions were Commodore Perry's action at Great Berribee, West Coast of Africa, 1843; Commander Charles H. Bell's at the river Gaboon the same year; Commander Glynn's at Nagasaki in 1849; Commodore McCauley's at Valparaiso in 1851; Commodore Ingraham's at Smyrna in 1853; Captain Kelley's at Shanghai, 1854; Commander Foote's at Canton, and Commodore Armstrong's at Barrier Forts, Canton River, 1856; Commander Poor's at Rio Hacha, 1860, and Commander Roe's at Vera Cruz, Mexico; John Rodgers's at Valparaiso in 1866, and at Korea, 1871; Admiral H. H. Bell's at Formosa, 1867; the landing of seamen and marines at Panama on many occasions to protect the transit; and at Honolulu in 1874 and 1893; Kimberly at Samoa in 1889; Belknap at Korea in 1890 and '91. Let me note here that when Commodore Armstrong, under the inspiration of the late Admiral Foote, captured and destroyed the Barrier Forts, mounting one hundred and seventy-six guns, in the Canton River, 1856, for firing on the flag, his action was approved by the government; but that the officer who landed a force at Honolulu in 1874, restored order, and held the town until Kalakaua was firmly established on the throne in the interest of the United States, got no word whatever from Washington. On the other hand, the English captain who had allowed the Americans to get ahead of him on that occasion was called home, and to the day of his death was never given another hour's duty by the Admiralty.

As there are exceptions to every rule, so in this day of world-wide telegraphic communication.

Admiral Benham's firm and independent action at Rio de Janeiro, in 1893, gave more prestige to the United States as a nation which must be heeded than any other

event since the Treaty of Washington up to the date of President Cleveland's significant message to Congress, last December, in interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine as applied to the status of Venezuela. It gave correct interpretation of international law as regards belligerent rights, and effectually stopped the intrigues of the European powers against the Republic of Brazil. Knowing he was right, he stood ready to enforce such interpretation at the muzzle of his guns. From that moment the insurgent cause, which had for its aim the restoration of the Empire, began to crumble, European intrigue and hope were checkmated, and the battle of freedom for the people of Brazil was won. For such consummation in behalf of the people and of human rights, I claim the credit for Benham and the Old Navy.

As diplomatists with shotted guns back of them at times for the unravelling of knotty questions, Commodore Decatur negotiated a treaty in 1815 with Algiers and Tripoli; in 1831 Commodore David Porter, who had resigned his naval commission, made a treaty with Turkey; in 1821 Commodore Stockton acquired by treaty with the African chiefs the territory which now comprises the Republic of Liberia; in 1826 Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones concluded our first treaty with Hawaii; in 1854 Commodore Perry finished his successful negotiations with Japan, and twenty-eight years later Commodore Shufeldt brought home a treaty with Korea.

Nor is it too much to say that Perry's treaty with Japan was one of the most momentous achievements known to the diplomacy of modern times. The Commodore's pictures are scattered all over Japan, and his name and fame are held more and more in respect and admiration by her people as the years roll on. His expedition and its accomplishment marked the beginning of a new era in their national life. Its incidents will go

down in their annals and literature, glorified by their exquisite art, and enriching the song and story of that imaginative and legend-loving people. During the three years I commanded our squadron in Asiatic waters, 1889–92, the Japanese government took special pains to send a ship-of-war to Yokohama each year to take part in the celebration of the Fourth of July. The flag of no other nation was so honored by the Imperial government in the observance of national anniversaries there during that period. Such fact was significant, and it was meant to be. It was meant to show special friendship for the United States and for the American people. My first glimpse of Japan was in 1857, when we went to Shimoda and Hakodata in the Portsmouth — the "black devil" of the Barrier Forts. At that time no change had been made in the customs of the empire, and we saw feudalism in all its restrictions and severity. The Samurai — the two-sworded men — were omnipresent; they walked about as the lords of all they saw, and the common folk were continually prostrating themselves before them. We could neither buy nor look at anything without their supervising presence; but one day at Hakodata, two of us managed to escape their annoying surveillance, and we strayed out into the country, and falling in with a man working alone in a field, we exchanged buttons cut from our coats for a couple of quarter itzeboos — a silver coin of the then value of eight cents. The exchange was made with great trepidation on the part of the laborer, for it was then a capital crime to permit any foreigner to take the Mikado's coin out of the empire.

What a marvellous change has since come over that most interesting of countries! A stranger dining at the Grand Hotel at Yokohama, the Imperial at Tokyo, or the Yaami at Kyoto, might think himself in London or New York, so far as freedom, comfort, and good service go. Or

if he wishes to live in pure Japanese style, he can find excellent Japanese inns amidst the rugged hills of Royal Nikko, the beautiful summer retreat of the Takugawa Shoguns — lake-bound Hakone — or the sulphur-bath region of Myanoshita.

Then what a delight after dinner to take a rickshaw for an evening ride through the decorated and thousand-lantern-lighted streets of town and country, hamlet and park, especially on holiday occasions. Who can ever forget busy Theatre Street in Yokohama, the broad Ginza or moated quarter of Tokyo, picturesque Shiba, or the fairy night scenes in templed Kyoto? The progress of Dai Nippon in Western civilization during the past quarter of a century has indeed been the marvel of the age; but its chiefest interest and greatest charm for the traveller lie in the opportunity that now permits him, without restraint, to look upon the old-time things, the quaint ways, the childlike abandon, the exquisite art and splendid temple architecture of that lovable people.

When you go abroad, let me commend to you for your most enjoyable pleasuring that interesting land of the Mikado.

The man of Japan drinks in love of his land from his birth; the legends and stories of an heroic past are his daily inspiration; his soul thrills with the stirring chronicle; and, as he grows up to manhood, he longs to show his devotion to his Emperor and country by deeds of sacrifice or martial prowess, that will link him to the intrepid deeds of his fathers.

In the feudal days of the Empire — days that lasted from before the Christian era until 1868 — the great military class was known as the samurai, and the sword was its most cherished possession. "A girded sword is the living soul of a samurai," said the great Ieyasu in his legacy to his people, and the cherished story of the loss

and hunt for the famous sword Masmune approaches in significance the Christian legend of the Holy Grail; there is, indeed, no more patriotic or determined man in the world to-day than the man of Japan. Mikado, banzai! banzai! Long live the Emperor! is the cry of the subject. In such spirit he clings to the past, and stoutly heeds the prime factor of national being — the corner-stone of all successful government from the creation to this day — the power of the sword; a factor that lies at the bottom of all England's colonizing achievements and world round Empire, and which has given us our national life.

In the earlier days of the Navy, duelling was an unwritten law of naval and military life. The code, indeed, was much in vogue everywhere during the first half of this century for the settlement of personal differences, and especially among naval and military men. There was no statutory inhibition with us so far as concerned the Navy until 1862. That was well; for there were occasions when not to send or accept a challenge would have been disastrous to the prestige of the service and the fair fame of the country, for when we had put on the robes of young nationality, officers of the European services were disposed to look upon us as upstarts and intruders in presuming to have a navy, and sometimes went out of their way to show such feeling offensively. Wherefore check had to be given to such impertinence, and the gospel of civility be shot into them.

Now, as a rule, our folk of that day, born and bred in a new country, and more generally accustomed to the use of firearms than any other people, were the best shots in the world; and after many encounters in the field, in which our officers came out best three times out of four, impertinence yielded to respect and toleration to welcome.

In these difficulties, which savor of savagery now to some extent, our British friends were perhaps the fore-

most offenders. They still resented our separation from the Mother Isles, and neglected no opportunity to show such feeling. Let me recall some well known examples.

One evening in the British port of Malta in the Mediterranean, in 1803, Midshipman Bainbridge and some of his companions were in the lobby of a theatre there. In their hearing, the Military Secretary to the Governor, Sir Alexander Ball, said: "These Yankees will never stand the smell of powder," following up the remark by brushing up offensively against Bainbridge. The intent of the insult was but too manifest. Quick as thought Bainbridge knocked the offender down and a challenge ensued. The then Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, acting as Bainbridge's second, and as the challenged party, chose pistols at four paces — twenty feet.

The Britisher was known to be a confirmed duellist, sure at ten paces; and his second objected to the shorter distance, saying to Decatur, "This looks like murder!" "No, sir," replied Decatur, "this looks like death; your friend is an expert duellist; mine is wholly inexperienced; the shorter distance will make things more equal." Decatur carried his point, for he was clearly in the right. The two men took their places and waited for the word. At the first fire Bainbridge's ball passed through his antagonist's hat; the Secretary missed his aim altogether. Once more they stood on the line; and this time the Englishman fell to the ground mortally shot, while Bainbridge stood unharmed.

Sir Alexander Ball tried to make a diplomatic matter of the affair; but it was seen that his Secretary had deliberately insulted the American and had courted the encounter.

Another instance was when Tattnall, he whose chivalric action and "blood thicker than water" expression at the Peilo in 1859, sounded round the world with such acclaim

among English-speaking folk, challenged and wounded a British officer of Lord Cochrane's fleet at Valparaiso in 1819. Cochrane, subsequently the Earl of Dundonald, had been wrongfully cashiered from the British Navy. He was now, in the early days of Chilean independence, in command of the Chilean fleet, and many of his officers were English. Some time after Tattnall's own affair he acted as a second to Midshipman Pinckney of the Macedonian, who had also challenged an English officer of Cochrane's fleet. In this case the second of the British officer refused to abide by the terms that had been agreed upon — ten paces. After much altercation, Tattnall strode up to the English second and said to him: "You are a coward and a scoundrel; you have made all this difficulty. Now you shall first fight me at five paces!" The officer backed down and apologized, and the duel proceeded. Several shots were exchanged, and the clothing of both principals was cut; but finally the Englishman was wounded, and the affair came to an end. Tattnall's part had been so prominent and decided, that the officers of the British flag-ship in port, sympathizing with their countryman of Cochrane's fleet, indulged in comments which Tattnall resented. He therefore sent word on board by a responsible messenger to the effect that if his course had in any way displeased them he would be most happy to fight them of all grades, from "the cockpit to the cabin-door!"

The late Commodore Stockton when First Lieutenant of the Erie up the Mediterranean, in 1816, had at one time accepted challenges to fight from all the Captains of a British regiment stationed at Gibraltar, and several meetings took place. In one instance, after wounding his adversary, he escaped arrest by knocking one of the guards from his horse, and, jumping astride the horse himself, rode down to his boat, and pulled off to the ship.

Such lessons were luminous; they were sternly educational as to the manner of man the American was and is. They taught that the Yankees would not only stand the smell of gunpowder, but that they could burn it most effectively. And much as the moral and religious sense condemns duelling to-day, our officers to whom was intrusted the honor and dignity of the flag in foreign waters at the crucial period of which I speak, felt it to be a stern duty to conform to the demands of the code. Nor need I remind you that a prime tenet of the sailor's creed was and is, that,

"None but the brave deserve the fair,"

a sentiment that in many a strait of fight or peril on shipboard has nerved the arms and thrilled the souls of seamen to noblest effort and supremest courage.

Witness the chivalric Captain of the Vandalia, the intrepid Schoonmaker, at Samoa's great tragedy of wreck in 1889, when he left the deck for a few brief moments to take a last, fond, loving look at the pictures of his wife and children in the cabin, and then went calmly back to his post on deck to meet a cruel but heroic death — a fate which, from his weakened physical condition, he knew might come to him at any moment, as it did come to him almost instantly after resuming his place of duty on the poop deck. When urged by his Executive Officer to climb up into the mizzen rigging to avoid the heavy seas that swept continually over the ship, he said, "No, I am not strong enough to hold on there, and my post of duty is here, but you go up and save yourself. I shall not survive this strain." A moment later a tremendous sea boarded the ship and swept him into eternity. When the gale abated, his mangled remains were found and given Christian burial. The pension his widow and orphan daughters receive is the paltry sum of $30 per month.

A distinguished officer of our service — Admiral Roe — now on the retired list, an officer who did most valiant and intrepid service on the Mississippi and in the sounds of North Carolina during the war of the Rebellion, relates that "some years after the close of the war, he stood upon the Mole at Naples, watching the sundown divisions of boats from the different squadrons at anchor in the bay, with an English officer at his side, though a stranger to him. It was observed that English and American divisions of boats pulled in and out from the Mole, always side by side, with colors flying. There was a natural gravitation which brought them always together. They pulled the same stroke at the oars, their officers gave the same orders to the crews, they tossed off all, boated their oars, shoved off and let fall precisely as if they were under the same flag, for they were under the same traditions of habit, movement, and discipline. With a gentle wave of the arm, the English officer exclaimed passionately: "PUT THOSE TWO FLAGS TOGETHER AND THEY WILL CONTROL THE WORLD!" And yet the American and Englishman were entire strangers to each other! Verily, blood *is* thicker than water. Of the same blood, and speaking the same tongue — the all-conquering tongue of Milton and Shakespeare, and of the English Bible — their every thought, instinct with the throbbings of kinship and the ineradicable bonds of race, the people of the British Isles and America, whatever their political differences, will ever stand closer together than any other peoples. Let, then, the folk of the Mother Isles be more just and appreciative than has been their wont in contemplating the strides and achievements of this daughter land, and seek to strengthen by fair dealing and considerate purpose the natural ties of lineage and literature, law and liberty, and the historic instincts of a common race. Then the estrangement and bitterness of

the past will no longer be a bar to the respect and appreciation, the kindly forbearance and unaffected sympathy, the good-fellowship and Christian love, that the two great English-speaking peoples should bear the one towards the other.

A word now as to the present personnel of the Navy, and I can speak the more freely as one retired from active duty.

The differences in the types of ships and the changed condition of motive power and guns have made perceptible changes in the character of enlisted men. The habits of the men are better, and the skill demanded of them is of a more mechanical order; and while we miss some of the characteristics which made the old man-of-war's-man so attractive and interesting, so unique and so superb as a sailor, the new man is imbued with the same loyal devotion to the flag that possessed the souls of our seamen in the Colonial and Revolutionary days, the War of 1812, and at foul rebellion's outburst in 1861, and may be depended upon to do equally gallant service whether in peace or war.

As to the officers, no service in the world can match them. In every branch and corps they are superior in education and training to the officers of any other service, — men so well grounded and practised, schooled and equipped, that their services are sought in many directions. Many officers, indeed, have resigned their commissions for the higher pay and greater civil advantages eagerly tendered them by individuals and firms, colleges and corporations, than the government gives or affords. We have officers to-day, graduates from our Naval Academy at Annapolis, and from civil colleges in the land, who can take the metal from the mine, and put it through all the processes of preparation and manufacture, until it appears in completed form in the hulls and engines,

boilers and dynamos, guns and armor, shells and torpedoes, of our ships-of-war. Expert as electricians, they invent or improve electrical appliances; as chemists, they manufacture the needed explosives for naval use; as inventors, the guns and gun-carriages of our Navy, since the days of Dahlgren, have been designed by them in their every part and built under their supervision. The guns turned out at the naval gun factory at Washington are not excelled by Krupp or any other fabricator of heavy ordnance in Europe; as linguists and mathematicians, naturalists and adepts in therapeutics and surgery, sanitation and hygiene, they have won world-wide fame; as hydrographers, they have no superiors, whether in surveying the coasts and harbors of the globe, or in sounding the depths of the sea. Equally at home in the handling of infantry and artillery on shore, they lead the world as versatile and accomplished officers on shipboard. Nor are there any harder worked men in the country to-day than its navy officers; and whether in peace or war, they can always be depended upon to do their duty loyally and devotedly in every emergency of demand or of peril their profession may call upon them to meet.

To-day you may meet some of them in the midst of the busy life about you; to-morrow you may learn that they have gone to South America, the Orient, or some other remote part of the earth in obedience to the summary orders that hang over the head of every officer on the active list. Take such fact home to you and think of it when, upon meeting a navy officer, you are inclined, at first blush, to think he is having an easy time of it. Said a distinguished historian, politician, and administrator (Theodore Roosevelt), in writing me the other day: "I do not think there is any body of men in this country, or in any country, that on the whole stands as the equal of our Navy officers." You will pardon me, as one on

the retired list, in accepting such flattering expression as being not far from right.

Nor may you forget that in the paths of literature Navy men have plucked modest flowers by the wayside. I might give you many names and instances; but you will perhaps call to mind Captain Alfred T. Mahan, whose works on Sea Power in History have not only commanded the profound attention of naval and military men the world over, but have brought to him the rare and distinguished honor of the honorary degrees bestowed upon him by the two great universities of England.

Where classic Cambridge students tread
He doffed awhile the blue and gold,
And civic-robed in gown of red
He, modest, joined the lettered fold.
Lo! List the cheers sweep o'er the sea
From Sigeberht's old and storied town
When rare Mahan, as LL.D.,
Receives the scholar's laurelled crown.
Old Oxford, too, great Alfred's seat,
Around this Alfred throws its spell,
And bids him seek its spired retreat
With added grace of D. C. L.
Ah! Severn's Halls, what happy days
Where alma mater waits her son,
So honored with scholastic bays,
From mother England grandly won.

But besides the few of the many glories of the Navy that I have enumerated, it has carried your flag into every sea and every clime. The flag so borne has thrown its protecting folds over your commerce in all waters; it has gladdened the sight of the trader and sojourner, the merchant and traveller, the explorer and missionary, in every quarter of the globe. Wherever you have seen an American ship-of-war in foreign waters, there you saw American soil, for the deck of that ship was inviolate. The Navy,

let me repeat, brought Japan and Corea into the society of the nations; it went forth in successful exploring and scientific expeditions to the remotest parts of the sea; it surveyed the Amazon and the Orinoco, and their tributaries; mapped the southern heavens; surveyed and charted the winds and currents and dangers of the ocean; devised apparatus for measuring its depths, and bringing up soil from its bed; it made the physical geography of the sea, one of the most interesting of the sciences; examined the Isthmus for canal routes; located routes for submarine cables; braved the icy terrors of the Arctic; broke the solitudes of the Antarctic; and has done many other notable things. Nor let it be forgotten that in every period of its organization, it has raised up brilliant officers and commanders, whose deeds and achievements have ennobled mankind and glorified the nation.

THE HOME SQUADRON IN THE WINTER OF 1860–61.

BY

REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE E. BELKNAP, U. S. N.

Read March 5, 1895.

THE HOME SQUADRON IN THE WINTER OF 1860–61.

THERE were perhaps no citizens of the United States more unhappily situated during the last six months of 1860 and the first six months of 1861 — those fateful months that preluded and initiated the rebellion — than the officers and men of the Army and Navy, and particularly the Navy, as in the quarters of shipboard it is ever impossible to get away from uncongenial company, or from people with whom you may have a constantly irritating source of disagreement or antipathy. And while, as a rule, officers of the Navy pay but little attention to politics and political manipulations, thoughtful men among them took in the gravity of the political situation when in the late spring of 1860 the democratic National Convention broke up at Charleston in hopeless disagreement and disorder, and began to prepare their minds for the worst.

There were optimists, however, who could not believe the Southern politicians were in dead earnest, and who looked to see the usual panacea or compromise applied for the smoothing over of the Southern discontent and the suppression of the treasonable intent of the Southern leaders. I recall one officer on board the old St. Louis, a Kentuckian, who pooh-poohed the possibility of war, and who said that in case South Carolina carried out her threats of secession, the people of his state alone would send a force down there and whip the deluded Carolinians

back into the Union. Alas! he but little comprehended the forces at work, stealthy in character, persistent in aim, and dogged in resolution that brought on the greatest civil war of modern times, and in which he was to lose his own life.

The Home Squadron, as the naval force in the North Atlantic was then designated, consisted at the period of which I speak, of the steam frigate Powhatan, sailing frigate Sabine, the steam sloop Brooklyn, sailing sloops Cumberland, Macedonian, and St. Louis, the steamers Pocahontas, Wyandotte, Mohawk, and Crusader, and, the latter part of the time, the steam sloop Pawnee.

I was then serving on board the St. Louis as junior lieutenant. We had had a hard cruise of it. We had lain off Greytown, rolling guns under almost continuously for thirteen months, watching for the possible advent of Walker and his filibusters at that point. Finally, in the late spring of 1860, we got orders to make a cruise to ports on the Spanish Main and among the West India Islands, a cruise which was a God-send to us in those days, but the like of which, at this period, would be looked upon as a great hardship. The early part of October, 1860, saw the special cruise completed and the ship snugly at anchor in Pensacola Bay, off the Navy Yard, for the purposes of refitting and the taking on board of a fresh supply of provisions and other necessary stores.

Congress had enacted a law that summer increasing the pay of the Navy, and it was a significant fact, in the light of later events, that Senator Toombs and other rampant secessionists had endeavored to persuade President Buchanan to veto the bill. Toombs and his confrères doubtless feared the effects of such legislation upon Southern officers, whom they expected to dragoon in a body out of the service the moment their traitorous purposes were declared and put in motion.

The presidential election was then close at hand. Douglas was making his plucky tour through the Gulf States, and political excitement was at fever heat, so much so that it was a subject avoided as much as possible by the officers, both ashore and afloat, for the bitter feeling of the Southern officers became more pronounced as the conspiracy progressed. Nor was such feeling confined to the Southern-born man, for some of the officers who had married in the South were the most vehement in their denunciations of Mr. Lincoln and the cause he represented. Two officers in that category indeed, Farrand and Renshaw, did more to betray Commodore Armstrong and to turn the Pensacola Yard over to the rebels, a few weeks later, than any other officers on duty there.

We had hoped to remain there until after the election; but we were hurried off some ten days before, with orders to proceed to Vera Cruz. When we arrived at that port we found Flag-Officer Pendergrast there with the Powhatan flag-ship, the Sabine, Brooklyn, and Pocahontas, all at anchor in that part of the roadstead known as Sacrificious. We made the fifth vessel of the force. It was a bad season of the year to be at Vera Cruz, for the heavy northers were frequent and the anchorage at Sacrificious a bad one at best. Every few days lower yards and topmasts had to be struck to ease the ship in the heavy gales blowing directly on shore, and to lessen the chance of dragging the anchors. I recollect that during one blow a nervous Captain sat all night long between the bitts under the topgallant-forecastle, watching the cables of his ship, which from their constant heavy surging, he feared might part at any moment.

The purpose of concentrating so large a part of the squadron there at so untoward a season was alleged to be the strengthening of the hands of our Minister in pushing to settlement some important claims of our government

against Mexico. Be that as it may, it was most unfortunate that such negotiations, attended by the display of so large a naval force, should have been conducted at that critical time, for the ships were sorely needed on our own coasts.

There was no telegraphic communication with Mexico at that period, and the mails were brought to Vera Cruz by British steamer via Havana. The second steamer after our arrival in the St. Louis brought the news of Mr. Lincoln's election and of the mad doings at Charleston over such pregnant event. I shall never forget the feeling I had when the officer sent to board the steamer stepped over the gangway on his return with the announcement that the Republicans had carried the election. In my service association with the Southern officers I had carefully observed their character, taken note of their assumed superiority over their Northern fellows, and drawn out their opinions and beliefs as far as practicable; but I knew that, as regarded secession, the most aggressive among them but faintly represented the sentiments of the men who were determined to rule the country or to ruin it, as best suited their purposes, in their dogged determination to retain political power; hence I felt that the Southern conspirators had at last got what they had long wanted; that they had wilfully and intentionally broken up the Democratic party in order to ensure Mr. Lincoln's election and give them the long sought opportunity of firing the Southern heart and of destroying the government, and that war was inevitable.

The negotiations at the Mexican capital progressed slowly. The minister was a Southern man, and some of us got the impression that he was making haste slowly in his diplomatic work in order to keep the ships at Vera Cruz, and so give the secession conspirators a freer hand in their designs upon our Southern ports and navy yards.

Meanwhile every incoming mail from Havana brought worse and worse tidings of the fateful progress of the secession madness, and of the intense excitement prevailing throughout the country. Constraint, anxiety, and bitterness of feeling pervaded the entire squadron. On board every ship there were officers who, while deploring the grave questions of loyalty and allegiance which so suddenly confronted them, could not veil their sympathy for the Southern cause, and who intended to throw up their commissions at the first opportunity. Loyal officers could hardly restrain their indignation at such proposed desertion of the flag in its dire hour of need, and the utmost forbearance had to be observed to avoid personal conflicts. When fresh news arrived the officers would gather into hostile groups or camps, as it were, to discuss the situation; and when they had to come together, as at the mess table, the bated breath and measured speech with which all allusion was made to the intelligence received, bespoke but too well the bitter currents of feeling that ran underneath the surface so cold, so reserved, and so exasperating.

On shore our Consul, Mr. John T. Pickett, a Kentuckian, and a rabid secessionist, fanned the flame of disloyalty. Not content with doing all he could by speech and action, in his office, to discredit the government whose commission of honor and trust he carried in his pocket, he went about the city of Vera Cruz proclaiming vehemently the disruption of the Republic, and warning merchants and bankers of the risk they would run if they continued to deal with its agents. He asserted that the United States were already hopelessly bankrupt and would never pay another dollar of their debts. In short, his conduct was so traitorous that I thought then, and think now, that he should have been gotten on board ship in some way, and held in custody until he could have been sent home under charges of high treason.

Finally came the news of the secession of South Carolina and of the occupation of Fort Sumter by Major Anderson; and about this time the Minister informed Flag-Officer Pendergrast that his negotiations had been completed, but some mysterious power or order still held us at Vera Cruz, although the Brooklyn was soon despatched to Hampton Roads. The latter part of January, however, the ships dispersed to different points, the Pocahontas, I think, alone remaining behind.

Some delay was made in getting off through the difficulty of getting funds to pay the squadron bills. Consul Pickett had so demoralized the bankers by his traitorous proceedings that they feared to take the bills of the government drawn on the Baring Bros., London; but after awhile the fleet paymaster succeeded in getting twenty thousand dollars, for which, if my memory serves me aright, he had to pay the round premium of eighteen per cent.

The destination of our ship, the St. Louis, and of the Sabine was Pensacola, and all sail was crowded in the hope of reaching there in time to save the Navy Yard at that important point from the machinations of the rebels. But we were too late. We had been kept at Vera Cruz just long enough for the conspirators to accomplish their purposes so far as concerned that Yard.

The two ships soon parted company at sea, the Sabine being the better sailer; and late one afternoon in the first week of February we of the St. Louis arrived off the bar at the entrance of the bay. There an unwonted sight greeted us. We found the Sabine already arrived, but cruising off and on the port; the Wyandotte, Lieutenant-Commander Berryman, lying at anchor inside with a flag of truce at her fore; the flag of the insurgents flying over the Navy Yard and at Forts Barrancas and McCrea; and Fort Pickens, hitherto forlorn and tenantless, now occupied by a

small garrison, comprised of Company G, First U. S. Artillery, under command of First Lieutenant Slemmer; which had been transferred from Fort Barrancas by the aid of the officers and men of the store-ship Supply and the Wyandotte on the 10th and 11th of February.

When Commander Poor of our ship returned from his visit to Captain Adams of the Sabine and senior officer present, we were told that the rebels had full possession inside; that a truce had been arranged by Senator Mallory of Florida with the Secretaries of War and Navy, by which all offensive operations on either side were suspended, and that the ships were not to attempt to enter the bay without further orders from Washington. Also that the Wyandotte was to be permitted to make her headquarters inside under a flag of truce, and to communicate freely with the ships inside in carrying the mails back and forth, and for such other duty as the situation demanded in the line of peaceful effort. The rebel authorities were also to allow us, as an act of gracious consideration, to receive fresh provisions and water from the shore.

To navy folk, not specially versed in the finesse and intricacies of constitutional law, the situation seemed humiliating almost beyond endurance, and the propositions and demands of the secessionists unparalleled in impudence and absurdity. Plain blunt sailors, indeed, could not understand where the people of Florida derived their authority for such impertinent action under the guise of reserved constitutional rights. They knew that every foot of Florida's territory had been bought from Spain by the United States at a cost of millions of dollars; that the war waged against the Indians to make the territory habitable for the white man had cost three times the original amount paid for it; that the people of that state had been admitted to a share in the government solely by the grace of the people of the United States, and that in

presuming to assume a supreme sovereignty over that domain they were attempting to take what they really never possessed, as of natural right, an attempt which, from the navy point of view, ought to have been met on the instant by the armed forces of the Nation for its vigorous suppression.

That the great majority on board the St. Louis and Sabine were disgusted and angered at this state of affairs found at Pensacola, goes without saying; but there was no help for it except through disobedience of orders, which might bring on a war that both North and South were anxious to avoid, a war which the scandalous weakness of the one and the turbulent action of the other were unconsciously doing their utmost to promote. For a few days we kept cruising off and on; for it had been an article of old service faith, most stoutly believed in, that to anchor off the coast during the winter months when southerly gales were likely to spring up at any moment, was to tempt Providence and invite the sure destruction of a ship; but after a while the ships were brought to anchor, and experience soon taught that vessels anchored along the coast could ride at their cables during the winter gales of the Gulf with reasonable safety.

Meanwhile the Brooklyn arrived from the north with Captain Vogdes' company of the First Artillery on board. Captain Walker, commanding the ship, had sailed with instructions to land the troops at Fort Pickens immediately upon arrival; but no sooner had he got to sea than the wily Mallory got the ear of the War Department, ruled by the traitor Floyd, and had orders telegraphed to the senior officer present, Captain Adams of the Sabine, to have the company kept on board the Brooklyn until further advised, — another act in the drama of weakness, irresolution, and treachery the country was soon to pay for dearly in blood and treasure. The immediate result

of these several acts was to self-tie the hands of the government while the insurgents were left at liberty to erect more batteries, strengthen old defences, and raise and equip an army for their revolutionary purposes.

One day we were roused by the firing of a national salute from a field battery at Barrancas. We soon learned that it was in celebration of the Confederate States Government, which had just been established and proclaimed at Montgomery. The rebels were in high feather over the event; and one of the Sabine's officers who had gone inside on board the Wyandotte to visit the shore, happening to meet the renegade, Renshaw, the latter held up a piece of parchment and exclaimed gleefully, "See, I have got my commission back again already. I now hold the same position in the Confederate States Navy that I did in the old service!" The loyal officer gave Renshaw a withering look, and then turned his back upon him in silent contempt.

Commodore Armstrong, who had surrendered the Navy Yard to the rebels in the middle of January, had been betrayed and doubtless bullied into such an act by Commander Farrand and this Lieutenant Renshaw, the one from New Jersey, the other a Pennsylvanian. Armstrong was a veteran of the war of 1812. He was old and infirm, and had been invalided home from the command of the East India squadron but a short time before. He suffered continually from a disease (diarrhœa) contracted in China, and protested against being sent on duty to so enervating a climate as that of Pensacola, and when forced to go had left his family behind at his home over here in Charlestown. Thus he was living alone in the big house of the Commandant, with no one to turn to for counsel when the trying days of secession set in, except the officers of the Yard and of the ships calling there. Farrand, the executive officer of the Yard, stood naturally in closer rela-

tion to him than anybody else. He was, in fact, intended to be the right arm of the Commandant; and, being a man of Northern birth and training, Armstrong could not bring himself to believe that an officer so circumstanced was doing all he could to blind his eyes and to lead him astray as to the real condition of affairs, while that officer was covertly playing into the hands of the secessionists every moment of the time.

A few days before the surrender of the Yard the Wyandotte, Lieutenant-Commander Berryman, arrived from Key West, and the store-ship Supply, Commander Walke, came in from New York. Neither vessel amounted to anything for offensive purposes. The Supply was bound to Vera Cruz, but had called at Pensacola to land some stores there *en route*. The ships had not been there twenty-four hours, when Walke and Berryman, as well as their officers, began to distrust the loyalty of the officers of the Yard, and especially Farrand and his aid and brother-in-law, Renshaw. They saw, too, but too plainly how completely the venerable and perplexed old Commodore was in the hands of the traitors surrounding him, among whom the Northern ones were the foulest of all.

On the 3d of January the headquarters of the Army at Washington had awakened from the ban of lethargy Mr. Secretary Floyd had purposely put upon it, long enough to send an order to Lieutenant Slemmer "to take measures to prevent the seizure of either of the forts in Pensacola harbor by surprise or assault, consulting first with the Commandant of the Navy Yard, who will probably receive instructions to co-operate with you." The orders reached Slemmer on the 9th; but he well knew that it would be an utter impossibility to hold the three forts with forty-six (46) men, all the force he had; and he decided at once to abandon McCrea and Barrancas, and to occupy Pickens if it was possible to accomplish it; and

what must we think of the intelligence at Washington that at the eleventh hour dictated so absurd an order?

Calling on the Commandant immediately, Slemmer found that that officer was in receipt of orders from the Navy Department to co-operate with him in his measures of defence, and received from him (Armstrong) the assurance of assistance in every way, including the services of the Supply and Wyandotte. The Commodore said he could not attempt to hold the Yard, but promised to have Slemmer and his command, ammunition and other supplies, taken over to Pickens by the Wyandotte at one o'clock P.M. of that day, the 9th of January; and to furnish plenty of provisions. No sooner had Slemmer left the office than the treacherous Farrand slipped in, and he so worked upon the mind of the weak and excited old man that he failed to keep faith with Slemmer. Farrand made Armstrong believe that it would be an outrage, a crime — when he intended to surrender the Yard — to co-operate with a young officer like Slemmer, and so provoke a bloody conflict with the state troops that would hand down his name to perpetual execration everywhere in the country.

In this strait of failure, Slemmer again visited the Commodore, and remonstrated with him for his failure to keep his promise. Finally, in presence of Farrand, Berryman, and Lieutenant Renshaw, the Commodore gave orders for the Wyandotte to be at Barrancas wharf at five o'clock P.M. of that day in readiness to transport the garrison to Pickens. Nevertheless the Wyandotte did not move that night. Farrand had evidently gotten in his dastardly work again. His game was delay. He was in constant communication with the secessionists at Pensacola, nine miles above; and he knew that within forty-eight hours the rebels would demand the surrender of the Yard, and he hoped the way to the occupancy of Pickens would be open also.

At eight o'clock the next morning, however, the 10th, Lieutenant, now Rear-Admiral, John Irwin, then on leave of absence, near the Yard, went to Barrancas with a big scow, which the army folk loaded at once with provisions and munitions, together with all the other boats they could collect. The Wyandotte then ran down and took all in tow across the harbor to Pickens. Berryman also carried over in that vessel thirty ordinary seamen and transferred them to the fort, but without arms or equipments. Later, however, Berryman supplied thirty muskets, which he had obtained on the Commodore's order in face of the vehement remonstrances of Farrand, and forty-eight hundred musket cartridges.

But now the Commodore, under the malign influence which he could not escape, and distracted by the complications surrounding him, began to give such erratic and contradictory orders that Walke and Berryman made up their minds that their principal business at that juncture was to co-operate with Slemmer in the effort to make Pickens secure, and they gave little further heed to the Commandant's orders.

The same day of the occupation of Pickens, Lieutenant, now Rear-Admiral, Erben, went down to Fort McCrea from the Supply, with a boat's crew, and threw into the sea all the powder stored there, — some twenty-two thousand pounds, — to prevent its falling into the hands of the rebels. When he returned from that duty in the evening he went to the Commodore's house, and, reporting what he had done, volunteered to destroy the ammunition in the Naval Magazine located a short distance outside the Yard. The Commodore sent for Farrand; that officer immediately advised Erben's arrest, and the sending of him on board ship, asserting that he was drunk. Armstrong refused. Then Farrand sprang up in great rage, and throwing his chair at Erben's head abruptly

left the Commandant's quarters. Erben remained talking with the Commodore a little longer, and then bade him good-night. The moment Erben got outside the front door, Farrand, who had been lying in wait on the piazza, stepped up, and shaking his fist in Erben's face, said, "Damn you, I will teach you how to treat your superior officer!" "He was so violent," says Erben, "that I took him by the throat, saying, 'Damn you, I will have you hanged as a traitor, as you are.' We clinched, and in the struggle rolled down the Commandant's steps. Then Farrand called for help, and Lieutenant Renshaw came out from the hedge near the house, where he had been playing the spy; but Assistant-Surgeon Wm. M. King, who had accompanied me, stepped out on my side of the path, when Farrand and Renshaw, seeing a row very imminent, ran off to the other quarters, telling the officers' wives as they went along that 'Erben is going to blow the Yard up!'" Farrand's whole conduct had been so unmistakably disloyal and treacherous all through, that Erben and other officers planned to seize him at the first good opportunity and carry him on board ship. Berryman said he would receive him on board the Wyandotte, and, if necessary, put him in the coal-bunkers for safe keeping. But Farrand was too wary; he felt he was suspected and obnoxious to all the loyal officers and men, and that the best measure of personal safety for him was to keep away from the water front. He could not be induced to approach the wharf on any matter of duty whatsoever, for had he ventured there, he was sure to have been seized, and he seems to have had such presentiments. He carried things with a high hand when at the upper part of the Yard, with the distracted old Commodore; but when he looked in the direction of the wharf, and saw the flag floating from the peaks of loyal ships, his conscience made him a coward. "He made a narrow

escape," adds Erben, "for had he been captured he would never have got ashore again." And Erben goes on to say, "Whatever orders Armstrong gave to protect the Yard were countermanded without his knowledge by Farrand. He knew the very hour that Victor M. Randolph would present his rebel force at the gate for the surrender, and was there in brand new uniform awaiting Randolph's approach. He directed all the details of the surrender, and ordered the punishment of the faithful old quartermaster Conway, the loyal old salt at the halliards of the flagstaff." Conway had obeyed the order to go to the flagstaff; but when the miserable Renshaw gave the order to haul down the flag, in capitulation, he said, "I won't do it, sir; that is the flag of my country; I have served under it many years; I won't dishonor it now;" and Renshaw had to do the traitorous work with his own hands. Then Farrand and Renshaw, both still holding the commissions of the United States in their pockets, deliberately set about punishing the veteran old seaman for his fidelity. "The Yard might have been defended," continues Erben, "and had any attempt been made in that direction the rebels would never have come near it. It is a long and most interesting story, and one almost unknown too."

Walke and Berryman, of the Supply and Wyandotte, continued to lend all possible aid to Slemmer and his command in getting safely settled at the fort, and to give protection at night.

On the morning of the 12th of January, Slemmer addressed a last note to Commodore Armstrong. In it he said, "I have been apprised that the Yard is besieged: in case you have determined to surrender, will you please send the marines to me to increase our force at Pickens?" No reply to such request was ever received; and a few hours later, or at noon of that day, the flag of the United States was hauled down at the Yard and Marine Barracks,

and the flag of the state of Florida hoisted in its stead. The feelings of indignation and disgust that pervaded the ships and fort at such wanton doings may well be imagined, but cannot be described in words. Captain Walke showed his defiant opinion of the act by at once hoisting the flag at each mast-head of the Supply; and the fort, not as yet having a flagstaff, hung the flag over the wall of the fort where the rebels could best see it.

During that afternoon the Wyandotte towed the Supply outside the harbor, and both ships anchored off the Navy Yard; but on the sixteenth the Supply got underweigh, and sailed for New York. Waiving for the time being the orders of the Navy Department and of Commodore Armstrong, to continue on to Vera Cruz, Walke deemed it to be his duty to take on board the families of Slemmer's command, and the loyal seamen, marines, and government employees, whom the rebels had failed to corrupt, and carry them to a loyal part of the country. The Department, still dominated by baleful influences, censured him for his action, but a Court Martial gave him honorable acquittal. His subsequent service during the war was most brilliant. His fighting record on the Mississippi was not surpassed in gallantry or achievement by any other officer of the fleet.

The Wyandotte remained in the bay under flag of truce, to give assistance to Pickens, if occasion arose for it; and when the *quasi* armistice had been made in Washington, she was allowed to run back and forth without question from the rebels, as we had found on our arrival from Vera Cruz a status we were powerless to change, so perforce we had to settle down to the exasperating and mortifying situation of witnessing the rebel occupation of the Navy Yard and Barrancas, and of constantly receiving intelligence of rebel deceit, encroachment, and devastation in every direction, while endeavoring to keep

within bounds our indignation at the supineness of the government under such incredibly provocative conditions.

One morning H. B. M. ship Gladiator, Captain, now Vice-Admiral, Hickley, R.N., appeared off the fort, and after communicating with Captain Adams of the Sabine, the senior officer, went in over the bar and ran up to the anchorage off the town. When he returned outside a couple of days later, he again communicated with us outside, offering to take our mails or to do any other service he could. We had met him before off Greytown. He was a fair spoken Englishman of genial manners; and while he marvelled at the situation, and was profuse in his expressions of sympathy, it was quite evident that the facts did not disturb his mind to an extent that would in any degree work to the detriment of British interests in view of the opening vistas of plentiful trade and traffic with the Confederates! Like a bird of prey John Bull sits enthroned on the British Isles in the North Sea, watching with sleepless eye the affairs of all peoples; and when troubles arise in any quarter of the globe, he scents the profits of trade afar off, and straightway sends his ships of war to spy out the land and prepare the way for the plentiful flow of British goods. At least such was his record until a very recent date.

At the Navy Yard, Barrancas and the camps, the rebels were having a jovial time. General Bragg was now in command of the rebel forces, largely increased; and his headquarters were constantly enlivened by visitors from all parts of Florida, Alabama, and Georgia. Now and then some of the parties would come off to the ships to gratify their curiosity as to the construction, organization, and arrangements of men-of-war, discuss the outlook, and express their surprise and displeasure because "their share of the Navy," as they said, "had not been turned over to them." I recall one man from Alabama, a vocif-

erous secessionist, who boasted that "he had been working for thirty years to bring about the rebellion, and," said he, "if you give us a new pen and a clean sheet of paper, and tell us to write our own terms, we will not come back into the Union." I ventured to think aloud that they would; that if they brought on a war they would lose every darkey they possessed before they got through with it.

One day the wretched Renshaw had the temerity to visit the Sabine. He met with a cool reception except from one or two officers, who subsequently joined the rebels. The men, ever loyal to the flag they had carried into every sea and every clime, were incensed that the man who had hauled down the flag on shore at the bidding of the rebels, and who had helped punish old Conway for doing his duty, should have the impudence to come on board; and when he went over the gangway to go down the ship's side and into his boat, to return to the Navy Yard, some one among them threw a bowline out of one of the gundeck ports, hoping to get it around his neck, and either strangle him or jerk him overboard. Renshaw, pale with fright, remonstrated, and demanded the man's punishment; but it is needless to say the man could not be identified, and the general feeling was that Renshaw had been served right for his traitorous conduct and impertinence.

The Mobile *Register* in those exasperating days was one source of immediate news. During the presidential campaign it had supported Douglas for the presidency, and had been a moderate-toned conservative paper; but now it out-Heroded the Charleston *Mercury* in its denunciations of the North. I remember one editorial in which it was said that "in the event of general hostilities the gentlemen of the South would not need to take the field; that the ordinary men of the confederacy could be trusted

to do all the fighting; that the average Southerner was equal in prowess to three Yankees at any time and under all circumstances." Such talk perhaps nerved the South and fed its vanity: it certainly did the North no harm.

The inauguration of Mr. Lincoln now drew nigh. The rebels fondly hoped that his inaugural address would foreshadow the abandonment of Sumter, Pickens, and other public places in the South; and their chagrin knew no bounds when he announced his purpose "to hold, occupy, and possess" all property and places rightfully belonging to the United States. On the other hand, our spirits in the fleet outside rose like a barometer in clearing weather. Nevertheless, we waited days and weeks without any material change in the situation. True, a few days after the inauguration General Scott sent an order to Captain Vogdes to land the troops from the Brooklyn, but no word was sent to Captain Adams of the Sabine that the truce had ended, and the orders he held from the Navy Department to observe such truce he regarded as still in force. He therefore would not permit the instructions to his subordinate to be carried out, and there the matter rested for weeks.

Meanwhile Lieutenant-Commander Berryman of the Wyandotte died. The constant strain, excitement, and worry had killed him. It was a bitter pill to be obliged to ask General Bragg's permission to bury the dead in the Naval cemetery near Barrancas.

Our provisions were now getting short, the pay officers had no funds, and the anxious days dragged on more wearily than ever. At last a streak of relief appeared. At noon, on the 12th of April, Lieutenant, now Rear-Admiral, Worden, arrived on board the Sabine from Washington with orders from the President to land Captain Vogdes' company and all the marines for the reinforcement of Pickens. The order was carried out that even-

ing. As we were rounding in the boats the western point of Santa Rosa Island to enter the port, two guns were suddenly fired, and we thought the rebels were opening upon us. It turned out that Lieutenant-Commander Mullany, now commanding the Wyandotte, had grounded, and he had fired the guns by way of calling attention to his mishap, the very thing he ought not to have done, especially as the rising tide soon floated the ship. The rebels made no sign that night, but the next day Worden was arrested at Montgomery and held as a prisoner till November.

The truce now was at an end; the war had begun; for, a few hours later, we knew that the attack on Sumter was in progress. Then came in quick succession the reports of Sumter's surrender, the President's Proclamation, and the call for men. A great burst of joy went up from all the ships. We felt that we had a government once more, and thanked God for it; that trimmers and traitors must now declare their purposes and take their proper places; that the sole arguments to be pursued henceforth were the gun, the musket and the sword. It was high time.

On the afternoon of the 15th of April, a most welcome incident rejoiced all loyal hearts. It was the arrival of the Collins steamer Baltic, with Colonel Harvey Brown and more companies of the First Artillery for the further reinforcement of Pickens. Colonel Brown was accompanied by Captain Montgomery C. Meigs of the U. S. Engineers. That evening, with no sign of opposition from the rebel camp, these fresh troops were landed, the Wyandotte towing the boats close in to Santa Rosa point. In my boat were Colonel Brown and Captain Meigs, whom I personally piloted to the sally-port of the fort. Leaving them at that point, I went back to the Baltic for a fresh load of troops. On returning from

this second trip Captain Meigs accompanied me. On the way off he became confidential. Said he, "I am acting under the direct orders of the President, verbal and written. Lieutenant Porter of the Navy is on his way here, in command of the Powhatan. Upon his arrival off the port, he is to pay no attention to the fleet, but to steam directly on into the harbor and take control of the waters of the bay. If fired upon by the rebel batteries, he is to return the fire instantly, and bring on an engagement. Only four persons have any knowledge of the Powhatan's destination, the President, Secretary of State, Porter, and myself. She should be here at any moment, for she left New York before we did; but," he continued, "if, upon thorough examination of the fort, Colonel Brown and myself decide that it is not advisable to draw the fire of the rebels yet, I have in my pocket orders from the President to go off and meet the ship, and give Porter orders to suspend entrance into the bay till further advised." Here was a precious bit of news, and I need not say that the advent of the Powhatan was looked for with intense satisfaction.

Leaving Captain Meigs on board the steamer, I repaired on board the Sabine to report the latest intelligence from Pickens. Captain Adams appeared stolidly indifferent; though a Northern man, he had large interests in Louisiana, and was too strict a constructionist to suit the stern demands of that portentous time. The officer of the deck, a Virginian, had received me with studied coldness and silence. A few days later he resigned, hastened home, and entered the rebel service. To-day he holds an office of trust and emolument under the government he did all he could to destroy.

That afternoon the Powhatan came steaming in at full speed and disguised as a British man-of-war. She stood directly in and over the bar, and was making for close

quarters with McCrea and Barrancas amidst the breathless and excited expectations of the fleet, when suddenly a tug, carrying Captain Meigs, shot out from Pickens, and, intercepting the ship, stopped her further progress on the authority of the President's order, for both Colonel Brown and Meigs had decided that Pickens was not yet sufficiently prepared to tempt an engagement with the enemy. Porter reluctantly obeyed the order, but he did not retreat. He was already within range of some of the enemy's guns; and hoping to draw the rebel fire, he hauled down the British flag and hoisted the stars and stripes; but Bragg had no idea of firing the initial gun, and kept silent. Then Porter, in full view of all that was going on in the bay, dropped anchor, and waited developments.

The stoppage of the Powhatan was a grievous mistake. Porter had drilled the officers and men night and day on the run down from New York, and they were burning to attack the rebel defences. The ten nine-inch guns of each broadside, and the eleven-inch pivot, were loaded with grape and canister, and the twenty howitzers on board charged with shrapnel. There can be no doubt but that the first broadside would have demoralized Bragg's green gunners, and two or three delivered in quick succession would have driven them from their works. Moreover, he could have passed Tartar Point and enfiladed the Navy Yard so that no living soul could have stayed there. Had Porter had his way, indeed, he would have brought the Brooklyn, the Sabine, and the St. Louis inside, and within twenty-four hours there would not have been an armed rebel left either on the Naval or Army Reservation, or at Pensacola, and the Navy Yard would have been repossessed intact by the government. The second day after the Powhatan's arrival, a number of tugs and schooners filled with soldiers came down from Pensacola

and steered for Pickens. That sight was more than Porter's view of the fitness of things could stand, so he fired an eleven-inch shrapnel shell in their direction, timed to burst just ahead of them. That monition was enough. The flotilla put about and made back to Pensacola in the quickest time possible. Here was an overt act; a challenge indeed to the enemy. The petted rebels had been fired upon in their own sacred waters, yet they remained carefully silent. Bragg well knew, indeed, that if he opened fire the game would be up with him; that here was a ship and an officer ready to fight at any moment.

Porter said of this incident that "when he saw the rebels approaching he felt like the old fellow at Bunker Hill who was much amused at the volleys from the advancing British until a ball struck the calf of his leg, when he roared out to his son at his side, 'Dang it, Jim, they're firing bullets: we must fire back at 'em!'" So Porter, when he saw apparent hostile intent, thought it high time to begin gun practice. It was.

Captain Adams, the senior officer outside, was incensed at Porter's act, and thought him very reckless in firing that shot; but he could not interfere, because Porter had the President's confidential orders in his pocket. On the other hand, Porter began to remonstrate with Adams for the laxity that permitted the rebels to strengthen themselves in every direction unmolested, and he succeeded in getting authority to stop the Mobile steamers from entering the port with supplies and munitions for Bragg's camp.

A few days after this Captain McKean arrived in the Niagara, and, as senior, he assumed control of the fleet. The first thing he did on arrival was to signal for the commanding and all other officers to repair on board. At the proper moment McKean addressed the officers assembled in the cabin, saying that "the time had now come for

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

the government to know, beyond doubt or question, how every officer stood," and he invited them to take anew the oath of allegiance, and to subscribe to it. Most of the officers eagerly complied, but two or three declined, and Captain Adams subscribed to the oath under protest. The officers who declined soon resigned. The patient government accepted their resignations instead of sending them into imprisonment. Captain Adams soon went home, and was never after given employment; but his son and namesake did most gallant service as a lieutenant during the war, and was made a commander in 1866.

Now Captain McKean dispersed the ships for the establishment of the blockade. We were sent first to Key West via Tortugas, although for blockading purposes against steam vessels the old St. Louis was of little account.

The Mohawk and Crusader, Lieutenants-Commanding Craven and Maffit, small purchased steamers like the Wyandotte, had been cruising in Cuban and other West Indian waters for the suppression of the slave trade; for after the Dred Scott decision by the supreme court, the slave trade had revived, and several cargoes, direct from Africa, had been landed on Southern soil or captured in the attempt, two such prizes having fallen to the Mohawk. Maffit proved to be a secessionist, and threw up his commission the moment the confederacy was established; but gallant Craven, who was subsequently sunk in the Tecumseh, at the battle of Mobile Bay, was loyal to the core. He had assisted Captain Brannan of the First Artillery in the transfer of his command and munitions from the barracks at Key West to the incompleted Fort Taylor commanding the town, and also in transporting men and supplies to Fort Jefferson at Tortugas, to prevent its seizure by the rebels, who had organized a force at New Orleans to occupy it. When Craven reported to the

Navy Department that he had done this, his action was disapproved. He was informed, indeed, that the Department had had no information of intention on the part of anybody to occupy those public works. Mr. Secretary Toucey was apparently blind to all passing events; or did he expect the rebels to go about with a brass band proclaiming what they were going to do?

After a short stay at Key West we were ordered to Mobile to take blockade duty at that point; thence to Southwest Pass at the mouth of the Mississippi. Finally, in October we were ordered to proceed to Philadelphia and go out of commission. This was a welcome change, first because we had been away from home for three years, and second because it gave us opportunity for service on board more effective ships than the old St. Louis, a service all looked eagerly forward to.

One officer only had left us to join the rebels, a South Carolinian. We had been more fortunate in that regard than most of the ships.

The officer who had pooh-poohed so flippantly all idea of war, in the summer and fall of 1860, and who had been invalided home from Vera Cruz, was now, by special assignment of the President, in his native state of Kentucky at work to save the state from secession, and to enroll volunteers and organize them into regiments of the Union Army. He had found, indeed, that Kentucky, instead of whipping South Carolina back into the Union, was inclined to go out herself. You will doubtless have recognized that this officer was Lieutenant William Nelson of the Navy, who became Major-General of Volunteers, and did gallant service in the field until his death at Louisville in September, 1862.

THE STORY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

BY

REAR-ADMIRAL THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE, JR.,
U. S. N.

Read March 10, 1891.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

THE STORY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

SINCE the last meeting of this Society the Nation has been called upon to mourn the loss of the two highest officers of the Army and Navy, men who have immortalized themselves in their country's history, General Sherman and Admiral Porter.

Closely united as they were in life, there is something that touched our sympathies as we saw them stricken at the same moment, and within the space of a day reunited beyond the dark river from whence no traveller returns. For though it may not be generally known, General Sherman from past associations was closer to the Navy than any one of the high officers of the Army prominent in the late war.

As the young Lieutenant of Artillery during the Mexican War, he took passage in the sloop-of-war Erie around Cape Horn; and from this connection sprung an intimacy that brought him in close contact with the Navy, and a mutual dependence that was strikingly shown in the co-operation of Porter and Sherman in their work of opening the Mississippi. Of Sherman, Porter writes as follows in a letter addressed to General Grant, dated, —

"MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, FLAG-SHIP BLACK HAWK,
CAIRO, ILL., Dec. 26, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. GRANT,
COMMAND' MILITARY DIV. OF MISSISSIPPI,
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Dear General: — I was glad to receive yours of the 20th inst. and to hear that I was soon to see my old friend Sherman, whom I

esteem as much as you do. Indeed we have been so much together, and in so many hard places, that we look upon him as the property of the Navy," etc.

It has so happened that upon this meeting of your Society, the first since the death of these illustrious men, it is to be both my privilege and pleasure to read to you a short paper on one of the incidents of the Rebellion; and before proceeding to do so, it seems to me most pertinent, if there is no objection, that I should speak a few words of my much beloved Commander and friend the late Admiral Porter.

My first acquaintance with the Admiral took place twenty-eight years ago last December. As a young officer in command of a large iron-clad, the Cairo, I had been so unfortunate as, by pushing perhaps a little farther to the front than prudence dictated, to lose my ship by the explosion of a torpedo in the Yazoo River, back of the defences of Vicksburg. I was on my return up the Mississippi, with my crew and officers, when I met the flag-ship Black Hawk, with Admiral Porter going down for the first time to his fleet, then assembling at Vicksburg. He knew nothing up to the period of the loss of the Cairo, whose destruction at that moment was calculated to irritate a commander whose squadron was none too large or formidable for the work cut out for it. Going on board the Black Hawk and reporting the incidents of the affair, I said to the Admiral, "I suppose you will want to hold a Court," that being the usual course in the service.

"Court," replied he, "I have no time to hold Courts. I can't blame any officer who puts his ship close to the enemy; is there any other vessel you would like to have?" I told him there was at that time but one without a commander. "Well," he said, "you shall have her. Breese," calling his Fleet Captain, "make out Captain Selfridge's orders to command the Conestoga." I left that ship with

a feeling that I would go through fire and water for that man. And it was this feeling that Porter inspired amongst all his subordinates by being always ready to recognize and reward merit that made him so successful in his organization of that great Mississippi fleet which grew under his inspiring touch from a small squadron of a dozen vessels when he took command, to a fleet of over one hundred and fifty steamers of all classes. When I asked Assistant Secretary Fox upon returning from a short leave after the fall of Vicksburg, if he had any word to send to Porter, he replied, "No, Porter can take care of himself."

But I do not propose to take up your time this evening telling you of Porter's deeds. With a heart overwhelmed with grief, I only desire this opportunity to say how I admired, how I esteemed him.

Whether pushing his iron-clads within fifty yards of the casemates of Arkansaw Post; whether with his fleet stuck fast in the narrow treacherous waters of Deer Creek, his progress impeded by the great cottonwood trees cut down ahead and behind him, his men picked off by the rebel riflemen in the woods, a position of great peril from which he was rescued by Sherman and his Division; whether running the batteries of Vicksburg, when night was made as light as the day by the fire of the rebel batteries, and the lighting of great stacks of wood; whether under the guns of Grand Gulf, — he was the same calm, imperturbable Commander, making us strong by his own matchless courage, energy and fortitude. Nowhere were these qualities more strongly shown than upon the Red River campaign, where after the defeat of our forces under General Banks, the Navy, which had approached within thirty miles of Shreveport, was obliged to return. The heaviest portion of the fleet were sent back to Alexandria, on account of the rapid falling of the Red River. Porter staid behind on his temporary flag-ship, a little

gunboat called the Cricket, to assist the Eastport, a large iron-clad, which had been injured by a torpedo. The attempt to save the Eastport had to be abandoned. But the rebels had had time to line the banks with their guns, and when Porter passed he had to run the gantlet, within pistol shot of twenty pieces of artillery.

He was in the pilot house, and when the pilot was shot down beside him, took the wheel and brought her safely through with the loss of half of her crew.

Time will not permit me to speak of the final rescue of our fleet by the splendid engineering work of Colonel Bailey in damming the Red River at Alexandria.

The Mississippi River now opened by the combined work of the Army and Navy, we of the Navy expected that our fighting was over.

But the Government had resolved upon the reduction of Fort Fisher. The command of the fleet for this purpose was offered to Farragut, who had returned from his victory at Mobile. But he declined it on account of ill health, and Porter was summoned from the Mississippi River. He took with him some of his officers, myself amongst the number. Here he organized the largest fleet ever assembled under one Commander. How he handled that fleet in the two bombardments, how he sent his sailors on shore and by an attack with them upon the sea face, while the army assaulted the land side, thus compelling the enemy to divide his garrison, I have only time to glance at.

At the beginning of the war a Lieutenant, at its close he was next to Farragut the ranking officer of the Navy. After the war he was for four years the Superintendent of the Naval Academy. Upon relinquishing this post he removed to Washington, which he made his permanent home. Here his advice and counsel were frequently sought by the Secretaries of the Navy; and his annual re-

ports upon the Navy, and his recommendations, show how thoroughly he kept his professional touch with the times.

But the organization of our Navy upon a peace footing, which caused it to become an insignificant force within a few years after the war, did not, like the Army, contemplate an officer of the rank held by Porter. The Secretary of the Navy with his Bureau officers, and commanding officers of squadrons, constitute the executive power, and the law did not define the position of Admiral, as it has that of the General of the Army. For this reason and no other, Admiral Porter did not exert the influence in time of peace, that his talents, his experience, and his rank entitled him to.

Porter's two strongest attributes, I should say, were great firmness of character and great love for his profession. These, with his untiring energy, fertility of resources, and coolness in battle, made him in my opinion one of the greatest Naval Commanders that our country has ever produced.

His hospitality was unbounded, and his bonhommie and sense of humor made him a delightful raconteur.

A loving husband, a kind and affectionate father, it was always a pleasure for me to visit him, in his Washington home, where he never tired of talking over the affairs of the Navy and the incidents of our Mississippi life.

When I bade him " Good-by " last summer at his beautiful home on the shores of Narragansett Bay by that sea upon which the " Porters " had won imperishable laurels for our Navy, I little thought I should never look upon his face again.

In him the country has lost a hero, his family an affectionate and generous husband and father, and myself my dearest friend.

On a quiet Sunday morning, the 9th of March, 1862, the people of the North were startled with the intelligence of the fight between the Cumberland and Merrimac; and as later on the details of the battle became known, the heroic resistance of the former, and the terrible power exerted by the latter, produced a profound impression, and a vague sense of terror, that probably was unequalled at any period before or since, during the Civil War.

Great armies met afterwards in deadly conflict, the losses on both sides were far greater; but the unexpectedness of the event, the bravery shown by the Cumberland, the appearance of a terrible engine of war whose existence was unsuspected, the providential arrival of the Monitor when the Merrimac had the whole wooden navy at her mercy, the combat between the two armored vessels, the first in history, all unite in stamping the 8th and 9th of March, 1862, as two days at least as memorable as any in the war.

It is a singular coincidence that the Cumberland and Merrimac were both launched from the Boston Navy Yard, the former in 1842, the latter in 1856. It seems to be fitting, therefore, that the story of these ships, built by Boston mechanics, should be read to and preserved by the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts. I would, however, that the task of putting on paper the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's crew could have fallen into more eloquent hands than mine.

Twenty-nine years have passed since that day; many stirring events took place during the war to blunt the edge of my memory; and though much occurred that will never be effaced, yet I have found it not an easy matter to group all the stirring events of this fight in one con-

nected narrative worthy to be filed in the archives of your Society.

The Cumberland, a first-class frigate of 1,726 tons, was laid down in the Navy Yard at Charlestown in 1825 and launched in 1842.

At that time her armament was ten 8-inch, and eighteen 32-pounder guns on the gun deck, and sixteen light 32's on the spar deck; and she belonged to the frigate class, which contained the Potomac, Brandywine, Columbia, Savannah, Raritan, St. Lawrence, Santee, and Sabine. She was always a favorite, and served as the flag-ship of Commodore Joseph Smith in command of the Mediterranean Squadron, and Commodore Conover of the African Squadron. About 1856 she was razed, that is, cut down into a heavy sloop-of-war. Her gun-deck battery was exchanged for twenty-two 9-inch shell guns, and the spar deck battery of 32's removed, and two 10-inch pivot guns, one at the bow and one at the stern, put in their places. This was the battery at the time of the fight, except that for the after 10-inch, there had been substituted a 70-pounder Dahlgren rifle gun.

In September, 1860, the Cumberland was commissioned as the flag-ship of the Home Squadron at Portsmouth, N.H., Commodore Prendergrast commanding, myself and Lieutenant, now Colonel, Heywood, of the Marine Corps, being the only officers that remained by the ship from this date to her final destruction. Her crew, however, enlisted mostly in Boston and the vicinity, had suffered but few changes beyond the usual ones of a long enlistment. They were proud of their ship, they had the mutual dependence upon each other arising from long associations, and they had been subjected to a discipline which gave them great faith in themselves and in the armament of the ship. They really believed themselves invincible, and indeed could they have had a fair fight would have

shown themselves to be such. With but few officers, for the first time in their lives exposed to a terrible shell fire, seeing their comrades mangled and dead before them, the manner in which these decimated guns' crews stood unflinchingly at their guns, with the water pouring over the decks, the ship trembling in the last throes of her disappearance, until the word was passed from their officers, just before the ship went down, "Every man look out for himself," was not only sublime, but ought to embalm the name of the Cumberland in the heart of every American. History gives no example of braver resistance in the face of utter hopelessness, a sterner feeling of "never surrender," than was shown by the Cumberland on the 8th of March, 1862. Does it not seem strange, then, that this name should have been allowed to disappear from the Navy List? And yet such is the case, and the memory of her deeds is almost unknown to the present generation of the Navy.

What ship bearing the name of "Cumberland," in the light of her past history, could ever haul down her flag? Sailing from Portsmouth, N.H., in the fall of 1860, she remained at Vera Cruz till February, 1861, when the rapid procession of events which led to the secession of the Gulf States, caused her recall to Hampton Roads, where she arrived in March, 1861. At this time the excitement ran high in Norfolk: many inducements were held out to the crew to desert, but few yielded to the temptation. At the suggestion of officers who afterwards resigned and went into the Rebellion, the Cumberland was finally moored head and stern off the Navy Yard at Norfolk, ostensibly as a protection to that Yard, but really that she might not interfere with the plan of blocking the channel at the mouth of Elizabeth River with sunken vessels, which if done effectually would have left her penned like a rat in a trap. It may all sound strange

at this period; but at that time so fearful was the paternal government of hurting the feelings of the Virginians, that it permitted this attempted closing by a so-called Vigilance Committee of Norfolk, a body of self-constituted individuals, to go on day and night without protest or interference. The writer volunteered to take the brig Dolphin and a detachment of the Cumberland's crew to Craney Island and keep the channel open at all hazards.

This was approved by Captain Marston and Commodores Prendergrast and Paulding. But the rebel officers who were at the Yard advised Commodore McCauley, the senior commanding officer present, not to do it, as the youth and rashness of Lieutenant Selfridge might bring on bloodshed, which would hasten Virginia out of the Union. It was this desire to conciliate the latter that led to the evacuation of the Norfolk Yard, and not the fear of rebel forces.

At this time there was lying abreast of us at the Norfolk Yard the steam frigate Merrimac, which on account of the threatening condition of affairs had been ordered to Philadelphia.

Engineers had been detailed, a detachment of officers and sailors from the Cumberland under Lieutenant Alexander Murray selected to man her, and to proceed as far as Hampton Roads. Steam was actually raised upon the boilers, when the Naval officers of the Yard (who the next day resigned) went to Commodore McCauley, and persuaded him not to let the Merrimac go, as it would imply a distrust of Virginia's loyalty.

The news would be telegraphed at once to Richmond, where the Commission, none too loyal, was sitting to decide if Virginia should secede; its effect would be disastrous, and upon Commodore McCauley rested the responsibility of sending the state out of the Union.

Influenced by this specious argument, Commodore McCauley gave the order to haul fires, and the opportunity was lost of saving this fine frigate that a year later was to prove the destroyer of the Cumberland. The situation of the latter at this time was a singular one: a powerful vessel securely moored in a narrow channel from which its motive power of sails was useless to extricate it, it was left without any instructions either to defend itself or engage in offensive operations against those who were plotting the capture of the Yard, and the destruction of the Cumberland by fire-rafts. Had there been a resolute man at the head of the Navy department, the stern order would have been sent to the Cumberland, "Hold the Navy Yard and protect public property at all hazards," when she was first moored off the Norfolk Navy Yard; the Yard would never have been evacuated, and its three thousand cannons, of every calibre from 32-pounders to 11-inch, which were afterwards scattered through the Confederacy, would have been saved to the Union.

Without the immense store of artillery and ammunition furnished by the Norfolk Yard, many points which were rapidly fortified could never have been defended. For example, the guns on the strong fortification at Gloucester Point, York River, which prevented the Confederate lines at Yorktown from being flanked, and caused McClellan to lose a precious month in the attempt to reduce it, were from the Norfolk Yard. Those of Fort de Russey on the far-off Red River, which gave our Mississippi fleet so much trouble, were from the same place.

Friday, April 14th, brought the news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and caused the wildest excitement in Norfolk. The Navy Yard was closed, the Commandant had sent his family away; all the officers resigned, including about one-half of the Cumberland's, but not one of the crew asked this privilege: they were all truly

loyal. There remained the Cumberland and a small body of marines to defend the Yard.

It should be remembered that at this time war had not been declared, Virginia had not seceded, and, without instructions, our commanders considered it was their duty to wait and let events take their course.

This irresolution must seem difficult to understand, as we look back upon that long and disastrous war; and I well remember how all of us younger officers chafed under this do-nothing policy. But it should not be forgotten that there was a disposition at Washington to make every possible sacrifice to keep Virginia in the Union; and the knowledge of this hampered our officers, and instituted a most disastrous policy.

On the following day, Saturday, hearing nothing from Washington, it was determined to scuttle the Merrimac; that is, to open her under-water valves, and let her sink. I begged the Captain of the Cumberland to withhold the order, for assistance might be sent, and at any time she could be sunk with a shell from our battery. But the order was given, and the Merrimac slowly sank till she grounded with her gun deck a little out of water.

Saturday evening the steam sloop-of-war Pawnee, with a number of officers and a small detachment of the Third Massachusetts, taken on board at Fortress Monroe, all under the command of Commodore Paulding, arrived from Washington. The latter was the senior officer present, and, after a consultation with Commodore McCauley and other commanders, decided to set fire to the shipping and buildings, and abandon the Navy Yard.

I believed then, and events afterwards proved it, that this was a most unfortunate decision. We should not have left without a fight; and the presence of the Pawnee, a handy and powerful steam vessel, put the situation in a very different light from the one where the

Cumberland was left alone and incapable of moving. To say nothing of the Merrimac and the immense quantity of cannon and munitions of war, the use of the work-shops acquired by the rebels was of the greatest assistance to the Rebellion in its early stages. Three line-of-battle-ships, the Pennsylvania, Columbus, and Delaware, four frigates, the Merrimac, Brandywine, Columbia, and Raritan, one sloop-of-war, the Germantown, and the brig-of-war Dolphin, with the immense ship houses, were fired.

Thus was destroyed at one blow one-fourth of the American Navy. It was a splendid but melancholy spectacle; and in the lurid glare which turned night into day, the Cumberland slipped her moorings, and in tow of the Pawnee left Norfolk.

Had the Merrimac not been previously sunk, she would have been totally destroyed with the rest. But resting on the bottom with her gun deck above water, only the upper works were burned. After taking possession of the Yard it was not a difficult matter for the rebels to close the valves, pump the ship out, and float her into the dry dock, from which she emerged several months after as an iron-clad, called the "Virginia."

At daylight the Cumberland was off Sewall's Point, at the mouth of the Elizabeth River, where for two weeks a body of disaffected and irresponsible people had been allowed in the face of the United States authorities to seize and sink three lightships at anchor in Norfolk harbor, and several schooners belonging to Northern owners.

This must seem strange reading at present; but it is an example of the weak and vacillating policy of the government in the early days of the war to win back states to their allegiance, which had but one idea, and that, the severance of all relations with the hated North.

But to return to the Cumberland: With the assistance of the Pawnee, Keystone State, and the tug Yankee,

she was finally forced over the obstructions, and at nightfall anchored off Fortress Monroe.

Here she remained as a guard-ship till the summer, when she was sent to Boston to be docked, and damages from grinding on the wrecks off Sewall's Point made good.

After completing these repairs, and filling the vacancies in her crew, she sailed for Hampton Roads, and was employed in the blockade off Hatteras Inlet until she took part with the steam frigates Minnesota, Wabash, and Susquehanna in the bombardment and capture of the Hatteras Forts. An example of the splendid crew with which the Cumberland was manned took place on the second day of this affair. The appearance of the weather on the previous evening caused the ship to seek an offing.

In the morning she stood in; and finding the three steam frigates at anchor and engaged, the Cumberland stood down for the head of the line, and luffing ahead of the leading ship, the Susquehanna, shortened and furled sails with one watch, while the other manned the guns, and as the anchor was let go, opened with the whole battery.

Old officers who saw the manœuvre have often spoken of the beauty of the ship as she stood in under all sail, and the magnificent manner with which she went into action, the last American frigate to go into battle under sail.

But the era of steam had arrived, sailing ships were useless on a blockade, and the Cumberland was ordered to Hampton Roads.

At this time two steamers, known as the Jamestown and Yorktown, belonging to the Old Dominion Steamship Company, had been seized at Richmond, armed as privateers and threatened to run out. To prevent their escape the Cumberland was sent in November, 1861, to

the mouth of the James River, off Newport News. Here she was afterwards joined by the Congress, a sailing frigate of a little more tonnage, but with a greatly inferior battery of 32-pounders.

The winter of 1861–62 was occupied on the Cumberland in constant drill, to meet every imaginable contingency in a combat with the Merrimac, the news of whose preparation reached us from time to time.

In fact, rumors of her expected appearance came so often, that at last it became a standing joke with the ship's company.

The winter was a severe one; no fires were allowed, and our enforced idleness became extremely irksome, and we all looked forward to a relief in the spring, and a chance for active operations.

All the winter one watch slept at the guns, the ship nightly cleared for action, ready for any emergency.

In view of a possible encounter with the Merrimac, solid shot had been supplied for the nine guns, the normal charge increased from ten to thirteen pounds of powder, and the guns provided with double breechings, to stand the increased recoil.

Commodore Prendergrast had hauled down his flag after the evacuation of Norfolk. Captain John Marston had been transferred to the Roanoke, after the bombardment of Hatteras. Captain John Livingston succeeded him, to be in turn relieved by Captain William Radford, who commanded the ship at the date of the action, but was temporarily absent on court-martial duty at Hampton Roads.

The officers of the Cumberland on the 8th of March, 1862, in the fight with the Merrimac, were, —

Lieutenant George N. Morris, Executive Officer.
Lieutenant Thomas O. Selfridge, Jr.
Master M. S. Stuyvesant.

Acting Master W. W. Kennison.
Acting Master W. P. Randall.
Second Lieutenant Marines, Charles Heywood.
Surgeon Charles Martin.
Assistant Surgeon Edward Kershner.
Paymaster Cramer Burt, absent.
Chaplain John T. Lenhart, killed.
Acting Master's Mate John Harrington, killed.
Acting Master's Mate Charles O'Neil.
Acting Master's Mate H. Tyson.
Acting Master's Mate H. Wyman.
Boatswain Edward Bell.
Gunner Eugene Mack.
Carpenter W. M. Laighton.
Sailmaker David Bruce.
Paymaster's Clerk Hugh Knott.
Pilot Lewis Smith.

Lieutenant Morris as Executive Officer, in the absence of Captain Radford, was in command. On the gun deck Lieutenant Selfridge commanded the forward division of five 9-inch guns, Master Stuyvesant the after division of four 9-inch, and the two extreme after guns were manned by marines.

The gun's crews consisted of sixteen men and a powder boy.

The forward 10-inch pivot was in charge of Acting Master Kennison, the after in charge of Acting Master Randall.

Sailmaker Bruce commanded the powder division, assisted by Gunner Mack.

When the Norfolk Yard was evacuated the Confederates raised the Merrimac, placed her in the dry dock, and cut down the upper works even with the berth deck. She was of the same class as the Wabash (at present receiving ship at the Boston Navy Yard), some 4,500 tons burden, about 300 feet long, 52 feet beam, and drew about 24 feet. A low casemate was built upon her, with sides re-

ceding at an angle of about 45 degrees, and extending about 200 feet of her length.

This casemate was armored with four inches of iron, laid on in two layers diagonal to each other. Each slab was four inches wide and two inches thick, the whole backed by two feet of oak. Her sides were armored, and also the deck forward and abaft the casemate. She had a freeboard of not more than a foot when she engaged the Cumberland. Her armament consisted of one 7-inch rifle in the bows, a similar gun aft, two 6-inch rifles and six 9-inch guns in broadside. She was fitted with a ram made of cast iron, which projected three feet from the stem, and at about six feet under water.

THE FIGHT.

Saturday, the 8th of March, 1862, was a beautiful spring day, bright and clear. The Cumberland was lying at single anchor, with her sails loosed to dry, when at a half hour after noon, the writer, who was the officer of the deck, reported that the Merrimac had just hove in sight a long distance off in the direction of Norfolk. Owing to the mirage, her movements were much obscured, and her progress was so slow that it seemed doubtful at first if she was really coming out.

But as the low hull came in view abreast of Craney Island Light, heading for the mouth of the Elizabeth River, all surmises were dispelled. All hands were called, the sails quickly furled, and the quick beat to "quarters" aroused every one, and told that the hour which had been so long looked forward to had come. At that moment the Cumberland was a splendid type of the frigate of the old times, with her towering masts, long yards, and neat man-of-war-like appearance.

But her crew, as they stood at their guns for the last time, cool, grim, silent, and determined seamen, confident

in their discipline, proud of their ship, were a model crew, — a crew that has never been excelled and perhaps rarely equalled. It was a crew, that knowing no surrender, could they have had a motive power other than sails, would have whipped the Merrimac by the sheer force of their battery and their determination to conquer. On account of the contour of the land at the mouth of the James River, the Merrimac passed out of sight from the deck of the Cumberland for over one hour; and it seemed doubtful whether the first attack would be upon the squadron at Hampton Roads, or against the Congress and Cumberland. The delay was so great that many feared the opportunity would not be given to try their heavy guns; for little was known at that time of the relative merits of iron-clads and wooden ships, and great confidence was felt on the Cumberland in her trained crew and solid shot of eighty pounds weight.

But at 2.30 P.M. the Merrimac hove in sight, heading directly for the Congress, which was riding to the last of the flood. The Cumberland above and a little inshore had begun to swing, and lay almost across the river, her bows outward.

As the Merrimac passed the Congress, the latter opened with her whole broadside, which rattled from the sides like hail upon a roof. This effect caused no surprise on the Cumberland, because her guns were so much lighter than ours, being mostly 32-pounders.

The Merrimac moved slowly across the bows of the Cumberland, and manœuvred for position to ram. Three times were the gun-deck divisions sent from one battery to the other, till finally she came sufficiently in sight upon the starboard bow to train the forward guns, and fire was at once opened with them and the bow 10-inch pivot.

The Merrimac replied with her 7-inch rifle, and broad-

side guns, sometimes aiming the latter at the small fort on shore.

Her first shot passed through the starboard hammock netting, killing and wounding nine marines; and their Commander, Lieutenant Heywood, who was amongst them, was knocked down, but uninjured. The groans of these men, the first to fall, as they were carried below, was something new to those crews as they stood at their guns, and an introduction to a scene of carnage unparalleled in the war.

Three soldiers from the shore, who had come off to visit the ship, were unable to return, and asked permission to join the guns' crews. Two of them were killed, and one, McNamara, escaped.

The Merrimac, lying about three hundred yards on the starboard bow, raked the Cumberland at every shot, while only the forward pivot and the guns of the first division by extreme train could be brought to bear on her.

No. 1 gun of this division was fired but once. The second shell from the murderous 7-inch rifle burst among the crew as they were running it out, destroying literally the whole crew except the powder man, and the gun remained disabled for the rest of the action.

The captain of this gun, a splendid seaman named Kirker, rated Commodore's coxswain, had both arms taken off at the shoulder as he was holding his handspike and guiding the gun. He passed me as he was carried below, but not a groan escaped from him.

The spring from the starboard quarter was now manned on the spar deck, and an attempt made to spring the broadside to bear; but this was ineffectual, for on account of the slack tide and no wind, the spring lay fore and aft and useless. Events followed too fast to record them. The dead were thrown over the other side of the deck, the

wounded carried below: no one flinched, but went on loading and firing, taking the place of some comrade killed or wounded as they had been drilled to do. But the carnage was something awful; great splinters, torn from the side, wounded more men than the shell. Every 1st and 2d captain of the guns of the first division were killed or wounded; and the writer, with a box of cannon primers in his pocket, went from gun to gun, firing them as fast as the decimated crews could load them.

But to return to the Merrimac. She kept up this destructive fire for some fifteen minutes, when she headed for the Cumberland, striking her upon the starboard bow, her ram penetrating the side under the berth deck. She could not extricate herself; and as the Cumberland commenced to sink she bore the Merrimac down with her, until the water was over the forward deck. Had the officer forward on the spar deck of the Cumberland had the presence of mind to let go the starboard anchor, it would have fallen on the Merrimac's deck, and the latter have been carried down in the iron embrace of the Cumberland. But the opportunity was lost; the weight upon the ram broke it off in the Cumberland's side, and the Merrimac swung around broadside to the Cumberland. Whether the Merrimac was demoralized by this narrow escape, or her engines caught on the centre, or for some other cause, she lay for some moments without moving.

This was the Cumberland's opportunity, the first she had had, for the Merrimac had all along maintained a sneaking position on the bow almost out of gunshot; and three solid broadsides at a distance of not more than one hundred yards were poured into her, that rebel officers have told me made the Merrimac fairly reel. Cheer upon cheer went up from the Cumberland, followed with rage and despair as she slowly moved away, with the muzzles of two of her broadside 9-inch guns shot away.

Seeing that our shot made so little impression, the gun captains were ordered to fire only at the ports.

The Merrimac at this time hailed the Cumberland and asked if she would surrender. The reply went back, "Never, we will sink with our colors flying."

It is a question whether Captain Buchanan was wounded at this time by one of the marines on the spar deck, or later on.

Lieutenant Heywood, who at Mobile had charge of him after the fight with the Tennessee, writes me that Captain Buchanan told him he was wounded by a shot from the Cumberland as he incautiously exposed himself in the pilot-house of the Merrimac, but I have seen rebel accounts which place this event later.

The water was rising rapidly, the Cumberland going down by the bows. The forward magazine was flooded; but the powder tanks which supplied the forward divisions had been whipped out, carried aft, and the supply of powder kept up. As the water made its appearance on the berth deck, which by this time was filled with the badly wounded, heart-rending cries above the din of the combat could be heard from the poor fellows as they realized that they were helpless to escape a slow death as the water rose over them. The Merrimac again took a position upon the starboard bow of the doomed Cumberland and opened her fire.

The first cutter was sent with a hawser from the port quarter to a schooner near by, and an effort made to spring our broadside to bear, but the Cumberland was becoming so water-logged that she could not be moved.

The writer gathered the remains of the first division, some thirty men, and took them forward to transport No. 1 gun to the bridle port, in a position where it could bear upon the Merrimac. The tackles were scarcely hooked, when a shell passing through the starboard bow

burst among them, killing and maiming the greater number.

It was about this time that Master's Mate Harrington had his head shot off, and fell dead at my feet in the act of receiving an order to slip the cable. There was no one left in the first division; not a gun's crew could be mustered from the brave fellows who went into action three quarters of an hour before, so confident in their ship.

No men ever stood at their guns better than the first gun-deck division of the Cumberland. They had literally disappeared, died at their posts.

The appearance of the gun deck forward at this time was something never to be forgotten. The deck, covered with the dead and wounded, slippery with blood, the large galley demolished, and its scattered contents added to the general destruction, some guns run in, as they had last been fired, many of them bespattered with blood, rammers and sponges broken and powder blacked, lay in every direction.

In the meanwhile, the water had been rapidly gaining, in spite of the efforts of the after division, which had been sent to the pumps. At this time the Merrimac again rammed the Cumberland, striking her abaft the fore channels, but doing no especial damage. Why she did so I have never understood, unless to give a final *coup-de-grace*, for she must have seen that the Cumberland was rapidly sinking.

If there had been any men left, there was no longer any powder to serve the guns of the first division. The writer went aft, and as he did so the ship gave a lurch forward, and the water poured into the bridle ports. The ship was sinking, no time was to be lost; and the order was passed, "Every man look out for himself," an order never given till the last extremity.

The survivors rushed from the berth and gun decks, crowding up the after ladders, and some ran along the spar deck and jumped into the launch moored astern; others climbed the rigging; and others saved themselves on gratings and material from the deck. Fortunately all the boats were lowered before the action commenced, and two of the largest were uninjured.

In this moment of dire confusion, with the water closing over the doomed ship, the last gun was fired, sounding the death knell; generally believed to have been No. 7 gun, and fired by Matthew C. Tierney, Coxswain, who was mortally wounded and perished in the ship.

The writer was one of the last to leave the main deck, the water upon which was up to the main hatch. The ship had a heavy list to port, the ladders were almost perpendicular, and as he turned to the wardroom hatch ladder he found it blocked by our fat drummer, Joselyn, who was struggling up with his drum, and who was afterward picked up in the water using it as a life buoy. He then threw off his coat and sword, and squeezing through the port-hole on the port side, jumped into the water, and seeing the launch astern, swam to her and was picked up almost exhausted.

As has been stated, the ship went down bow first, with the stern high in the air. There were about one hundred men in the launch, among them Lieutenant Morris and Master Stuyvesant.

It was with difficulty that the boat was shoved clear, as with one plunge the Cumberland settled beneath the surface.

Her flag could almost be touched as the boat moved away; but it was left to wave over the glorious dead who had defended its honor with their lives.

The crew of the Cumberland, on the day of the engagement, numbered two hundred and ninety-nine bluejackets,

and thirty-three marines. Of this number, eighty were killed or drowned, and some thirty wounded saved, or a total of killed and wounded of over thirty-three per cent.

I doubt if any battle of the war, ashore or afloat, can exhibit so large a proportion of dead to the number engaged, and it shows the desperate character of the fighting.

The brunt of the fight fell upon the first division, commanded by the writer, and out of a total of eighty-five more than half were killed.

It is not easy to estimate the damage done to the Merrimac. Her smoke-stack was so perforated with shot holes, as to fill the gun deck with smoke, and seriously decrease the draft of her boilers. The flag-staff was shot away. Many of the plates on the casemate were loosened. The muzzles of two of her guns were shot away; and of the crew two were killed, and numbers wounded, amongst the latter her Captain, Buchanan, who was a great loss to the Confederacy.

Her ram was wrenched off in the Cumberland's side, causing the Merrimac to spring a leak, and the wounding of her Commander was a serious misfortune to them.

Thus perished the Cumberland: no vessel ever went into a fight against greater odds, so great that but one result was possible, and yet fought to the bitter end, until the waters closed over her last gun.

The Merrimac was more than double the size of the Cumberland, with armor four inches thick to oppose to the wooden sides of the latter, and enabled to take any position at will, while the latter was chained to the bottom and helpless to move.

There would have been no dishonor in surrendering to such odds; and yet what would have been the result? The Merrimac, fresh from the surrender of the Cumberland, would have destroyed the fine steam frigate Minnesota that had grounded while going to the assistance of

the Cumberland, would have captured the remaining Naval force at Hampton Roads, consisting of the frigate Roanoke which had lost her screw, and the sailing frigate St. Lawrence, and when the Monitor arrived late that Saturday night she would have found herself alone.

What would have been the fate of the Monitor when she was rammed by the Merrimac on the second day's fight, if the latter had not lost her spur in the Cumberland's side?

And yet the government bestowed neither promotion nor medals upon the officers and crew of the Cumberland, and only some years after made an appropriation giving a month's pay to the survivors for the loss of their effects.

History can point to no greater sacrifice for the honor of the flag than that made by the crew of the Cumberland.

Without hope of assistance, against fearful odds, they fought to the end, and their ship was their tomb. Let their memory be kept green in the hearts of their countrymen; and if their example stimulates the youths of coming generations to be true to their country and their flag, it cannot be said they died in vain.

No braver vessel ever flung her pennon to the breeze,
No bark e'er died a death so grand.
Her flag the gamest of the game
Sank proudly with her, not in shame,
But in its ancient glory.
The memory of its parting gleam
Will never fade while poets dream.
The echo of her dying gun
Will last till man his race has run,
Then live in angels' history.

THE STORY OF THE MONITOR.

BY

REAR-ADMIRAL STEPHEN B. LUCE, U. S. N.

Read January 7, 1896.

THE STORY OF THE MONITOR.

Of every decisive battle fought, either on land or at sea, there may be said, in general, to be three results, viz., the strategic, the tactical, and the moral. To these the historian has added a fourth, — the political.

In the action between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, fought on the 9th of March, 1862, all four results followed; but it is our purpose here to treat principally of the moral effect, and only incidentally of the political, and to show how a battle confined mainly to but two vessels, and not at all decisive in its character, exercised an influence the extent and importance of which it would be difficult to overestimate.

As the effect of this action reached far beyond our own shores, it will be necessary, to a full understanding of the subject, to refer briefly to the relations which existed between this country and the two countries with which it was most closely connected, by the ties of friendship and political and commercial intercourse, both before and after the fight.

In his message to Congress in 1860, President Buchanan declared that our relations with Great Britain were of the most friendly character; and the tone of the message was couched in such kindly terms in regard to England, that Lord Lyons, then British Minister in Washington, spoke of it as the most cordial which had appeared in any President's message since the foundation of the Republic.

In December of the same year (1860) the diplomatic correspondence on the subject of the visit of the Prince of

Wales to the United States indicated the closest ties of friendship between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. And yet, at that very time, England, as we shall presently see, was actually conspiring against the integrity of the Union. It was only a few days later that Lord Lyons informed his Government that "domestic differences in the great American Union were deepening into a fierce feud which threatened the national existence." And when, later on, he reported to his Government the policy foreshadowed by the United States, Lord John Russell, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, wrote back, "that England would take care to let the Government which multiplied provocations and sought quarrels, [i.e. the United States] understand that their [England's] forbearance sprang from the consciousness of strength, and not from the timidity of weakness. They would warn a Government which was making political capital out of blustering demonstrations that their [i.e. England's] patience might be tried too far." This is rather a sharp contrast to the recent love feast!

The Civil War opened by the firing on Fort Sumter on the 12th of April, 1861. On the 19th the President issued a proclamation declaring the Southern ports to be in a state of blockade; and on the 13th of May, England, with unseemly haste, issued a proclamation recognizing the Southern States as belligerents. France followed by a similar proclamation in June.[1]

---

[1] The endeavor here is to represent the state of affairs as it appeared to us at the time.

The United States Supreme Court decided, December, 1862, that the President's proclamation of blockade of April 19, 1861, was conclusive evidence that a state of war existed. Hence, as a question of international law, England was strictly within her rights in issuing the proclamation a month later, recognizing the Confederates as belligerents.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams had been sent to England for the express purpose of explaining to the British Government the state of affairs here and the views of our Government. But although his coming and the nature of his mission were known, yet the proclamation was made public the day before his arrival, and without the slightest regard for the wishes or views of the United States. This hasty act of according to the insurgents the rights of belligerents was regarded by us as an evidence of unfriendliness, and a measure which would go far towards prolonging the struggle between the two sections of the country. But to all the arguments of our Government, England and France turned a deaf ear. It was assumed from the outset that the rebellion would succeed, that the country would be rent in twain, and that the growing power of the "Great American Union" would be broken forever.

The recognition of marine belligerency of the South, be it understood, gave the rebel "Corsairs," as they were then considered, the same rights of asylum in the ports of those countries as were accorded to the friendly flag of the United States; and the restrictions applied to these corsairs in English and French ports were rigorously applied to our cruisers. Well might it be said that England's proclamation of neutrality "lighted the torch which destroyed our commerce."

Not content with recognizing the rebellious States as belligerents, England and France proceeded to treat with them as with a sovereign power. Through their respective consuls at Charleston, South Carolina, negotiations were entered into, which resulted in a compact binding the parties concerned to the principles of the Declaration of Paris of 1856, as far as related to the 2d, 3d, and 4th articles. That is to say, that by the 2d article the neutral flag was to cover enemy's goods; by the 3d, neutral goods,

save contraband of war, were not liable to capture under an enemy's flag; and by the 4th, blockades must be binding. But the 1st article, which prohibited privateering, was omitted. By this arrangement, England protected her own property on the ocean, while it left the commerce of the Northern States a prey to Southern privateers. As it was impracticable, moreover, to maintain an efficient blockade of the long line of Southern coast by the few old ships which then composed the Navy of the United States, no mere paper blockade, like the President's proclamation, would be allowed to shut out the abundant supplies which were to be sent in exchange for the cotton of the seceded States. This treaty, as it may be called, was a virtual recognition by England and France of the sovereignty of the Confederacy, and was a severe blow at the commerce of the North.

It must be borne in mind that the English and French consuls at Charleston had been accredited *to the Government of the United States*, and had received their exequaturs from the very authority they were now, by instructions from their respective Governments, plotting to destroy.

Such were the proofs of England's friendship, fostered by over half a century of social, political, and commercial intercourse.

With certain exceptions the popular sentiment in each country (England and France) was with its Government. Under the firm conviction that the days of the Great Republic were numbered, people did not hesitate to openly express their opinion of us. The venerable statesman Guizot had little love for Americans. "They have no scruples," said he, "no public morality, and no fears. They are terrible neighbors, and I am glad the Atlantic is between us." M. Circourt, an experienced diplomat and the translator of Mr. Bancroft's "History of the United States," thought we were the natural enemies of

all Europe, and freely commented upon the effect of the "insulting, arrogant habit of fifty years of wonderful prosperity and unchecked ambition" upon the people of this country. "If the North could conquer the South," said he, "and re-establish the United States, it would in twenty years be the most arrogant, the most rapacious, and the most unscrupulous power on the globe. All Europe, and still more all America, is interested in its disruption." In England the popular feeling found ready and unmistakable expression. According to one English authority: "The vast majority of what are called the governing classes were on the side of the South. By far the greater number of the aristocracy, of the official world, of members of Parliament, of military and naval men, were for the South. London club life was virtually all Southern. The most powerful papers in London, and the most popular papers as well, were open partisans of the Southern Confederation. In London, to be on the side of the Union was at one time to be eccentric, to be un-English, to be Yankee."[1] (See "A History of Our Own Times" by Justin McCarthy, Chap. XIII.)

The voice of London — that is, the voice of what is called Society, and of the metropolitan shopkeeping classes who draw their living from Society — all this was for the South. It was a Liberal who declared with exultation that "the republican bubble had burst." It was a Liberal, Mr. Roebuck, who was most clamorous

[1] The following appeared in a recent paper: *Ground for Yankee Hatred. — Queensberry Recalls the Spirit Shown by English in 1861–5.* — London, Jan. 18. — The Marquis [of Queensberry] discussed America's alleged hatred of the English. He said the "feelings of this country [England] were entirely for smashing the Union. Our men used to sing nightly, lying off New Orleans, surrounded by half a dozen Federal ships, 'The Bonny Blue Flag.' Fancy if we were fighting to preserve the union here with Ireland a Yankee crew in Portsmouth harbor singing 'The Wearing of the Green.'"

for English intervention to help the South; but it was a Conservative, Lord Robert Cecil, the present Marquis of Salisbury, who in the House of Commons led the party that was friendly to the Southern cause.[1]

In all this we must not, we *cannot*, forget Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright and what was called the Manchester School, who were all steadfastly for the North, nor John Stuart Mill and his school, who stood firmly by the Union. But these were, in the hour of our sorest trial, in the minority.

The English, on the whole, were not so much swayed by a partiality for one side or the other, as by a disinclination for both, and a desire that the growing power of the Union should be diminished by a permanent separation of the States.

In 1858, to go back a year or two, Spain communicated to England and to France her earnest desire to have a stronger government in Mexico. She wanted to set up a throne in that country, and place upon it a ruler of her own choice. By this means Mexico would become a dependency of the Spanish Crown. She also desired greater security for Cuba, the negotiations for the purchase of that island by the United States, with a view to the extension of slavery, having greatly alarmed her. In short, she aspired to the restoration of Spanish prestige in the Western Hemisphere. France, or rather Louis Napoleon, lent a willing ear to the proposition. He had designs of his own in that quarter which would be devel-

[1] "Everyone who watches the current of history must know that the northern States of America never can be our true friends, for this simple reason: Not merely because the newspapers write at each other, or that there are prejudices on both sides, but because we are rivals; rivals politically, rivals commercially. We aspire to the same position. We both aspire to the government of the seas. We are both manufacturing people, and in every port, as in every court, we are rivals to each other." LORD SALISBURY.

oped at the proper time, while England fell in with the scheme for various reasons. She wanted a check put upon her commercial rival. Our ocean tonnage, at that time, it will be remembered, was second only to that of England. She was fearful lest with our extraordinary capacity for expansion, we would soon absorb Mexico, and gradually encircle her West India possessions. But it was as a commercial rival that she most feared us. We were rapidly getting the carrying trade of the world. Any plan by which that trade could be injured met with approval in England. She little dreamed then what a powerful ally she had in the Congress of the United States. Before a shot had been fired at Sumter, our foreign-going shipping had commenced to fall off through the operation of our own Navigation Laws!

Mexico, as an appanage of a European power, and under a strong military government, would act as a wholesome check to the United States. Certainly, England would gladly join the other two powers in carrying out the plan proposed. There was but one obstacle in the way of its fulfilment: the Monroe Doctrine. Once get rid of that and the road would be clear. And now this one obstruction was about to be overcome, or neutralized. The Secession of the Southern States and the Convention of February 4th, 1861, which met in Montgomery, Alabama, and organized a government, under the name of the Confederate States of America, were sufficient proof to the statesmen of Europe that a new nation was about to spring into existence, — a nation hostile to England's great commercial rival; a nation whose free-trade policy would exchange its cotton for the products of English industries, and one which would realize Louis Napoleon's dream of a Western Empire extending from the Potomac to Brazil!

It only remained for the auspicious moment to arrive

when the independence of the Southern Confederacy should be formally acknowledged and the new state welcomed into the great commonwealth of nations. That moment was now apparently at hand. On the 8th of November, 1861, Messrs. Mason and Slidell were forcibly taken from the English mail steamer *Trent*. Here, then, was a *casus belli*. England at once prepared for war. Additional ships of war were commissioned as fast as crews could be obtained for them, merchant vessels were bought or chartered as transports, and troops and munitions of war were despatched with all speed to Halifax and Bermuda, ready for the opening of hostilities. At the same time the English Government issued a proclamation prohibiting the exportation of saltpetre, powder, guns, arms, lead, and in general, munitions of war of all kinds. Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, with a powerful squadron at Halifax, received instructions which prepared him for opening the campaign. These warlike measures were adopted, be it remembered, before the United States Government had time to disavow the act of Captain Wilkes. It was evident that England gladly welcomed the occasion of a war with us, and anticipated a speedy and easy triumph.

All that was needed was for the foreign office to write such a despatch as would precipitate hostilities, and such a despatch was actually prepared by Lord John Russell. Everything was now at a white heat. The time for action had at length arrived. By a convention signed in London, twelve days after the *Trent* affair (November 2d), by the representatives of England, France, and Spain, an agreement was entered into, to send a joint force to Mexico in accordance with the programme of 1858, the ostensible reason being that that country had repudiated her foreign debt. The Monroe Doctrine might now be set at nought. The Union was down, and it was England's

time to strike. *Punch* came out in a cartoon representing Britannia resting her elbow on a loaded cannon and pointing to the United States, with the legend, "Waiting for an answer"; and the London *Times*, the semi-official organ of the English Government, which, according to Mr. Motley, had been "playing the very devil with our international relations," now threw off all disguise, came out openly as an advocate of the Southern Confederacy, and clamored for war with America.

"If in seven days," Lord Russell wrote to Lord Lyons, "a satisfactory answer is not given, you, with the members and archives of the Legation, will repair immediately to London." That meant war.

Mr. John Lothrop Motley, who enjoyed exceptionally good opportunities for judging of public opinion in England, and who, moreover, was very friendly towards Englishmen in general, wrote in reference to the *Trent* affair: "The English crown lawyers have decided that the arrest was illegal. . . . So England has at last the opportunity which a very large portion of its inhabitants have been panting for; and they step into the field with the largest fleet which the world has ever seen, as champions and allies of the Southern Confederacy. If the South has now secured the alliance of England a restoration of the Union becomes hopeless." (Motley Correspondence, p. 46, vol. ii.)

Western Europe being now ready, under the leadership of England, to welcome the new state, let us turn for a moment to that state.

Fiske (the historian) has finely observed that "the American people had entered into the shadow of the Civil War before they had fairly emerged from that of the Revolution." This is literally true. In the Convention of 1787 for drawing up the Constitution, the question of Slavery first arrayed the Slave States against the Free.

John C. Calhoun, who has been styled "the author of Secession," long foresaw the inevitable result of trying to maintain slavery in a country whose head corner-stone was freedom. As early as 1820 it was openly said that if the slave question should result in a dissolution of the Union, the South would be, from necessity, compelled to form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Great Britain. Fully ten years before Mr. Lincoln's election, Calhoun had declared that "as things then stood the Southern States could not remain in the Union." (Statesmen Series, "J. C. Calhoun," by Von Holst, p. 349.) The idea, therefore, of secession and an alliance with England had long been familiar to the minds of Southern statesmen.

Thus we see England with extended arms ready to receive the new State and that State more than willing to receive her friendly aid. There was only a slight barrier interposed — that of the blockade which, contrary to all expectation abroad, had been rigidly enforced by a Navy extemporized with unprecedented rapidity. England was ready to break through this barrier, and seized with alacrity upon the *Trent* affair as the pretext. Fortunately that crisis was tided over. The modified tone of the demand for the restitution of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, was met by our Government in a friendly spirit, and war was averted. Few realized at the time how imminent war with England was. (See NOTE 1.)

Having failed in the present instance to force a war upon us, England and France stood ready to avail themselves of the first excuse that offered to interpose, by force, between the contending parties. Such an excuse was about to present itself. The blockade of the broad waters of Virginia was to be broken.

Let us now turn to affairs at home. They were far from encouraging. Norfolk and its Navy Yard, with a

large amount of war material, had been abandoned by us. The surrender of Fort Sumter; the disgraceful rout at Bull Run, which left Washington at the mercy of the enemy; the severe check received by a portion of the Union forces at Ball's Bluff, followed by the Confederate successes at Carthage, Mo., Wilson's Creek, and Belmont, and the blockade of the Potomac below Alexandria, were certainly reverses little creditable to the North. These unfavorable conditions were trumpeted about Europe as evidences of the incapacity of the Union forces. Thomas King, of Georgia, and Dudley Mann, of North Carolina, the emissaries of the South, had little difficulty in persuading Lord Palmerston and Louis Napoleon that the triumph of the Confederacy was already assured. The prospects of the Southerners were bright indeed.

The naval successes of the Union at Hatteras and Port Royal; the advantages gained in the west in the capture of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Columbus, and Nashville, resulting in the battle of Shiloh; and a general advance of the Northern forces to the borders of Tennessee, — did not, in the eyes of those unwilling to see, offset the reverses. The reports which reached Europe of Northern successes were wholly discredited. The numbers of troops reported to have been engaged, the numbers reported to have been killed and wounded, in the various battles, were ascribed to that disposition on our part to misrepresent and exaggerate, which we think characteristic of the Chinese. The agents of the South played upon this delusion. There was no difficulty now in placing Confederate bonds! The rise in Confederate stock created a corresponding depression of spirits on the part of those abroad whose sympathies were with the North. Our representatives in Europe were continually writing home for good news. "Send us," they wrote, "send us word of some substantial victory. It is the only argument listened to abroad."

But for a long and painful period our Government had no good news to send.

The objective of the Army of the Potomac, on which all hopes were at this time centred, was Richmond. The line of operations to that point lay, according to the best military authorities, through the peninsula comprehended between the James, on the one hand, and Chesapeake Bay and York River on the other; the extreme south-eastern point being commanded by Fort Monroe. It is obvious, therefore, that an army operating on that line should have its flanks secured by the command of the waters on either side, and that Fort Monroe was essential as a base of operations. The U. S. Navy *did* command the Chesapeake and the James, as far as was necessary to the commencement of operations; and it was of vital importance to the North that the absolute control of those waters should be maintained.

To carry out the plan of the campaign which had been agreed upon at the seat of Government, after much debate and careful consideration of the military and political conditions involved, the Army of the Potomac had to be transferred from before Washington to the lower or south-eastern point of the peninsula. The order for the transportation was given on the the 27th of February, '62, and in little over a month from that date, there were chartered over 400 steamers and sailing vessels, to transport an army of 121,500 men. Besides these, there were 14,592 animals, 44 batteries, and the wagons, ambulances, pontoon-trains, telegraph materials and the enormous equipage for an army of such magitude.

While these gigantic operations were in the course of execution, there was introduced into the military problem a new factor; one which not only threatened to thwart the whole plan of the campaign, but give an entirely new direction to the course of events, and effect such a com-

plete change in the character of the war as would lead to the probable success of the South.

On the 8th of March, just ten days after the order for the movement of the Army of the Potomac had been given, while the vast preparations were being carried out with the utmost ardor, and Hampton Roads was already beginning to be crowded with transports and store-ships, carrying great quantities of war material, the rebel iron-clad *Merrimac*, known in the South as the *Virginia*, appeared upon the scene.[1]

Steaming down from Norfolk on that day she attacked the blockading squadron at Newport News, and destroyed the frigates *Cumberland* and *Congress* with a readiness and despatch which spread consternation on every side. Having accomplished her work of destruction for that day, she retired flushed with victory, to complete on the morrow the utter annihilation of the Union fleet. "What wild excitement" says Swinton, in describing the scenes, "what grief, what anxiety, what terrible forebodings for the morrow, possessed the Union fleet, when night fell, cannot be described." On shore and afloat all was panic and confusion and consternation. The *Minnesota*, hastening to participate in the fight, had grounded within a mile and a half of Newport News, remaining a helpless spectator to the sinking of the *Cumberland* and the burning of the *Congress*. The *St. Lawrence*, frigate, eager to

[1] The Prince de Joinville wrote, "Soon the Roads [Hampton Roads] were crowded with vessels coming from Alexandria or Annapolis, and filled, some with soldiers, some with horses, cannon, and munitions of all kinds. Sometimes I counted several hundred vessels at the anchorage, and among them twenty to twenty-five large steam transports waiting for their turn to come up to the quay, and land the fifteen or twenty thousand men whom they brought. It may be seen how fearful would have been the catastrophe had the Merrimac suddenly appeared among this swarm of ships, striking them one after another, and sending to the bottom these human hives with all their inmates!" (Barnard's "Peninsula Campaign," p. 16.)

succor her consorts, had grounded near the *Minnesota*. The *Roanoke*, like the others, on her way to the scene of the conflict, had also grounded; but getting afloat subsequently retired to the Roads. The two former ships seemed doomed to certain destruction the following morning; and even Fort Monroe, whose importance as a strategic point was of incalculable value, was deemed untenable, in the probable event of an attack on the following day. The scene of precipitation and dire confusion beggars all description! The destructive career of the Monster had been witnessed by the thousands of spectators, citizens and soldiers, who lined the shores from Newport News along Hampton, to Old Point — besides those who manned the fleet of transports and store ships in the Roads; but the importance of the crisis was so great, the interests involved so momentous, that few then present were able to take in the situation in all its bearings. To comprehend the true condition of affairs, let us place ourselves on the dismal shore of the James, and in the glare of the burning *Congress* contemplate the reasonable anticipation of the morrow.

The noble *Minnesota* would be the *Merrimac's* next victim; the *St. Lawrence* would follow; and the *Roanoke*, sister ship to the *Minnesota*, forced to an ignominious retreat, or suffer a like fate with the others. The fleet of merchant vessels anchored in the Roads would be captured, yielding to the enemy quantities of store and munitions of war so much needed in the South. Fort Monroe itself, it was admitted, would surrender in a few days. The extensive waters of the Chesapeake Bay would then be controlled by the Confederates and the doors thrown wide open to the supplies from abroad. The passage from London to Richmond would be clear. Foreign recognition, so impatiently longed for by the South, would inevitably follow. Admiral Milne, then in

Halifax with a powerful English fleet, was prepared to take instant advantage of the breaking of the blockade. The base of operations lost to the Union side, and the lines of communication broken, the Peninsula campaign would be impracticable, and the whole character of our military operations in the East undergo a complete change. Nay, more; the Monster, it was believed, might ascend the Potomac, and completely blockade the national capital itself. With the captured transports an insurgent army might ascend the Chesapeake, and landing near the mouth of the Elk River follow the British Campaign of 1777, and occupy Philadelphia. Or, putting to sea, she might proceed to New York and lay that great city under contribution; and preparations were actually made there for her reception. Standing to the southward, she might recover the control of Pamlico Sound, raise the blockade off Wilmington and Charleston, admitting freely the numerous blockade runners that were swarming about Bermuda and Nassau. Port Royal, invaluable to the North as a base of supplies, with its vast accumulations of military and naval stores, would be at her mercy. When to all this is added the loss of prestige to the North, consequent upon the raising of the blockade at such an important strategic point, and the enormous accession of moral and material strength which would accrue to the South, some idea of the momentous crisis may be formed. The Government may well have been dismayed!

On Sunday morning, March 9th, the Secretary of the Navy received a telegram from General Wool, a trained soldier of long experience, commanding at Fort Monroe, stating that the *Merrimac* had come down from Norfolk the preceding day, attacked the fleet in Hampton Roads; and expressing the apprehension that the remaining vessels would be made the victims the following day, and that Fort Monroe itself was in danger, for the *Merrimac*

was impenetrable to shot, and could take what position she pleased for assault. Mr. Welles says in his "deadly note book" (Nicolay's and Hay's "Lincoln"), "I had scarcely read the telegram, when a message from the President requested my immediate attendance at the Executive Mansion. The Secretary of War, on receiving General Wool's telegram, had gone instantly to the President, and at the same time sent messages to the other Cabinet officers, while the Assistant Secretary came to me. I at once went to the White House. Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase, with Mr. Stanton, were already there; they had read the telegram, and were discussing the intelligence in much alarm. Each inquired what *had* been done, and what *could* be done, to meet and check the formidable Monster, which in a single brief visit had made such devastation, and would, herself uninjured, probably repeat her destructive visit with still greater havoc while we were in council." It was indeed a memorable occasion, that Cabinet meeting, and full of dramatic interest. There sat Mr. Lincoln, his honest, rugged features calm, but expressive of the deepest anxiety, as we may believe. The noble countenance of Mr. Chase was oppressed with care; the buoyant spirits of Mr. Seward completely cast down; but the restless, impulsive disposition of Mr. Stanton, the "great War Secretary," as he was called, forbade his being seated. He stalked about the room, declaiming against everbody and everything. His fervid imagination, inflamed by the intelligence of the disaster, pictured the *Merrimac* as already ascending the Potomac to destroy the city. "She will change the whole character of the war," he cried; "she will destroy every ship of war in turn; she will lay all the cities on the seaboard under contribution. I shall immediately recall Burnside (then in Pamlico Sound); Port Royal must be abandoned. I will notify the Governors and municipal

authorities in the North to take instant measures to protect their harbors." Walking up to a window that commanded a fine view of the Potomac, "Who can tell," he cried, apprehensive of her momentary appearance, "if one of her guns may not send a shell through the White House before we leave this room!"

The whole Cabinet turned to the Navy as represented in the person of Mr. Welles. That gentleman was calm and self-possessed. He stated in a few simple words that his main reliance was in the *Monitor*, whose arrival at Hampton Roads he was momentarily expecting to learn by telegraph; and, as for the *Merrimac*, she could not, on account of her draft, ascend the Potomac beyond Kettle Bottom Shoals, eighty miles below the city, and could not, therefore, surprise them by a shell. He advised that instead of adding to the general panic, by alarming notes of warning to the Northern ports, it would better become them to calmly consider the situation, and endeavor to inspire confidence in the public mind by acting with discretion and judgment. These counsels prevailed, though for the time only; for Mr. Stanton subsequently telegraphed to the Northern cities "to look out for themselves." He also purchased a large number of boats, had them loaded with stones at the Washington Navy Yard and taken down the river ready to obstruct the channel should the *Merrimac* threaten the destruction of the city. Having little faith in Naval officers and less in the *Monitor*, he employed Mr. Vanderbilt to destroy the *Merrimac*, which that gentleman promised to do, with his great ship the *Vanderbilt*, provided the *Monitor* kept out of the way and Naval officers were not allowed to interfere.[1] Such was the effect produced on our Government by the *Merrimac's* raid.

[1] The Annals of the War, by Leading Participants, North and South. Times Publishing Company, Philadelphia 1879.

The effects abroad of her unchecked career would have been equally disastrous to the North. To open an avenue for the cotton of the South to reach the French market, was one of the great hobbies of Louis Napoleon. It was a part of his policy to embroil England with the Federal Government, or, at least, to prevail upon her to recognize the independence of the Confederate States. He would have instantly followed the example. "In that event," said the Duc de Broglie, "he would make an alliance with the South, obtain her tolerance of his Mexican scheme, break the blockade, restore prosperity to the cotton manufactories of England and France, and establish an Empire under French influence over all America, from the Potomac to Brazil. He would gratify, too, his old grudge against the French aristocracy whose sympathies were generally Northern." The breaking of the blockade by the *Merrimac* would have furnished the very pretext he had so eagerly sought. He would have renewed, and now with ready success, his urgent entreaties with England to recognize the Confederacy as a free and independent State; Southern bonds would have appreciated; iron-clads and all the material of war would have been generously supplied to the new State, and the war indefinitely prolonged, if indeed, it had not ended in the permanent rupture of the Union, as so many abroad hoped.

Some of these views may, at this late day, seem extravagant. But at the time of which we are speaking, they were deemed by thinking men to be quite within the bounds of possibility. In fact, we know the Southerners themselves contemplated making a demonstration on New York, and Commodore Tatnall actually proposed the capture of Port Royal. Indeed, knowing, as we do now, what the *Merrimac* really was, and judging by the light of subsequent events, it may be safely assumed that the material and moral effects of her simply anchoring in the

Roads, after accomplishing her work of destruction, and thus raising the blockade of the Chesapeake, would have proved an incalculable disaster to the Union cause. Now, to stay this train of evils was the province of the *Monitor*. That she fulfilled her high mission is her glory!

Let us pause here for one moment to glance at the two principal actors in this great drama.

On the 23d of June, 1861, the Secretary of the Confederate Navy ordered the *Merrimac* to be converted into an iron-clad; and on the 4th of October following the Honorable Gideon Welles signed the contract for the building of the *Monitor*. Now began a race which was literally for life or death. The Confederates were driving ahead with their vessel with the utmost energy, the mechanics at the Norfolk Navy Yard volunteering to work on her night and day without pay. While they were plating their vessel with iron, we were only drawing up the contract for ours. The authorities in Washington naturally felt the greatest solicitude in regard to the progress of the work on the *Merrimac;* and this was intensified by the extraordinary pains the Confederates took to keep the secret of their labors and their purposes. They, on the other hand, were kept well informed, by their numerous spies in the North, of the progress made on the *Monitor*.

To heighten the dramatic interest, must be thrown in the anecdote related by Mr. Welles, of the colored woman who, dusty and travel worn, one day presented herself at his office. She had walked all the way from Norfolk to Washington, bringing with her the information that the *Merrimac* was nearly finished and was about to receive her armament. This news, of course, hastened, if greater haste were possible, the work on the *Monitor*, and dissipated all thoughts of experimenting with the battery or of drilling her crew. The active energy of Ericsson admitted of no rest for himself. He labored day and

night, and plans fresh and warm from his fruitful brain, were transmitted to the drawing-board and thence to the work-shop with marvellous rapidity. It was his genius that had conceived, and his spirit that animated this extraordinary work, from its inception to its completion. The keel was laid on the 22d of October, 1861; and on the 30th of January, 1862, one hundred days after, the *Monitor* was launched from the Continental Iron Works, Green Point, Brooklyn, N.Y. The rapidity of this work has few parallels in the history of marine architecture.

She left the lower bay of New York on the afternoon of March 6th. Even the strain of battle could not have tried the courage and endurance of her brave crew more than that perilous voyage south. "Nothing but the subsidence of the wind prevented her from being shipwrecked before she reached Hampton Roads," is the language of the late Commander S. Dana Greene, U.S.N., her executive officer. She passed Cape Henry at 4 P.M. of Saturday, March 8th, and anchored on Hampton Roads at 9 P.M. Was she too late? Worden heard the distant booming of the guns which told him the *Monitor's* rival was already in the field, and had begun her work of devastation.

Had the *Monitor* been a day earlier, one of the most impressive lessons in naval warfare would have been lost to the world. Had she been a day later the consequences to the Union cause would have been deplorable beyond conception. Thus the fate of the country hung on that small untried engine of war, — carrying but two smooth bore 11-inch guns, — and a time element limited to a few hours! The fate of the Nation hung upon a thread! No! The little *Monitor* was not too late. Her arrival was well timed for the highest and best ends.

Everything is so plain to us now that it is difficult to realize that only two hours after her departure from New York orders were telegraphed for her to proceed up the

Potomac River; and it is greatly to the credit of Captain John Marston, commanding the *Roanoke* and senior officer at Hampton Roads, that he withheld similar instructions.

We left the *Minnesota* ashore at Newport News, and the burning *Congress* lighting up the dismal scene. "It was a memorable night," to refer once more to Swinton. "In fort, on shipboard, and on shore, Federals and Confederates alike could not sleep for excitement; the latter were flushed with triumph, and wild with anticipation; the former were oppressed with anxiety or touched the very depths of despair. Norfolk was ablaze with the victory, and the sailors of the *Merrimac* and her consorts caroused with the grateful citizens. In Hampton Roads, amidst the bustle of the hour, some hopeless preparations were made for the morrow."

At 8 o'clock of the morning of the 9th of March, the *Merrimac* got under way from her anchorage off Sewall's Point, and accompanied by the *Patrick Henry*, *Jamestown*, and *Teaser* steamed down for the *Minnesota*, bent upon her destruction. When about a mile off, she opened fire. She was promptly met by the *Monitor*, however, which, as we have said, had arrived from New York the night before. We need not dwell upon the details of the battle that ensued; they have been fully and graphically described by more competent hands. Suffice it to say that after four hours fighting the *Merrimac* withdrew to the Norfolk Navy Yard, leaving the *Monitor* in undisputed possession of the field. The general sense of the thousands of excited spectators who had lined the shores and thronged the shipping gave the battle to the *Monitor*, and shouts of exultation rent the air. The enthusiasm was all the greater from the depth of depression of the previous night. The glad tidings were flashed throughout the North, and from every loyal source congratula-

tions were showered upon all who had contributed to the happy result. (See NOTE 2.)

The immediate consequences were that the *Minnesota*, which was about to be abandoned and destroyed by her own people, now relieved from further molestation, was floated on the morning of the 10th, and soon after anchored off Fort Monroe. The *Roanoke* and *St. Lawrence* were saved from destruction; and the large fleet of merchant vessels and army transports in the Roads were freed from capture. All apprehension of the raising of the blockade, either in the Chesapeake or on the coast, ceased. Fort Monroe relieved from the possibilities of attack, rendered the Peninsula Campaign practicable; the spirits of our people were greatly elated, and our foreign relations underwent a vast change for the better. In short, the great crisis was over. The day had been won. The *Monitor* had accomplished her purpose; and the Union was saved!

On the 14th General McClellan wrote to Captain Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as follows: "From all accounts received, I have such a living faith in the gallant little *Monitor* that I feel we can trust her; so that I have determined on the Fort Monroe movement." (It had been determined three weeks before.) It is true that the *Merrimac*, after completing certain repairs at the Norfolk Navy Yard, did reappear, but as a factor in the military operations on the James, she was completely neutralized by the *Monitor*, and was finally destroyed by her own people as no longer of any military value.

The effect produced abroad was most marked.

Mr. Adams, our minister to England, wrote home under date of April 3d: "The late naval action in Hampton Roads has made a great sensation, and is regarded as likely to work a complete change in the policy of this country (England) in fortifications and the Naval Marine.

You will not fail to observe the notice already taken of it in Parliament. *The opinion on the Military and Naval efficiency of the United States has undergone an astonishing change within the last month.*"

Mr. Adams was correct in his surmises; for the indifference with which the Palmerston administration had regarded the building and equipping, in the home ports, of privateers to prey on the commerce of the United States, gave place to a more rigid compliance with the duties of a neutral.

Mr. Dayton, the United States Minister to France, wrote in the same strain. "The change in the conditions of things at home," he writes from Paris, "has produced a change, if possible, more striking abroad. *There is little more said just now as to the validity of our blockade*, or the propriety of an early recognition of the South. The fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* has turned the attention of these maritime governments, and of England more especially, in another direction."

Mr. Sanford, Minister to Belgium, writing from Brussels, says: "No one event in the course of the War has excited more interest in Europe than the naval action in Hampton Roads. Its results can hardly be measured. It is admitted on all sides that the Monitor has revolutionized the whole system of maritime warfare."

Mr. Thomas Dudley, who at the time of the battle was United States Consul at Liverpool, expressed the deliberate opinion that "this fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* did more to preserve the peace between England and the United States than any other event that took place during the War."[1] The Count of Paris, in his History of the War, refers to the action as "the naval combat which marks the greatest and most sudden of all

[1] "Three Critical Periods," by Thomas H. Dudley, U.S. Consul, Liverpool. Pennsylvania Mag. of History, vol. xvii.

revolutions that have been effected in the science of maritime warfare." The London *Times* on learning the news of the action, declared that the Navy of England would have to be at once reconstructed on lines suggested by the *Monitor*. Admiral Columb, an officer of the English Navy who has given much time and study to the subject of Naval warfare, declared that "in the American Civil War, the deciding battle was between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac;* and no one can doubt," he affirms, "that . . . if the *Merrimac* had gained the victory there would scarcely now be the United States of America. The fate of that Nation was decided then and there." [1] And the Comptroller of the English Navy, writing in 1867, observes: "I still hold that for coast defences the turret system of armament in vessels known as the *Monitor* type is superior to all others, and the most formidable engine of war that can be well conceived."

Such in brief is the story of the *Monitor*.

All honor to the genius who designed her, and to the gallant officer who carried her into action!

APPENDIX.

Note 1.

Even in such a cursory review as the present one of the events of those early days of the Civil War, it would not be proper to omit mention of the steadfast friends of the Union. One was Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, the other the Emperor of Russia. It is conceded by those best qualified to judge that had Earl Russell's despatch demanding the surrender of Mason and Slidell been sent as prepared by him, war with England would have been inevitable. It seems to be the practice of the foreign office to submit to the

[1] Blackwood's Mag. May, '95, "Thoughts on Imperial Defense" Major H. d'A. Brebon. Footnote. In the *Times* of Dec. '94, Admiral Columb wrote as above.

Queen for her approval all important despatches. In the present instance the very offensive despatch of Earl Russell (and we have seen how offensive his language could be) was taken to Her Majesty while seated by the bedside of the Prince Consort. The emotion she betrayed on reading it, being noticed by the Prince, he asked what distressed her. She told him, at the same time expressing her displeasure at its tone. On reading it himself the Prince exclaimed, "This will never do; it must not be sent in this form; it is couched in offensive language such as will irritate and provoke a war between the two nations." On being propped up in his bed, he took a pencil, and, striking out the objectionable passages, interlined it so as to give it a totally different character. He then requested the Queen to have it sent in the form as he had drawn it. This was done. The despatch, dignified and courteous in tone, reached the United States and was met, as we have said, in an equally friendly spirit. Some time after the *Trent* affair had been disposed of, Lady Cowley, wife of Lord Cowley, British Minister to Paris, was dining at Windsor Castle, when the Queen related the circumstances connected with the despatch, and how the Prince Consort had altered it while lying on his death-bed. The Queen remarked that this was the last official act of his life, and went on to say that she rejoiced to think that this act was in the interests of peace between the two nations. Lady Cowley, at the Queen's request, communicated the facts to our Minister at Paris, Judge Dayton, who, in turn, communicated them to the Department of State in Washington.

It will be remembered (to refer to the *Trent* affair once more) that in order to justify a declaration of war against the United States, the English Government submitted the question of the seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell to the law officers of the Crown. They decided against the United States and contrary to their ancient claim of the Right-of-Search, which was one of the main causes which led to the War of 1812. The Treaty of Ghent was absolutely silent on the subject; and when, in 1842, Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton had settled the North-East boundary question, the former found the English Commissioner unwilling to discuss this subject. After a lapse of fifty years, then, we find the highest judicial authority of England finding in favor of this country in its contention regarding the Right-of-Search.

In July, 1861, the Emperor of Russia communicated to our Government an earnest hope that the Union would not be dissolved:

and that he was perfectly sincere we may judge from the fact that he repelled overtures made by Louis Napoleon to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy. When war between this country and England was imminent by reason of the *Trent* affair, he was ready to side with us; and, as if to emphasize his views, he sent a Russian squadron to rendezvous at New York.

Mr. Lincoln settled the question at once. On hearing of the seizure he said, "This will never do. It was upon that very question that we went to war in 1812."

In a letter to Lord Lyons, under date of December 26th, 1861, Mr. Seward wrote, respecting the giving up of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, "I express my satisfaction that by the adjustment of the present case upon principles confessedly American, a question is finally and rightfully settled between them (the United States and Great Britain) which heretofore exhausting not only all forms of peaceful discussion but also the arbitrament of war itself (the War of 1812) for more than half a century alienated the two countries from each other." This was probably the ablest despatch penned by that very able statesman.

Note 2.

The South claimed the victory. We do not purpose discussing that point here. Suffice to say that Captain Wm. H. Parker, author of "Recollections of a Naval Officer," and who commanded the *Beaufort*, one of the consorts of the *Merrimac*, says: "Why the *Merrimac* did not persist in destroying the *Minnesota*, I never exactly understood. . . . Whatever the cause, candor compels me to say that the *Merrimac* failed to reap the fruits of her victory. She went out to destroy the *Minnesota*, and do what further damage she could to the enemy. The *Monitor* was there to save the *Minnesota*. The *Merrimac* did not accomplish her purpose. The *Monitor* did. She did it by resisting the *Merrimac* as long as she did, even if she had to withdraw."

And Lieutenant John Taylor Wood, formerly of the U.S. Navy and one of the officers of the *Merrimac*, who was sent to Richmond to make a verbal report of the two days' fight, stated to Mr. Davis's Cabinet as follows: "As to the future," I said, "that in the *Monitor* we had met our equal, and that the result of another engagement would be very doubtful." (*The Century* for March 1885, p. 746.)

REMINISCENT

OF THE

SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

BY

REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE E. BELKNAP, U. S. N.

Read April, 1896.

REMINISCENT

OF THE

SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

The siege of Charleston may be said to have begun immediately upon the arrival of the iron-clad frigate New Ironsides off the bar of the harbor the first week in February, 1863.

Her arrival there at that time was a matter of vital necessity to the maintenance of the blockade, for the raid of the Confederate iron-clads Palmetto State and Chicora on the blockading fleet of that port the week before, or on the 31st of January, had resulted in the disabling of the Keystone State, Commander William E. Le Roy, and the Mercedita, Commander Henry S. Stellwagen, and a partial dispersion of the other ships of the blockading fleet, comprising in all ten vessels. The attack had been made about an hour before dawn — that dank, drowsy hour when seamen and soldiers are more likely to be caught napping than at any other period of the day — a point it is needless to emphasize in the presence of the veteran soldiers and seamen here to-night.

The Palmetto State, Captain John Rutledge, bore the flag of Flag Officer Duncan N. Ingraham, and the Chicora was commanded by Captain John R. Tucker. The two ships had been built under contract with the Confederate government at private ship-yards at Charleston. Their construction was similar in hull and character of casemate to those features of the Merrimac. They were armored

with four inches of iron, bolted to a backing of wood twenty-two inches in thickness. Their speed was from six to eight knots, and had their batteries been heavier, they would have been quite formidable as iron-clads. The Palmetto State carried four guns — an 80-pounder rifle in the forward part of the casemate, a 60-pounder rifle in the after part and two 8-inch shell guns, in broadside — while the Chicora's battery consisted of two 9-inch Dahlgrens — smooth bores — and four 60-pounder rifles. Guns of such calibres could illy cope with the guns of the Ironsides and the Monitors, but Captain William H. Parker, one of the brightest and ablest of the Navy Officers who went south, and who was the "first Luff" of the Palmetto State, says, in his "Recollections of a Naval Officer," that "both ships were creditable vessels; that when they had been in commission a short time they were fine specimens of men-of-war, and would have done credit to any Navy."

Now in view of such statement, when those iron-clads had in reality captured the Keystone State and Mercedita, both merchant-built ships, but neglected to take possession of them in their haste to attack the other vessels before daylight broke and disclosed their character to their blockading enemy, it is strange that they did not remain outside the bar and really raise the blockade for the time being, for the battery of the Housatonic — the only substantial cruiser of the fleet — could have done no material damage to the iron-clads and might have been worsted herself had she sought close encounter with them. But the Housatonic and the other vessels stood out to seaward, and at 7.30 A.M. Flag Officer Ingraham turned back with his two ships, and at 8.45 A.M. anchored near the bar of Beach Channel, where he remained seven hours waiting for the flood to take him inside.

Meanwhile the Keystone State and Mercedita had escaped

and made for Port Royal for repairs, and Capt. William Rogers Taylor of the Housatonic and Senior Officer Present, had closed in all along the coast again with the rest of the blockaders, and had dispatched the captured blockade-runner Princess Royal to report to Admiral Du Pont at Hilton Head.

The blockading vessels had never been dispersed to any great distance beyond their stations, yet Flag Officer Ingraham the moment he dropped anchor off Fort Moultrie — where he arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon — issued a proclamation jointly with General Beauregard, declaring to the world that the blockade of the port of Charleston had been raised

Says Parker in his recollections, "I thought the proclamation ill-advised, and am constrained to say that this was a badly managed affair on our part, and we did not make the best use of our opportunity." Had Ingraham handled his ships with the dash and resolution displayed by Buchanan in the Tennessee at Mobile Bay, the blockade might have been lifted until the Ironsides appeared on the scene. As it was, the situation was at no time secure from further raids that a more dashing officer than Ingraham might have made, prior to the arrival of that noble ship off the bar.

The New Ironsides was one of the three iron-clads determined upon by a Board of officers consisting of Commodores Joseph Smith and Hiram Paulding, and Commander Chas. H. Davis. Seventeen models, together with their specifications, had been presented for examination, and on the 16th of September, 1861, the Board reported favorably on three of them. 1st, the New Ironsides; 2d, the Monitor; and 3d, the Galena; and recommended their construction. The Department accepted the report, and immediately contracted for their building with the parties who had submitted the models selected.

To Messrs. Merrick and Sons, Philadelphia, went the

contract for the New Ironsides. That firm built the engines and fitted the armor, but sub-let the construction of the hull to *the Messrs. Cramp, the most noted builders of wooden ships on the Delaware of that day, as they are now the most famous builders of the ships of steel construction of this period on that river.*

Both firms put their best work into the ship, as stress of gale, frequent hammerings of shot and shell, and shock of torpedo stroke amply demonstrated in the grim days she was called upon to meet.

Frigate built, her dimensions as given by the Board in their report to the Secretary of the Navy were as follows: length, 220 feet; breadth of beam, 60 feet; depth of hold, 23 feet; draught of water, 13 feet; displacement, 3,296 tons; calculated speed, 9½ knots. In practice, according to my recollection, she drew some 16 feet of water, and the greatest speed we could get out of her in smooth water was eight knots. Massively built of oak, her sides tumbled in at an angle of some 17 degrees, from a point some three feet above the water line. Her armor, extending from three feet below the water line to the waterways of the spar-deck, was in solid plates of rolled iron in lengths of fifteen feet with a breadth of three feet, and a thickness of 4½ inches. The plates were fastened to the solid sides of the ship — 18 inches in thickness — by wood screws, their heads being countersunk in the plating. The screws did not come quite through the inner planking. There were, therefore, no nuts on the inside of the ship to break off and fly like grape shot when the armor received the blows of the enemy's projectiles, as was unfortunately the case in the turrets and pilot houses of the Monitors when those vessels first encountered the concentrated fire of forts at close quarters.

The ends of the ship were but partially armored; the line of plating up to the knuckle or elbow, from which

point the sides began to tumble in, alone extended all around and terminated at the bow in a ram. But massive iron bulkheads with heavy sliding doors gave protection on the gun-deck from fore and aft fire, and the port-holes were shielded by iron shutters the same thickness as the plating. They were fitted in halves, and handled from the inside by means of lever and tackle.

The weak point of the vessel — as is the case with all armored ships — was the upper or spar deck. An iron plating one inch in thickness laid under the three and one-half inch of pine planking gave the only protection from vertical or plunging fire. The hatches were covered with heavy built up gratings of iron, fitted with sectional traps to be triced up from below whenever necessary. In signaling when under fire, the signal numbers were to be sent up through these gratings.

Her battery was a grand sight to look upon, whether at rest or in action. It consisted of fourteen 11-inch Dahlgren smooth bores, and two 150-pounder Parrott rifles or rifles of eight-inch calibre. This gave a broadside of eight heavy guns. The guns were mounted on iron gun-carriages, the first iron carriages for heavy ordnance used in the Navy. They gave some trouble in their working at first, and the then Captain Dahlgren came down from Washington to Newport News in November, 1862, to test their handling personally and remedy defects. This he did effectually, for in that day he was the most accomplished and expert officer of any service in naval ordnance. Besides this main battery, there were two 50-pounder Dahlgren rifles mounted on the spar-deck at bow and stern, but they were never used in action. A pilot house some nine or ten inches thick, built up with laminated plates, like the Monitor turrets, was placed about amidships. It was arranged like the pilot houses of the Monitors — with the exception of the wheel. That

important factor of the ship for battle purposes was at first located on the berth-deck, but after the first trial of the ship in action, it was brought up on the gun-deck and adjusted immediately under the pilot house. For ordinary steering there was another wheel on the spar-deck.

In appearance, the ship was the personification of ugliness. She had neither graceful line nor curve. Her very lack of symmetry suggested the grimness of her intent. It bespoke defiance to foe — confidence to friend. She was the bane of the colliers. Not one of them liked to go alongside of her to deliver coal, especially when there was any sea on. Such occasions, indeed, gave a rude test of their patriotism, for it was like being thrown against a rock to touch her in rolling, and the recording angel must have been busy at times blotting out the transgressions of the exasperated skippers as they hurled their oaths at what they called the "d—d iron box!"

The ship was commissioned in the early fall of 1862, with Commodore Thomas Turner in command, and I soon joined her as Executive Officer. Her first three months' service was in the waters of Hampton Roads, whence she sailed for Hilton Head the latter part of January, 1863.

During her construction and fitting for sea, many officers looked upon her unfavorably. Some predicted that the armor would not keep shot out; others that she would roll over in the first gale she encountered at sea; but the fallacy of such opinions was soon demonstrated.

Arriving at Hilton Head on the 31st of January, 1863, Admiral Du Pont ordered the ship to be prepared at once for the coming attack on the defences of Charleston. These preparations were further hurried by the news of the raid of the enemy's iron-clads outside Charleston Bar as already narrated. The masts and rigging, hammock nettings and all other movable top-hamper were landed,

and studding-sail booms were rigged in place of the masts for signaling and other purposes.

During her brief stay at Port Royal, the ship had many visitors. The naval and military croaker abounded. Those wiseacres settled to their own satisfaction the many points of vulnerability their own doubting minds suggested. The most exaggerated ideas of the power of the enemy's ordnance possessed their souls, and dire were the results predicted. How they supposed the pent up Confederacy had been able to obtain better ordnance than the United States could command I never understood. It seems hardly necessary to add that the forebodings indulged in never met with verification. Neither shot nor shell from the rebel defences ever took the direction or worked the mischief the croakers had traced, or their fears had bespoken. The more, indeed, the ship was tried in battle, the more confidence she inspired.

Her arrival off Charleston was heartily welcomed. Her presence, indeed, was a great relief to the fleet that since the night of the 31st of January, '63, had been uneasy with constant visions of renewed raids of the Palmetto State and the Chicora.

For several weeks there was nothing to do but to keep a sharp eye on the bar, await the arrival of the Monitors, and look at the enemy adding to his defences and practicing at range buoys, planted in different parts of the roadstead inside the bar and in the channel leading up to the city.

As the first of April drew nigh, the preparatory incidents of the forthcoming attack began to multiply. The Monitors had arrived at Hilton Head. Some of them, indeed, had measured strength with Fort McAllister in Ossabaw Sound, and had retired from the contest with somewhat diminished prestige as regarded the offensive powers of that class of vessels against forts.

A ten-inch mortar shell filled with sand had crushed in the deck of the Passaic, which in the opinion of Commander Drayton would have broken through entirely had not the projectile struck over a beam.

As the Monitor decks were stronger than the spar-deck of the Ironsides, nervousness on that head increased. It had already been arranged to cover the deck with bags of sand, closely packed, but it was now determined to supplement such protection by spreading green raw hides over the layers of sand bags. The idea also seized the directing powers that grease on the armor would lessen the bite of the projectiles so that they would the more readily glance off. Strange, indeed, was the outward plight, and foul the smell of the trusty ship, when she went into action, thus dressed and coated with hides and tallow! It is no discredit to the Christian character of the Monitor Captains, who came on board for final instructions on the day of attack, to add that their wrestlings with the grease as they clambered up the ship's side by means of Jacob's ladder and man-ropes, conduced neither to amiability of temper, nor to special observance of the third Commandment. As they stepped on deck, the hides "smelt to heaven," and were slippery under their feet, but their own vessels had been plastered with grease, and they had doubtless brought on their hands and clothing smearings of their own tallow. The casemate of the Merrimac had been slushed down, I think, when she attacked the Cumberland and Congress, but the whole procedure would seem to have been puerile in the extreme.

On the 5th of April, the Monitor's transports and supply vessels began to arrive from Port Royal, and by noon of the 7th — or just thirty-three years ago to-day — all the attacking force, including the Ironsides, with Admiral Du Pont and staff on board, were across the bar and in readiness for the attack.

The substance of the Admiral's order of battle was that the 9 iron-clads at intervals of a cable's length, the Ironsides in the centre, were to pass in silence the enemy's batteries on Morris Island, and to keep on up the Channel until reaching a position to the Northward and Westward of Fort Sumter, where they were to engage that work at a distance of from 600 to 800 yards, firing low and aiming at the centre embrasure.

The order of battle will be in line ahead, in the following succession:

1 Weehawken	2 guns	Capt. John Rodgers
2 Passaic	2 guns	" Percival Drayton
3 Montauk	2 guns	" John L. Worden
4 Patapsco	2 guns	Comd'r Daniel Ammen
5 New Ironsides	16 guns	Commo. Thomas Turner
6 Catskill	2 guns	Comdr. George W. Rodgers
7 Nantucket	2 guns	" Donald McN. Fairfax
8 Nahant	2 guns	" John Downes
9 Keokuk	2 guns	" Alex. C. Rhind

A squadron of reserve, of which Captain Jos. F. Green was the senior officer, was formed outside the bar, and near the entrance buoy, consisting of the five vessels, — all wooden ships, — the Canandaigua, Housatonic, Huron, Unadilla and Wissahickon, — to be held in readiness to support the iron-clads when they attacked the batteries at Morris Island.

The Weehawken, Monitor, had a big wooden raft attached to her bow. Its purpose was to brush aside rope obstructions in the channel, and to receive the shock of the first torpedo that might be met. In getting her anchor, the ship's chain fouled this raft and occasioned some delay, but at a quarter past one, or at early ebb, the fleet was under weigh, and steaming up the channel. Probably no one thought the Monitor turrets could be penetrated by the enemy's ordnance, but there were some

who had grave doubts as to the resisting powers of the Ironsides. The Fleet Captain, the late Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers, said to me on the gun-deck as we started ahead: "I shall be agreeably surprised if the first fire of the enemy does not strip the plating off this ship." The ship had not been tried under fire as had been the Monitors, and perhaps such distrust was excusable, but it occurred to me that no officer holding such close relations to the Commander-in-Chief should have given utterance to such foreboding at so tense a moment, to any person whatever.

The attack, gallantly made, failed, as we know but too well. An officer of the Wabash, the permanent flag-ship, and now a retired rear Admiral, said; "Du Pont was beaten before he left Hilton Head." "The reason was that he had contemplated defeat with more earnestness down there, than he had counted upon success."

The enemy opened fire upon the Weehawken at fifty minutes past two; a moment more, and a tempest of shot and shell smote the advancing Monitors and waters of the bay with thunderous roar and incessant shock. In one hour and forty minutes, 2209 shot, shell, and rifle bolts, ranging in calibre from the 32-pounder to the 10-inch Columbiads, were hurled at the little fleet, to which storm of fire the reply of only 109 shells, from the 8-inch rifles and the 11- and 15-inch smooth bores, could be made. The aim of the enemy was very accurate; it could not help being so at such close quarters, because their ranges were marked by buoys, and there were certain points in the channel where the advancing vessels met perfect hurricanes of fire, searching out and developing defects and weaknesses that showed they were by no means perfect in their appointments, or as had been believed by the Department invulnerable. Turrets and port stoppers jammed and would not work; gun-carriages and steering gear were disabled; bolt-heads and nuts broke off from the

blows of the shot and flew like grape-shot inside the turrets and pilot houses; and other mishaps occurred, diminishing the offensive force of the eight Monitors, and rendering repairs and additional appointments necessary, to make them more effective against any enemy, and less liable to derangement as fighting machines.

The Weehawken, in leading in, stopped just short of a line of obstructions between Sumter and Moultrie. The obstructions, marked by rows of casks, seemed so formidable that Captain Rodgers, one of the bravest of men, deemed it imprudent to attempt to force their passage, and so sheered aside and stopped. This incident checked the other Monitors, and threw them into temporary confusion. From that time forward no further thought of a definite formation was entertained by the several Captains. *Tactical formations look pretty on paper, but in the mêlée and ever changing conditions of marine fighting, methodical positions and movements of ships cannot be maintained, a fact always borne in mind by the two greatest sea officers of modern times, — Nelson and Farragut.*[1]

The two vessels that got nearest Sumter were the Keokuk and the Nahant. The Keokuk had two turrets, each carrying one gun only. She differed essentially in details of construction from the Ericsson Monitors, and unfortunately the difference was on the side of weakness. The armor of the hull and turrets was composed of alternate layers and rings of wood and iron laid horizontally, and made compact by much bolting, through and through. The idea was to lighten the armor and still hold its impregnability; but the shot spread layer and ring apart, and went through at every point where they struck. The ship drew less water than the other vessels, and when the fleet became entangled by the halt at the obstructions, the

[1] Such facts had abundant illustration in the Naval fight off Santiago, July 4th, 1898.

gallant Rhind dashed up close alongside the walls of Sumter, and for thirty minutes sustained the concentrated fire of that work and of Moultrie. In that brief time she was completely riddled. She had been struck ninety times. Nineteen of these shots went through and through her, at and below the water-line. The turrets were pierced in many places, one gun-carriage was disabled, and one of the forward port shutters shot away. Soon the water began to pour into the ship so freely that the pumps could barely keep her afloat in the smooth water of the day. Under such circumstances Rhind felt compelled to retire from the front; and the next morning, at about 7 o'clock, in the choppy sea that had come up in the night, she went down in shoal water, a sight never to be forgotten. Happily the officers and crew were all saved, and subsequently did other brilliant service against the enemy. The Nahant, Commander Downes, went to the support of the Keokuk in her grapple with Sumter, the moment she could do so.

Dr. Charles Ellery Stedman, of this city, the surgeon of the Nahant, who entered the service at the first stroke of the rebellion, has kindly allowed me to copy from his diary or letters written at this time, as regards the events of the day. He says: "I saw the first gun, — a flash, a burst of white smoke, — the report of the shell near the Weehawken, followed by broadsides from the forts on Sullivan's Island, the shot falling thick and fast, churning up the water around the leading vessels. Then the Captain sent me below, and I went to my station in the ward-room, where all was in readiness. Pretty soon a shot struck us just over Lovering's head, knocking him off his stool, to his great delight; and after that, balls, shell and bolts rattled like hail upon us. Every now and then showers of water would fall on us and down the turret, thrown up by shot dropping alongside. 'Here comes a

wounded man,' cried one of the boys, and who should it be but the poor old pilot. 'Open the door for another,' and the old signal quartermaster, Cobb, was brought down with his skull crushed. 'Stand by, boys; make room for McAllister — G—d, we are catching it now!'

"When the Weehawken signaled, she had nearly reached the obstructions, our shot were falling short, and Fort Sumter was sending balls into and over us. Her barbette was one living sheet of flame, blazing from 10-inch guns and steel-pointed Whitworth rifle shot.

"'My quartermaster is killed,' sang out our Captain, Downes. 'Pass him down and send up another! Mr. Clarke,'— to the ensign in charge of the 15-inch gun,— 'you hav'n't hit anything yet!' 'We ain't near enough, Captain Downes,' roared Clarke. 'Not near enough! G—d d—n it, I'll put you near enough! Starboard your helm, quartermaster!' — and our gallant little skipper headed the ship for the obstructions, with only the Keokuk in our company, for the Ironsides had only fired four guns. Then the pilot and Cobb were struck down at the Captain's side by bolts flying from inside the pilot house. As they fell, a piece of iron, 78 pounds in weight, fell on the Captain's foot, its fall having been broken by striking the wheel, and thus saving his leg. We were now in a concentrated fire of terrible heat and accuracy. We were going right at the piles, when two or three big shot struck the pilot house and turret, jamming the latter so that it wouldn't turn; and we had to retreat perfectly disabled. As we turned, the cry was heard,— 'Our wheel-ropes have parted!' At the moment it seemed like certain death; but they were righted at once by relieving tackles, and we dropped down the channel to our old berth. We went up farther than any but the Keokuk, and had all been as brave and gallant and *cool* as John Downes, the result might have been doubtful a while

longer. I always said he would fight, and he has won the admiration of his officers and crew."

This is, I submit, a splendid tribute to the intrepid bearing of that gallant son of Massachusetts, which should not be hid. But what was the Ironsides doing all this time? Truth to say, unskilful management made her lag behind. The pilot house would hold only three persons without crowding; and the Admiral, Fleet Captain, and Fleet Pilot occupying it, there was no room for the commanding officer. Commodore Turner should have insisted upon his right to be there; instead of that, he allowed himself to be superseded as it were by the Fleet Captain, his junior; and, taking station on the gun-deck, was as completely shut off from all sight of the enemy, and from the handling of the ship, as though he had been miles away. Like the Monitors, the ship had helm peculiarities that demanded special knowledge and experience for successful management. The pardonable nervousness of the Fleet Pilot, piloting the ship for the first time, was increased by his utter ignorance of her helm qualities. The experience of the Captain and that of his own pilot having been thus thrust aside, bad management naturally ensued. It was a fatal mistake on the part of Admiral Du Pont. Had he carried his flag on board one of the other vessels, he would have had no occasion to say in his official report that "the Monitors became unmanageable in the narrow channel and occasioned delay." The ship would have been carried into action, and, in my judgment, the sun would have set upon an iron-clad victory. As it was, the ship was anchored twice to avoid colliding with some of the Monitors, and so lost untold opportunity; since at 4.30 the Admiral made signal to withdraw from action.

The Ironsides had been given opportunity to fire but one broadside, and some thoughtless people said that she

did not get near enough to the enemy to receive any damaging hits, but three of her port shutters were shot away, and some of the blows showed as crushing effects on the armor as she ever received subsequently.

The officers and men had unbounded faith in the prowess of the ship, and sore was their disappointment at this day's failure. Sorer still was the feeling when it was given out on the next morning that the attack would not be renewed; and when the Admiral left the ship with his flag the crew maintained a sullen silence when ordered to cheer him.

Meeting Fleet Captain Rodgers on the quarter-deck just after we had resumed our anchorage down the channel, I said to him: "I suppose the Admiral intends to go in again in the morning." "No," he said, "would you?" "I most certainly would," I replied. The Admiral, be it said, however, had intended to go in again; it was only when the reports of his Captains had acquainted him with the damaged condition of their respective commands that he decided to the contrary.

With the results before him viewed in all their bearings, he concluded that it would be useless to attempt further the capture of Charleston by naval effort alone. He knew that such decision would occasion great disappointment to the country and bring upon his head merciless criticism, but he believed he was pursuing the wisest course, and sturdily held to his decision. Yet had he known the damage Fort Sumter had sustained by the comparatively few shots it had received, and the real consternation of the garrison, he would have been eager to renew the attack the moment repairs to his disabled ships could have been effected.

Had the Ironsides, indeed, been carried up the channel to the support of the Keokuk and Nahant, the rapid and continuous handling of her guns would have kept down

the fire of Sumter and readily have breached its walls, but the grim sort of soul that "damned" the torpedoes in Mobile Bay was lacking, and it was not done. Yet in the light of subsequent operations and of the erratic way in which they were conducted, Du Pont's opinions had ample verification, for no purely naval attempt "to possess and occupy" the harbor was ever again made. The defences of Charleston, with the exception of those on Morris Island, were never abandoned until taken in the rear by General Sherman; and whatever adverse criticism Du Pont's action called forth, he never called councils of war, nor sought to throw on others the responsibility that he should alone bear. Still, we must think that he erred in not "picking his flint to try again," and in the unprofitable correspondence he entered into with the Department, he made the mistake of his life-time. He affirmed that the Monitors could not lie safely in heavy weather inside the bar at Charleston; that the wooden ends of the Ironsides made her very vulnerable; and that with the Ironsides inside the bar, the enemy's iron-clads might pass out to the Northward through Maffit's channel and renew the raid of the 31st of January; and he concluded, in his letter of April 16th, 1863, the suggestion of his relief from command in this language: "I am painfully struck by the tenor and tone of the President's order, which seem to imply a censure, and I have to request that the Department will not hesitate to relieve me by any officer, who, in its opinion, is more able to execute that in which I have had the misfortune to fail, the capture of Charleston." The President had sent two direct orders to Du Pont immediately after the failure of the 7th of April, and looking over them at this day, it would, in my judgment, puzzle the most profound lawyer in Christendom to find the least hint of a censure in them. Like too many others the Admiral failed to take into just account the

colossal burden that great man had to bear, — a burden he carried with a patience and fortitude, and a sweetness of soul perhaps without parallel in modern times. What Mr. Lincoln asked of Du Pont was to hang on at Charleston and at least to keep up a demonstration against the enemy's defences; and in sympathetic obedience to such wish, he should have hung on with bull-dog grip at any cost. Farragut or Foote would have done so beyond question. Too much reckoning in war sometimes defeats vital movements. Seamen like Farragut and Nelson and Foote looked for results rather than for pessimistic searchings for obstacles. They tested the enemy's preparation and resource by closing in upon them at close quarters at every opportunity, and so long as ships engaged the enemy vigorously, even if not quite in the original order, they were content. When Du Pont withdrew from Charleston, he returned to Hilton Head and re-established his headquarters on board the Wabash, directing the Monitors to report to him there, and the Ironsides to take station outside the bar again.

Once more outside the bar, the Ironsides made haste to rid herself of the hide and tallow adjuncts to her armor; the sand was thrown overboard and the bags stowed away for future use. This done, the ship was put in cleanly trim again, and the anxious and harassing monotony of blockade duty was resumed. But the ship had hardly settled down to such tiresome work, when rumors began to reach us to the effect that the attack inside would be renewed at an early day, and have the co-operation of the army. Also that Du Pont would be relieved by Rear Admiral A. H. Foote with Rear Admiral Dahlgren as second in command.

Meanwhile the Monitors were undergoing repairs at Port Royal, and being equipped with additional appliances to meet the weak points the ordeal of battle had developed.

The Passaic had been so badly damaged that she was despatched to New York for such purpose. When their defects, revealed on the 7th of April, had been remedied so far as practicable, their decks continued to be a weak point, and close action, where plunging fire could have but little scope, was a prime factor of safety; wherefore, in Admiral Dahlgren's time, the many heavy hits in closely contested actions did no serious damage. Under orders to relieve Du Pont, Admiral Foote left Washington the latter part of June, but he sickened and died in New York on the eve of his proposed departure for the South. To those who knew Foote, his death at such a juncture seemed a national calamity. I had served with him as a young lieutenant at the capture of the Barrier Forts in the Canton River, China, in 1856, and I knew what a dogged fighter he was. He was the Oliver Cromwell of our Navy. He could preach, fight or pray with equal facility. A superb seaman, rigid disciplinarian, and of surpassing executive ability, he was the most persistent and energetic officer I ever knew. Superior to Farragut as an organizer, and his equal in boldness of conception and audacity of attack, the enemy would have had no rest, night or day, until they had surrendered, had he lived to conduct naval operations at Charleston. His advent there as the relief of Du Pont, with good health given him for three months, would, in my opinion, have seen our flag restored over that fountain head of secession. But alas! death intervened, and Rear Admiral Dahlgren, who was to have been second, came down and relieved Du Pont as Commander-in-chief. Dahlgren and Foote had been close friends for more than a quarter of a century. Dahlgren was able, brave, and learned, and unquestionably the most accomplished man in naval ordnance of his day, but no one would think of putting him alongside of Foote as a seaman and tactful commander, or as an officer of genial spirit and attractive

manner. In his operations at Charleston he had many plans, but unfortunately never tested one of them thoroughly. He assumed command at Hilton Head on the 6th of July, 1863. Admiral Du Pont, under the instructions of the Department, had made all preparations for renewing offensive operations at Charleston, and Admiral Dahlgren hastened to put them into execution, together with plans and purposes of his own.

The idea had been abandoned of making a dash by the batteries for the inner harbor; so much had been conceded to Du Pont's opinion, and to the results of the 7th of April. A joint attack by land and sea was arranged between the Admiral and General Gillmore. The plan was to capture the defences, one by one, the first objective being Morris Island. Folly Island had been occupied by the army as a base, and masked batteries had been erected along its northern shore, opposite the southern end of Morris Island. This work had been accomplished unknown to the enemy, although their pickets, across Light-House Inlet, were not more than 600 yards away.

Meanwhile the Monitors, with their repairs and improvements completed, were held at Hilton Head, and the Ironsides, on the blockade, made no sign of preparation, in order that the ever watchful enemy should get no hint of the coming assault upon their works at the southern end of Morris Island.

But on the 8th of July, the Catskill, Montauk, Nahant, and Weehawken left for Charleston bar, arriving there the next day. At early daylight of the 10th, they crossed, the Catskill, bearing Dahlgren's flag, leading, and made for the southern end of Morris Island to cover the operations of General Gillmore's columns.

The land forces, in the meantime, under the immediate command of General Strong, had crossed the inlet, surprised the enemy, and put them to rout after an engage-

ment of three hours. The Monitors swept along the shores of Morris Island, pouring a continuous fire into the retreating columns of the enemy, and finally engaged Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg, defending its northern point. Those fortifications replied with vigor, and the action was kept up until sunset, when the Monitors hauled off for the night. Special attention had been paid by the enemy to the flag-vessel; she received no less than 60 hits, but neither she nor her sister Monitors were at all damaged.

The boats of the fleet, in command of Lieutenants Bunce of the Weehawken and Robeson of the Ironsides, had assisted in putting the land force across the inlet from Folly Island, and Robeson was the first man to land in the enemy's midst. Bunce also, as senior officer, landed a battery of naval boat howitzers manned by blue-jackets, and did effective service in dislodging the enemy, a fact studiously ignored in General Gillmore's report.

Admiral Dahlgren says in his report that "Lieutenant Mackenzie of the Wabash had charge of the boats that landed an assaulting column on Morris Island, and did it well." Admiral Porter also, in his Naval History of the War, full of inaccuracies, repeats the same statement. The fact was, Mackenzie was not there at all. He attempted to get there from the Ironsides with a lot of the squadron boats, but failed to get into the inlet until after the major part of Morris Island was possessed by our forces. Mackenzie was a gallant officer, and lost his life on the Island of Formosa in the China sea in 1867, where he accompanied me as second in command in an attack upon the Indians in the southern part of that Island, — a most foolish expedition ordered by the Commander-in Chief, — Admiral H. H. Bell, who was drowned a little more than a year later in Osoko, Japan.

The next morning, the 11th of July, Gillmore assaulted Wagner, but the work had been reinforced during the

night, and his attack was repulsed. Then it became evident that Wagner and Gregg could only be taken by regular approaches, unless indeed, the army siege guns and the fire of the iron-clads could effect such purpose.

The crew of the Ironsides were aflame at sight of so much work going on without their participation, but their time was at hand. The sand bags were now filled again, and closely packed over the deck, but the nonsense of the hides and tallow was not repeated. Crossing the bar on the 17th, the ship was ready for immediate action.

Commodore Turner had been relieved at his own request when Du Pont hauled down his flag, and the vessel was now commanded by Captain, subsequently Vice Admiral, Rowan. As he was promoted to the grade of Commodore soon after he assumed command, for prior distinguished services, he will be spoken of in this paper as Commodore Rowan. Now Gillmore, on the 18th of July, having advanced a number of heavy Parrott rifles and mortars to the front, determined to make another attempt to carry Wagner by storm, the assault to be preceded by a heavy bombardment, both from the guns of the fleet and from the shore batteries. At a few minutes past twelve o'clock, noon, on that day, the Admiral made signal to weigh for action. The Catskill, still bearing the Admiral's flag, and the army batteries, were the first to engage the enemy.

Let us take a look at the gun-deck of the Ironsides as she is steaming forward to the attack. The length of the casemate is about 160 feet with a breadth of 58 feet from water-way to water-way. At each of the seven 11-inch Dahlgrens, and one 150-pounder Parrott rifle, in broadside stand the crews of thirty-five men. Ten men of each crew are stationed at the tackles for tricing up the heavy port shutters, and also to spell the side tackle men in serving the guns in rapid and continuous fire. The after gun is manned by the marines, a splendid crew, rivaling the blue-

jackets in the perfection of their drill and in their eagerness to begin the fray. In addition to the men at the guns, the officers, quarter gunners, helmsmen and signalmen, make a grand total of 315 within the casemate.

With port shutters down and iron gratings over the hatches, the deck is very close. The day is hot and sultry, and most of the crew and some of the younger officers are stripped to the waist. Division tubs stand amidships filled with hot coffee, and the gun-carriages are whitewashed to light up the darkened deck.

On the berth-deck, and still further down in the magazine and shell rooms, the powder divisions are waiting in silence, powder-boxes full, and tackles hooked on and manned in readiness to whip up the heavy shells at the first call, while the Chief Engineer and his force of officers and men in the bowels of the ship are attending to the motive power, and keeping every detail of machinery in the highest state of efficiency. Though out of sight and missing the excitement attendant upon the handling of the guns, the hit and explosion in hostile works, the incessant roar of the cannonade, and sight of the restless guns, now dashing inboard in swift recoil from well-delivered fire, now flying out through ports by strength of stalwart arms for other deadly work, they know their duties are second to none, for were the motive power to fail, or the supply of ammunition to give out, the ship would be but a mockery in the face of the enemy.

The Ironsides got within feel of Wagner and Gregg at a little past one. The enemy's fire, which had not perceptibly slackened under the attack of the Monitors and land batteries, was now concentrated upon the Ironsides with furious force as she drew near their works. Holding steadily on her way until the desired position was reached, she anchored within twelve hundred yards of Wagner, or as close in as the pilot would venture to take her. Then

the good ship that had so long been made to play the part of a Quaker, opened her fire with grim intent and soulful precision. And when the gun captains had perfected their aim, their continuous and irresistible fire quickly told on the morale of the enemy, whose fire soon slackened. At times it ceased altogether. The bursting shells from the ships threw up clouds of sand, and if the 15-inch projectiles from the Monitors, with their greater explosive force, threw up the biggest masses, the fire of the frigate, with its uninterrupted storm of missiles, kept the sand flying all the while. General Beauregard said, indeed, "Her fire was delivered with more rapidity and accuracy, and she was the most efficient naval engine employed in the reduction of Wagner."

As the fight went on the deck was filled with smoke, and the paint-work and white-wash turned a dead black from its effect. The lee ports were kept open, but despite that ventilation, the heat and sulphurous odor became well-nigh unbearable. Many of the guns' crews and some of the younger officers would crane their necks out of the weather ports for a bit of fresh air. Among these was Ensign Benjamin Porter, just out of the Naval Academy, who was subsequently killed at the assault upon Fort Fisher. I seem to see him now, standing with naked breast and arm, patting the breech of his grim 11-inch gun in affectionate admiration, his skin fair as a maiden's, his clean, well-rounded limbs swelling with muscle, and his handsome, lovable face glowing with the light of battle. Ah! how little the thoughtless throng of to-day think of the cost in blood, in young life and human aspiration that gives the peace and serenity of this time! While it is a growing fad to seek connection with Colonial and Revolutionary ancestry, and to found societies and orders upon the rock of their achievements, the unsurpassed work, the intrepid deeds, and the untold sacrifice of a generation

ago, are too often passed by with scant recognition or scornful heed. Yet did the puerile drawing-room sentiment or counting-house spirit that dominates the urban centres of this nation to-day, inquire into the composition of the forces that saved the country in foul rebellion's time, they would learn that the matchless soldiers and seamen, and master spirits in control of the government in that perilous time, were the lineal descendants of the generations that fashion now seeks to admire.

But to return to our story. The fight with Wagner and Gregg continued with more or less spirit until seven o'clock, when those works became silent. The fire of the fleet had slackened considerably two hours earlier. It was understood that Gillmore would assault the works, making preconcerted signal therefor, the moment the naval fire ceased; but it was a full hour before the movement of the troops was made, and after a desperate conflict until near midnight, the assaulting columns, not properly supported by Gillmore as we now know, were obliged to retreat with heavy loss. At one time the storming force had partial possession of Wagner, but under the cover of the night the Confederates threw in reinforcements from James Island and drove our people back. When such fact became evident, the iron-clads hauled off out of range for the night.

The Ironsides had fired 805 shells from her broadside of eight guns during the afternoon, or a weight of metal handled and thrown, of forty tons. She had been struck but four times, showing that the enemy's accustomed vigorous fire had been smothered.

Gillmore and Dahlgren now came to the conclusion that the works at Cumming's Point, Wagner and Gregg, could only be taken by regular approaches. And to give the men in the trenches and the artillery-men advancing the siege batteries, cover from the enemy's fire, the iron-clads

engaged those works almost every day for weeks, while the Monitors having Parrott rifles pounded away at Sumter, until the sappers fairly burrowed into Wagner.

Sometimes the Monitors would be ordered to engage the enemy alone; but frequently at such times the enemy would respond with such spirit that Gillmore would request that the Ironsides might be sent to the front. Then the Confederates would hie to their bomb-proofs, and the brave fellows in the trenches could dig with comparative immunity for the time.

In these repeated engagements, the Ironsides was often struck; the power of her battery had compelled the enemy to strengthen their traverses with heavier masses of sand bags to enable them to stand the longer at their guns under the storm of shells poured in upon them. Full of pluck and ever alert, whenever the Ironsides slackened her fire, they would spring to their guns, deliver a round, and then fly to cover.

One morning with an exceptionally high tide, the ship got within nine hundred yards of the enemy. On this occasion she received thirty-one hits, mostly from 10-inch solid shot, though now and then the blow was from a rifle bolt. The round shot made the most impression on the armor; the rifle bolts hardly ever struck fairly on end, and their vaunted punching powers never had verification in the experience of the Ironsides. The ship never received serious damage.

Sometimes a shot would knock away with thunderous clang a port-shutter, or make the splinters fly from the top-rail or wooden ends. The smoke-stack was completely riddled, and the iron ceiling of the casemate shattered in several places. When a shot struck the sand-bag protected deck, it scooped off the bag, and then glanced upward and overboard, and while the deck planks were left almost unscarred, the inch iron plate underneath

was invariably shattered; the only harm arising from the blow was the tendency of the deck to leak at that special spot.

In all the ship's fighting, both at Charleston and at Fort Fisher, no man was ever seriously hurt; the nearest approach to it was one morning when a shot from Wagner cut away a port-shutter. The shot broke into fragments, splintered the rammer handle in the sponger's hands in the act of ramming home the charge, and flying inboard, slightly wounded some of the gun's crew. It was said by the enemy that in the attack of the 7th of April, the ship was for some time directly over a heavy torpedo which happily for us could not be made to explode.

When once fairly in action, the port-shutters would, as a rule, be kept up, and the Commodore, Executive, and Pilot would go on deck for a clearer look at the effect of our fire. Sometimes the party would be reinforced by the Surgeon, the Paymaster, and the Chief Engineer, but the bullet of a sharpshooter now and then, as it whistled over the ship, made it discreet to step behind the pilot house, heavily buttressed with sand bags, at such times. The 10-inch shot showed so well, their course could be readily traced in the air, and one could step aside if their direction seemed to point uncomfortably straight toward the observer. The descending blows at long range always crushed into the armor with more effect than the shots received at closer work.

While Gillmore was advancing his trenches, he had reinforced his siege batteries, so that on the 16th of August, he had about sixty guns in position for the bombardment both of Wagner and Sumter. Four guns so placed were 150-pounder Parrotts from the fleet, under the command of Commander Foxhall A. Parker, and served by seamen and marines under the direction of Parker and his gallant lieutenant, George C. Reemey. The

attack began early in the morning, the iron-clads co-operating; and while Wagner was at times almost hidden by showers of flying sand, great masses of masonry were thrown from the walls of Sumter by the explosion of shells from the Parrotts, some of them two and a third miles away.

It was on this day that a plunging shot struck the top of the Catskill's pilot house, and shattering the inner plates into fragments, killed the lamented Commander George W. Rodgers, and Paymaster Woodbury, and wounded the Pilot, Mr. Penton, and Master's Mate Trescott. The Admiral on that day carried his flag on board the Weehawken. So went on the work day after day, and whatever happened to the Monitors, the Ironsides seemed to bear a charmed life. Ever ready, she never had any damage to repair except the replacing of port-shutters. At one period of this bombardment, the crews of the iron-clads were kept at the guns for seventy-two hours without other rest than could be snatched at brief intervals when the enemy were quiet.

Gillmore kept up his fire on shore with more or less vigor night and day, until the morning of the 7th of September, when it was found that both Wagner and Gregg had been abandoned during the night, and now our forces were in full possession of the whole island.

Nineteen guns were found in Wagner, and the bomb-proof shelter of that work was still unharmed, although it had been subjected to the most prolonged bombardment of modern times up to that day. The iron-clads could batter down traverses by day, but the enemy could rebuild at night with equal facility. General Gillmore had reported the demolition of Sumter as accomplished on the 24th of August, but the enemy kept a few guns mounted, bearing on the channel, which they well served whenever the iron-clads approached its vicinity.

One afternoon the Ironsides received an 11-inch shot from that quarter. The gun was one of those the Confederates had skilfully recovered from the wreck of the Keokuk. The shot went through the unprotected port of the bow, cut away the heavy chain, demolished the bits, and finally brought up against the iron bulkhead. I took possession of the shot and shipped it to New Hampshire as a trophy.

In the afternoon of the day of the evacuation of Morris Island, the Admiral ordered Colhoun of the Weehawken to sound the channel between Cumming's Point and Sumter. It was not service for which an iron-clad was adapted, for if she touched bottom she would be apt to stick, and as a matter of fact she did ground and held fast with the falling tide. The enemy at once discovered her perilous position, and opened fire upon her from Moultrie. This led the Admiral to hurry the fleet up to the front to engage the batteries on Sullivan's Island and draw the brunt of their fire, and on this single occasion carried his flag on board the Ironsides. It was a hot fight while it continued, but darkness soon coming on, the firing suddenly ceased on both sides as if by concerted arrangement, and the iron-clads retired to their anchorages for the night. The Ironsides had fired one hundred and fifty-two shells, and had received twenty-four hits. On board the Catskill, Fleet Captain Badger received a severe wound from a flying plate of iron which lamed him for life. It was the irony of fate that compelled that gallant officer to go on the retired list just as the highest grade in the navy was within his grasp. Under cover of the night two tugs were sent to the assistance of Colhoun, but all efforts to get the Weehawken afloat failed. High water the next morning still saw the ship hard aground. As the ebb made once more, the vessel canted over so far as to expose the under part of the overhang and the unarmored part

of the hull to the enemy. The enemy bided their time, and about eight o'clock every gun on Sullivan's Island that would bear, opened fire upon the devoted vessel.

Colhoun with undaunted courage replied as best he could, recognizing the perilous position he was in, for the hull might be strained from the shock of his own fire, and if a shot got in under the overhang, the wound would be fatal. It would, indeed, have torn through the vessel and have destroyed her.

Meanwhile the other Monitors were hurrying to the front. The Ironsides was detained a little while alongside an ordnance vessel, replenishing her ammunition. As she moved up the channel, the Monitors were already hotly engaged, but as the frigate approached, the enemy concentrated most of their fire upon her. Though exposed to an "end-on" fire, a fire Du Pont had believed she could not endure, for some twenty minutes, and repeatedly struck, she held steadily on her way like a leviathan keeping holiday.

When arrived within 1,000 or 1,200 yards of Moultrie, she dropped anchor and swung slowly to the flood, bringing her port guns to bear, the enemy meanwhile pouring upon her a terrific storm of solid shot. Waiting with great coolness until her guns would bear, she began in her wonted way to fire with great deliberation to get the range. Then she broke forth into a continuous sheet of flame, and the "diapason of the cannonade," and the hurtle and crash and explosion of shot and shell, made grandest music in loyal ears. There never was a more inspiriting sight in war than the rapid handling of her heavy guns presented. They seemed but toys in the hands of their stalwart crews, and often for two or three rounds the port-shutters were kept lifted, giving the enemy a chance to show their skill by making lodgement of shot in the port-holes of the ship. Many of the shot striking her armor would break into fragments and fly like grape-shot around her; others would

glance off unbroken, and shooting up into the air, a hundred feet or more, drop down in the midst of the Monitors. During the height of the action, Stevens of the Patapsco, ever unmindful of exposure, manned his gig and came over to the Ironsides to communicate personally with Rowan, for Dahlgren was not in this fight at all, and then coolly pulled back again. Simpson in the Passaic, stood well up the channel along the whole line of fire, and engaged Battery Bee at the inner extremity of the works. The 51 hits he received attested the severity of the fire he encountered.

Davis of the Montauk, full of enthusiasm and "dog-goning his cats" — his wonted phrase — closed in on battery Marion until the pilot protested he could go no further, while Cornwall in the Nahant and Bryson of the Lehigh sought closest quarters with the enemy with equal dash and gallantry. Colhoun, full of the old Covenanter pluck he had been born to, still did his full part in the fray. One of his shells produced an explosion in Moultrie that killed sixteen men and wounded twelve others of the garrison.

Moultrie soon weakened under the concentrated fire of the Ironsides; her fire became intermittent, and at times stopped altogether; but the Ironsides had been obliged to go into action with only one-third of her supply of powder and shell, and when the enemy quieted down, she would economize her ammunition; such incident would give the enemy fresh heart, but only to be smitten again with the instantly renewed roll of fire.

There were two or three guns in battery Rutledge, between Moultrie and Beauregard, that were specially well served. Now and then Rowan would send word to Lieutenant Robeson, commanding the first division — and the one having the rifle — to give them attention. Robeson would sight the gun himself, and twice out of three times would land the shells plumply into the embrasures, and finally dismounted one or two of their guns.

The action continued three hours, when the hostile works having been beaten into silence for the time, and the Ironsides' store of ammunition reduced to less than half a dozen rounds, Rowan made signal to withdraw. The moment the enemy discovered such movement they sprang at their guns again and renewed their fire; but the ships made no reply, retiring to their old berths in the roadstead as if on review. Meanwhile, the generous flood had floated the Weehawken once more, and she steamed down the channel to rejoin her consorts amidst the resounding cheers of the fleet.

Thus ended what was perhaps the most remarkable and exciting fight between iron-clads and forts during the war. It was, indeed, a glorious day. I never recall its incidents without a thrill of delight. As the fight had progressed, the crews of the blockaders outside the bar and the supply craft in the lower roadstead could not restrain their enthusiasm, and gave vent to their feelings in cheers that could be heard at the front above the roar of battle. The Ironsides had been struck seventy-four times, but received no other harm than the loss of a couple of port-shutters. She had shown beyond question that she was irresistible in attack, and impregnable in defence as against any ordnance of that day. The nearly two hundred shells she had thrown that morning increased the respect the enemy always felt towards her; and had she been full of ammunition that morning she possibly might have dismounted every gun in Moultrie; — but Secretary Welles, and Assistant Secretary Fox, of the Navy Department had pinned their faith to the Monitor class of iron-clad, and they, as well as Dahlgren, seemed to ignore the prowess of that ship in every possible way. Had there been two or three ships more like her to co-operate with the Monitor, the capture of Charleston would have been an easy matter, providing the Admiral

commanding had the pluck and resolution to direct their offensive use in the spirit of intrepidity which is a prime requisite in war. The millions thrown to the winds on double enders that wouldn't steer, light draft Monitors that wouldn't float, and heavy steam sloops that rotted on the stocks, would have built a dozen armored frigates, which would have been of incalculable service in the days of the rebellion.

Had a part of the energy that had been put forth in the construction of the Monitors, early in the war, been applied to the building of half a dozen ships of the Ironsides' class, the capture of Charleston, Wilmington, and Mobile, early in 1863, would have been an easy matter; rebel supplies would have been easily cut off, and the great expense of blockading those ports would have been saved. Both classes of iron-clads were incomparable for their special purpose; but unfortunately for the country, the Monitor class had the most potent countenance of the Navy Department.

But what was Dahlgren himself doing on this memorable 8th of September, 1863? Let us see. Immediately upon being apprised by General Gillmore of the evacuation of Wagner and Gregg by the enemy, he sent in a flag of truce demanding of General Beauregard the surrender of Sumter. Beauregard sent a reply through Major Elliott, the Commanding Officer of Sumter, couched in the following language: "Inform Admiral Dahlgren that he may have Fort Sumter when he can take and hold it!" (This recalls the sententious reply of the German Chief Ariovistus to the urgent demand of Cæsar for negotiations. Said Ariovistus: "If I wanted anything of Cæsar, I should go to him; if Cæsar wants anything of me, let him come where I am!")

Now what did Dahlgren do when he got Beauregard's answer? He proceeded forthwith to signal the blockading

ships outside the bar to report to him alongside his flag-ship, all their heavy boats fully manned, equipped and armed for an assault on the enemy's works. Now early in the siege, the enemy had become possessed of the various forms of our signals — especially of the Meyers code — and the Confederate officers read the signals as readily as did the ships to which they were made. But not content with such open notice of his intentions to the enemy, the Admiral had the boats, filled with seamen and marines, coming in over the bar at intervals all day long. Their purpose was unmistakable in the light of Dahlgren's demand upon Beauregard, and the enemy must have been stupid indeed not to have discerned it and prepared for it.

The assault so openly advertised failed disastrously; the enemy were prepared at all points. The assaulting party, under the command of Commander Thos. H. Stevens, pulled in for the fort in two lines of boats about midnight, one for the northeastern angle, the other for the southwestern one.

When within close range, not only did the garrison hurl at the advancing boats an incessant fire of musketry, hand grenades and fire-balls, but the batteries of Sullivan's and James' Islands, and the guns of the iron-clad Chicora, covered three fronts of the approaches to Sumter's base with a storm of shell, grape and canister. Under these circumstances even, some of the boats effected a landing, but every officer and man in them was either shot down or obliged to surrender. The supposed gentle slope of débris up into the fort was but a myth. The breaches in the walls had been filled on the inside by huge masses of sand, and only a party well equipped with scaling ladders could have had any chance of success.

In less than half an hour the assault was all over, and Stevens had to retreat with a loss of 124 officers, seamen and marines, killed, wounded and missing, and five

launches. The enemy lost not a man. It was a happy night for them.

It was understood that the army was to have made a joint attack with the naval force; but there was no real concert of action between Dahlgren and Gillmore, and though the latter had his columns for assault arranged, he withheld their advance, and doubtless, under the circumstances, wisely. He probably reasoned that Dahlgren's open preparations had too clearly acquainted the enemy with what to expect. The Admiral's methods on that occasion, indeed, remind one of the sort of politician that goes hunting a nomination with a brass band!

The power of the iron-clads, and especially the Ironsides, on the forenoon before this disastrous assault, to withstand the enemy's fire from Sullivan's Island had been so completely demonstrated, that had Dahlgren replenished his ammunition, and moved up to Sumter with his fleet, instead of attempting that boat assault, the chances are he would have succeeded. Why he did not do so seemed strange and incomprehensible at the time, and is a source of wonder now. But the failure of that unfortunate attack seemed to paralyze the Admiral in the direction of attack; and if my memory serves me right, no sustained effort to batter down or capture the enemy's defences was ever attempted by the iron-clads after that memorable bombardment of the 8th of September, 1863.

About a month after that affair, the nearly successful attempt to sink the Ironsides by a torpedo stirred up the whole fleet with a feeling of discomfort that, in the minds of some, time never effaced. It was on the evening of October 5. The watch on deck had been set, and the watch below were sleeping at the guns. The marines, not on sentinel duty, were gathered aft on the port side of the quarter-deck, lying down in their overcoats,

accoutrements buckled on, and muskets at their sides. Many of the officers were sitting on the stern rail telling stories and fishing, for after evening quarters the sacred character of the quarter-deck was put in abeyance for the time, and sentinels and lookouts were posted at short intervals, fore and aft, on both sides. A gallant fellow by the name of Howard was officer of the watch. He had been promoted to the grade of Acting Ensign from the forecastle. Rowan and myself had been walking the quarter-deck together engaged in chat, when about nine o'clock the former said "he would go below." I replied that "I would go below also, as I had some letters in hand." But hardly had we reached our respective quarters, when Howard was heard to hail a boat, and the hail seemed unanswered. "Boat ahoy!" again rang out from Howard's lips: still no reply. "Boat ahoy! if you don't answer, I'll fire into you," was his final command. At that instant a musket flashed from the approaching object, and Howard fell back from the gangway, exclaiming "I am shot!" And ere the words were fully spoken the ship shook and trembled, from rail to keelson, from the shock of a tremendous explosion. A moment more, and a huge column of water, which had been thrown up into the air not less than sixty feet, deluged the deck amidships, and the engine and fire-rooms by its falling flood. The flash of the musket, the cry of Howard and the crash of the explosion came in successive strokes like the beats of a clock.

The marines, springing to their feet, poured forth volley after volley of musketry at the faintly discernible object, which rapidly drifted to seaward with the strong ebb and soon disappeared from sight. Meanwhile the officers and crew hurried to their stations at quarters, the watch below rubbing sleepy eyes and wondering what it all meant.

The Commodore was on his way out of the cabin, and

he was running up the ward-room ladder when the explosion took place. The pumps were immediately sounded, and a cutter dispatched, in command of Lieut. J. J. Read, in quest of the audacious stranger, but the night was misty and moonless, and the search unsuccessful.

The Monitors had in the meantime slipped their cables; they had heard the explosion and felt the shock, and were groping about in search of other infernal machines that might be lying in wait.

Howard and the sentries said the torpedo boat or David, as the daring stranger proved to be, looked like the back of a grampus with a small smoke-pipe and hatch amidships.

Some of the water thrown up by the explosion fell back over the David, and down her smoke-pipe and put out her fires. The volleys poured in by the marines also compelled Lieut. Glassell — the plucky officer in command — and his three men to jump overboard. Glassell and one of the men swam under the bow of a coal schooner and hid themselves amongst the head gear. They were soon discovered by the master of the collier who in due season turned them over to the Admiral. The other two men clung to the David until she had drifted well outside, when they got on board, got up steam again, and put back safely into the harbor by the Beach channel. The ship was not materially damaged. The torpedo must have rebounded some inches before it exploded, thus placing a cushion of water between it and the ship's bilge. The explosion drove in one of the hanging knees below the water line some eight inches, broke and splintered several of the eight-inch thick ceiling planks, and crushed into broomed fragments one of the heavy beams running across the engine room. The Master-at-Arms — a giant marine — 6½ feet in height and a weight of some 300 pounds, was thrown up against the ceiling of the berth deck and came down with a broken leg. Ponderous in size — his name was Little!

Outside the vessel, the effect of the shock was hardly perceptible: her massive strength had again been abundantly demonstrated. The old ship seemed to bear a charmed life, and the enemy must have been sadly disappointed when day broke, disclosing her battle-scarred ugliness still menacing their sore sight; and, as a matter of fact, she could have moved on their works within ten minutes of the explosion had she been ordered to do so.

The Admiral promoted Howard on the spot, but the gallant fellow had been shot in the groin with buck-shot and lived but three days.

The Ironsides was now surrounded by a stout netting of rope, rigged out from the ends of fenders several feet from the side, and a powerful calcium light mounted on top of the pilot house, revolved around the horizon at night. Boats also rowed guard on moonless nights. But the ship did no more fighting at Charleston. As already intimated, the Admiral made no further general movement against the enemy so long as the ship remained in his fleet.

The Weehawken and two or three other Monitors were obliged to go to Hilton Head for repairs after the hammering of the 8th of October. While those repairs were in progress, Dahlgren summoned all the iron-clad Captains to a council of war the Department had suggested. After a talk of six hours, the majority confirmed the Admiral in his decision not to make another general attack until expected reinforcements arrived in December. This was on October 22d, but desultory attacks were continued on Sumter by the Monitors carrying Parrott guns. One day the Lehigh grounded under the guns of Moultrie. When such fact was signaled from her the other Monitors — one of them flying the Admiral's flag — and a couple of tugs went to the rescue, and after sharp work, in which Assistant Surgeon Longshaw of the Lehigh carried a hawser to the Nahant, when a line officer should

have done it, the Lehigh was hauled afloat. Be it said here that Longshaw was a most intrepid soul. He subsequently lost his life at the assault on Fort Fisher. The bother of getting clear of the protective netting that had been rigged around the Ironsides delayed her getting to the front until all was over.

That is the trouble with all such exterior contrivances; they can never be relied upon for effective defence, and are sure to cause delay when rapid movement is imperative. And to come down to this time, it may be said, indeed, that the absurdity of some of the gimcracks that have been placed on board our recent cruisers was emphatically shown at the battle of Yalu, little more than three years ago. I predict that the next naval battle will eliminate still more of them.

But to return to our reminiscent talk, one blowy Sunday forenoon in December — the 7th it was — with considerable sea running in the roadstead, I suddenly noticed from the spar-deck of the Ironsides large volumes of black smoke, pouring out from the smoke-stack of the Weehawken. Walking across the deck for a spyglass, when I turned round, the deck of the Monitor presented to view an angle of some 45 degrees with the horizon, and before one could fully grasp the situation, the ship went down. Four officers and twenty-seven enlisted men went down in her. Commander Duncan had relieved Colhoun only two days before, and was on board the flag-ship at the time of the catastrophe.

The cause of such disaster could not be fully determined by the Court of Inquiry, but there seemed to have been carelessness in letting water accumulate in the anchor room, which bringing the ship's head down insensibly, would not permit the water to run aft freely enough to be discharged by the pumps. Water, however, made its way undoubtedly in between the overhang and main hull —

due in the opinion of many officers, to the straining the vessel had received when aground three months before.

Some two months and a half after this startling event — or on the evening of Feb. 19, 1864 — Rowan and myself, after the habit of ship life, were promenading the quarter-deck of the Ironsides, when suddenly our attention was called to signals a ship was burning outside. Seizing the signal-book, I read: "Torpedoes out to-night — assisttance in need of." The tug Geranium was immediately called up, and jumping on board, I went outside to inquire into the cause of such signals. Approaching the Canandaigua, the ship of the senior officer, Captain Jos. F. Green, the late Admiral Green of Brookline, I had some difficulty in communicating, for "Joe Green" was an exceedingly alert and cautious officer, and it was some time before we could convince him that we were friends. Finally, we were allowed to run alongside, and climbing on board, I learned that the Housatonic — a sister ship — had been torpedoed and sunk, but that Captain Pickering a son of Portsmouth, N.H., who had had command but a few days, and his officers and crew — with the exception of two of the former and three of the latter — had been rescued by the boats of the Canandaigua.

Pickering was much shaken up and badly wounded, especially in the head. The same David that had come so near blowing up the Ironsides had done this work; but she herself had also gone down with the stricken ship. Her approach had been discovered in good season by the forecastle lookouts of the Housatonic, the cable had been slipped, and the screw had put the ship in motion.

Pickering, on deck at the time, had called for his double barreled fowling-piece, which he always kept loaded on shipboard, jumped onto the horse-block, abreast the mizzenmast, and had fired one charge into the David when she struck the ship just under him. The next

moment Pickering found himself blown up into the air, and when he came down he found himself entangled in the shattered and splintered mass of timbers and planking of what a minute before had been the after part of his splendid ship! The depth of water in which she sunk was a trifle less than four fathoms.

As the ship settled, the officers and men took to the rigging, clinging there until the Canandaigua's boats took them off. The only man that saved his arms was an enlisted "Contraband." He had been posted on the forecastle with a musket and cartridge box, and he never let go of them. The Captain's clerk, whom Pickering had sent below for his revolver, never came back.

This second torpedo exploit of the enemy did not tend towards feelings of security inside. Some of the Monitor captains, indeed, never left the deck at night, and one of them took an involuntary bath one evening by walking overboard. (I tell you, Mr. President and gentlemen, it is much more comfortable to spend an evening at the Somerset, the Algonquin, or the St. Botolph in Boston in these times than it was to pass the night on board ship off Charleston in rebellion days.)

Just a week later than this event, Dahlgren went North in conformity with permissive orders from the Department. Rowan was, of course, left in command with orders to maintain the *status quo*.

At the end of seventy days Dahlgren returned to Charleston Roads and resumed command. The meeting between himself and Rowan was most cordial, and the Admiral was full of plans for another strong naval attack upon the enemy's works; but the next evening, when he was about to convene the iron-clad captains for consultation, he was handed a fire-brand, in the form of a communication from Dr. Duval of the Ironsides, reporting to the Department Rowan and his Executive Officer

Belknap and other officers, as being partners to disparaging remarks on himself which had demoralized the whole fleet. Rowan had endorsed the statement as false, and preferred charges against Duval. Then says Dahlgren in his diary, "As Belknap was not exonerated, I decided to begin with him as the senior officer." And he adds, "After swearing everybody, it seems that nobody ever spoke disrespectfully of him on board the Ironsides." Fortunate man!

But the Admiral was not appeased by the finding of the inquiry, and told Rowan if they attacked the enemy as he proposed to do, that Belknap should not go in! He was as stern as a certain deaf old Commodore of antebellum days. One day a midshipman was sent into the cabin to make a report to him. "What's that?" asked the Commodore! "I can't hear you!" "Oh," said the midshipman to himself, in an undertone, "you bloody old fool you, what do you understand?" "Ah!" blandly replied the Commodore. "I hear that, sir, and you may go below, sir, and consider yourself as suspended from duty!" Dahlgren, however, soon got over his pique; he seemed to bear no malice, and nothing more was heard of the business except that after a Court of Inquiry in Philadelphia, a few months later, Duval was court-martialed, and only saved from dismissal by the extreme favor of Secretary Welles and Assistant Secretary Fox.

Dahlgren, indeed, had the loyal support of every officer in the squadron; but some of them did not think he used his force as offensively against the enemy as the power of his fleet warranted, and sometimes when talking amongst themselves said so.

Had it been the rule to court-martial and shoot every officer of the army and navy during that four years of war for similar criticisms of superior officers, I fear we would have a very slim attendance here to-night! I am

not sure, in truth, but that some of the men who carried muskets and cutlasses, sometimes thought aloud on lines of impatient opinion. When, during the first hours after Dahlgren's return from the North, it was given out that we were going into Charleston — or attempt to do it — all hands rejoiced exceedingly.

But when his captains were convened, he laid before them a written document from the Department stating that the attack might be made if there was certainty of success, and the risk to the iron-clads not too great, for 1st, the iron-clads were needed for further service at Mobile; 2d, that it was the only iron-clad fleet the country possessed; 3d, that our relations with France and England were very critical at that juncture, and the country could not afford to lose any more of its iron-clads.

Under such conditions, the council of commanding officers voted against going in. Lieutenant-Commander Miller, now Admiral Miller, and commandant of the Boston Navy Yard, voted to go in; but the Admiral thought he was too young to vote on so grave a question. and that in case of attack an older officer would take command of the Nahant in his place.

After the decision just noted, so disappointing, the ships did little more than nightly picket duty in turn at the front, with an occasional fling at Sumter and Moultrie, which in effect advanced the cause not a whit.

It may be said here, that the service in the confined, damp Monitors was so exhausting that the officers and men were changed continually. Hence each Monitor, during her service off Charleston, had several different commanding officers.

One day Lieutenant-Commander Luce, now Admiral Luce, went up in command of the Nantucket in company with two or three other Monitors and engaged Sumter;

but a plunging shot soon struck the ship abaft the turret, smashed in the deck, broke the beam, wrecked the Purser's store-room below, and left a hole about three feet long. Some of the crew were hurt by flying splinters, but none were killed.

A few months after Luce was transferred to the Pontiac — double-ender — and one night while lying not far from Battery Marshall, he slipped and gave chase to a blockade runner. The next morning, while picking up his anchor, a rifle shot from that battery killed six of his men and wounded six others.

In the latter part of May, 1864, when the Department found that Dahlgren had decided not to renew aggressive operations at Charleston, the Ironsides was ordered to Philadelphia for docking. As she crossed the bar to go to Hilton Head to take in her spars and other gear, the enemy showed their delight by opening all their guns on the Monitors and store vessels, compelling them to seek a safer anchorage further down the channel of the roadstead.

When the ship reached Philadelphia in the middle of June, the officers and men were relieved and given leaves of absence for a brief time. For nearly eighteen months, I had not laid eyes on womankind, and it struck me that there were more pretty girls in Philadelphia than any other city could boast of.

Within a few brief weeks, I was ordered to the command of the gunboat Seneca; but after some two months' service in her, I was transferred to the command of the Monitor Canonicus, two 15-inch guns, up the James River. We had two or three fights with the enemy's batteries at Drury's Bluff, and then the ship was ordered to Newbern and Fort Fisher with the rest of Porter's fleet. Taking part in all the naval fighting there, the ship, on the capture of that stronghold, was ordered to proceed to Charleston and report to Admiral Dahlgren. Nothing could have

been pleasanter than the manner of the Admiral when I reported; but I found the same old scenes and methods awaiting me, though to give one a reminder, as it were, of the torpedo scare days, the Patapsco had fouled a torpedo off Moultrie the night before, and went down with a loss of 42 officers and men, making the third Monitor that had been sunk during the siege. Admiral Sampson was the executive officer, and during this Spanish war we have been told that he was blown sky-high into the air, although it was not chronicled at the time.

Resumption of duty there seemed almost second nature, and things went on in much the same old way, except that the big crew and spacious decks of the Ironsides were notably missed in my case. But the end was drawing near. On the night of Feb. 17, 1865, I had the advance picket duty in the Canonicus, supported by the Mahopac and several tugs and picket-boats.

The wind was fresh from the N. W. Throughout the entire night the army and naval batteries on Morris Island kept up a heavy fire on the rebel batteries on Sullivan's Island, to which the rebels replied by an occasional gun from Moultrie during the first watch. Heavy explosions were heard in the direction of James Island. And it was said our signal officers on Morris Island read this signal from Moultrie to the garrison on James Island: "I wonder if the d — d Yankees know what we are doing to-night!" Towards morning, heavy fires broke out in the city, and explosions occurred from time to time. At break of day, all the tugs and picket boats, with the exception of the tug Catalpa, returned to the bar anchorage.

About 6.30 A.M., the Canonicus got under way, and steamed up the channel towards Fort Moultrie, the Mahopac and the Catalpa following; but the air was so hazy, and so filled with smoke, that only a dim outline of

the city and the adjacent islands could be seen. About 7.30 A.M., the sun cleared the atmosphere a little, and the Canonicus approached to within long range of Moultrie, and threw two shells into that work, being, as events afterward demonstrated, the last hostile shots fired in the siege of Charleston. These shots eliciting no response, a tug was immediately dispatched to Capt. Scott, senior officer present inside the bar, to inform him that no movement was discoverable on Sullivan's Island. The rebel flag was still flying there, however, as well as on Castle Pinckney, Fort Marshall, and in the city; and some twenty minutes after throwing the shells into Fort Moultrie, a magazine blew up in Battery Bee. Judging from these indications that a party of rebels still remained on the island to complete the destruction of their stores and magazines, it was not deemed prudent to risk a boat's crew on shore until the state of affairs was better known, nor (with the recent fate of the Patapsco staring us in the face) was it deemed justifiable to risk the Canonicus in a further reconnaissance up the channel.

Soon after the explosion in Battery Bee, all hands were piped to breakfast, and the Canonicus steamed slowly down towards Wagner Buoy, passing the Mahopac on our way. When nearly down to Wagner Buoy, an Army boat was observed to push off from Cummings' Point and pull in the direction of Sumter; and a few minutes later, a boat, showing a white flag, was discovered pulling over from Sullivan's Island. The Canonicus was immediately put about, and was soon steaming up the channel again at full speed. A boat was also manned, and armed, and sent in charge of Acting Ensign R. E. Anson, to land on Sullivan's Island and bring off the rebel flag, flying on Moultrie, if possible. In the meantime, the Army boat and a boat from the Mahopac had communicated with the boat carrying a flag of truce, and now all three boats were

pulling for the coveted prize — the Moultrie flag. The Army boat had the start, however, and after a hard pull, reached the beach a few lengths ahead of the other boats. Mr. Anson then changed his course, and landing at Fort Beauregard, hoisted the national colors on that work; the Mahopac's boat, pulling in the opposite direction, soon put the flag on the flag-staff of Battery Bee. Slow matches, leading into all the principal magazines, had been fired, but all, with the exception of the one applied to the magazine at Battery Bee, failed to go off.

While this exciting scene was enacted, another boat pushed off from Battery Gregg, on Cummings' Point filled with our soldiers, who, in a few minutes, occupied Sumter, and placed the flag again on the ruins of that work. As the officer jumped ashore with the colors in his hand, the crews of the Canonicus and Mahopac joined with the Army in nine rousing cheers at the glorious termination of all their trials and discomfiture, anxieties and hard work, at this fountain-head of treason and rebellion. A little later, the tug Catalpa steamed into the harbor, and took possession of Mount Pleasant Battery, while a boat from the Catskill landed at Battery Marshall. By this time Captain Scott had arrived at the front, and about one o'clock the Admiral arrived, and went up to the city in the Harvest Moon. The evacuation of Sullivan's Island must have been very hurriedly conducted, as the guns and ammunition were left in perfect condition, very few of the former being spiked. In some of the batteries cartridges were found lying on the gun-carriages, and projectiles immediately under the muzzles of the guns, as though they were abandoned in the act of loading.

The last shot fired at the naval branch of the siege, was fired from a rifled gun in Moultrie, at the Canonicus, on the 4th of February. The projectile was an eight-inch shell, and struck the ship just abaft the smoke-stack, ex-

ploding on the impact, but doing no other harm than cutting away a boat davit.

The last blockade runner that attempted to get into Charleston was the English steamer Deer. On the morning of the evacuation of the defences of that city by the Confederates when Sherman came up in their rear, the late Commodore Barrett and myself went ashore on Sullivan's Island, and in Fort Moultrie we got hold of the signal code the rebels had used to assure the incoming blockade runners that everything was all right for them to run in.

Equipped in such wise we went ashore again just after nightfall to await developments. Pretty soon, as the twilight deepened, the sound of a steamer's screw announced the near presence of a blockade runner, and we threw out the accustomed signals.

A few moments later the long, low, lead-colored hull of the vessel began to show itself creeping close along the shore of the island in what is known as Maffit's channel.

As she got near, we hailed her to stop, and told her that we would send a boat alongside. We then jumped into our respective boats and pulled for her. Barrett, having the faster boat, got alongside first, and boarding her announced to the astonished Captain that he was a prisoner. The steamer had several passengers on board, and among them were two or three Englishmen. The disgust of the Captain and his passengers, and the officers and crew can be better imagined than described.

The steamer was a brand new craft, making her first trip. Her owners had little thought when they named her the Deer that she would soon prove to be a dear investment for them. The profits of successful trips from Nassau to Charleston or Wilmington were enormous. They sometimes netted 800 per cent: and if one vessel out

of three got in and out safely, back and forth, the ventures paid well. Indeed, a clear profit of $300,000 for a round trip was not unusual.

For several days before the enemy abandoned Charleston, the Admiral had been busy in visiting different points in the vicinity of the city. The night of the evacuation he was in Stono inlet. Up to 10 o'clock A.M. of the 18th, he had been unable to get definite news of the enemy's withdrawal. At that hour he steamed out of Stono to see for himself. He says in his diary, "By 1 P. M. reached the bar and steamed in; everything looked as usual. Could not see our flag, but the Monitors looked higher up." The Monitors, indeed, were well up between Moultrie and Sumter, and when the Admiral reached their vicinity, all the Captains went on board his vessel and accompanied him to the city. Not a soul was to be seen in any direction when we landed. Desolation and ruin were apparent on every hand. The silence was oppressive, and after wandering for a while through the deserted and grass-grown streets, we were glad to return to our respective ships.

I saw no more of Charleston, for I was soon ordered to go with the Canonicus to Hilton Head. After a few days' rest there Acting Rear Admiral S. W. Godon, came in with his flagship Powhatan with orders for the Monadnock and Canonicus to join his special squadron to Havana in quest of the rebel iron-clad Stonewall.

When I went to say good-by to Admiral Dahlgren he seemed to be much disturbed at a letter he had received from the Bureau of Ordnance, asking his consent to have his 9-inch and 11-inch guns cast in future on the Rodman principle. He talked more than an hour in the most instructive and fascinating way upon the subject of naval ordnance. Among other things he said, "Several thousand of my guns have been in constant use during the

war, and not one of them ever burst or showed the least sign of weakness. Nor have I ever received a cent of royalty from the government. Now," he bitterly continued, "they want to change the character of their construction, but they shall not do it with my consent." He was certainly justified in his anger.

I never saw him again. As Commander-in-chief in the trying days of the long and memorable siege we have been considering, he made mistakes both of conception and of execution, more or less grave in character, as I thought at the time, and am still constrained to think, but the country never had a braver man, nor the navy a more zealous commander. In ordnance he was unquestionably the ablest and most accomplished officer of his time, whether in our service or in any other. To his genius and labors, let me repeat, the country was indebted for the best and most effective smooth-bore guns the world ever saw until the perfected rifle guns of these days have rendered them comparatively obsolete. It is sad to say that his last days, like those of Du Pont, were embittered by belittling procedures at Washington that left their sting of injustice and brand of discourtesy to rankle in his breast and hasten his end.

Had Mr. Lincoln lived to complete his second term, the Admiral would not have been subjected to the annoyances that so beclouded the last years of his career, for the great President ever held Dahlgren in great esteem and honor.

We know that Mr. Lincoln was not given to profanity, but it was said that upon one occasion during the war when he was approached with a request to relieve Dahlgren from his command, the President refused to do so with great heat, saying that "he would be damned if he would do anything to discredit or disgrace John A. Dahlgren." The President did not forget the dark days

of early '61, when faithful among the few at the Washington Navy Yard, Dahlgren stood by the flag and became a tower of strength to the Administration in naval matters when treason stalked forth in the land and secessionists in their desperation hoped to seize and possess that important naval base but two miles away from the White House.

Let me close this paper in recalling an incident connected with the capture of the British steamer Cumbria by the gunboat Huron, Commander Downes, off Charleston, May, 1862.

After an exciting chase of some ten hours we got near enough to reach her with shells from our 20-pounder Parrott rifle mounted on the topgallant forecastle. At first the chase paid no attention to the work of the gun, but pretty soon a shell whizzed just over the head of the helmsman, who in his fright sprang away from the wheel. This caused the steamer to fall into the trough of the sea, and to lose ground. Her captain, now seeing that the game was up, stopped his engines and waited for the Huron to come up.

When I boarded the vessel to take possession of her as a lawful prize of war, the Captain said, "This is hard luck; it is a bonus of £2,000 pounds out of my pocket. I was to have been paid that sum in addition to my regular pay if I ran the Cumbria safely into Charleston."

The Cumbria was a fine steamer, laden with clothing, blankets, medicines and other articles needed by the Confederacy. Her Captain and officers were dressed in a uniform similar to that worn by the British Naval Reserve.

She had several cabin passengers on board, who learned to their astonishment that they must go to Philadelphia and not to Charleston, and they were invited to pay a visit to the Huron. "Why," said the astonished British-

ers, as they stepped over the gang-way of the Huron, "this is a real man-of-war; how clean she is, and the officers are gentlemen. What a fine looking man the Captain is. They told us the Yankees had no navy — only a few old merchant steamers with a rough lot of officers and no sailors!" And such was John Bull in those days!

THE BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY.

BY

COMMODORE FOXHALL A. PARKER, U.S.N.

Read December 10, 1877.

THE BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY.

That arm of the Gulf of Mexico, which, extending for thirty-five miles into the state of Alabama and varying in width from seven to fifteen miles, is known as Mobile Bay, will ever be regarded with interest by the student of history. For there is scarcely a rood of its shores but has served as the last resting-place of one of the early discoverers, while the bay itself derives its name from the Indian town of Manvila, whose governor, the gigantic Tascaluça, received Hernando de Soto, seated, while all around him stood, and his standard-bearer unfolded that banner which excited the astonishment of the Spaniards, and was so soon to be waved defiantly in their midst; for in Manvila's blood-stained streets it was, that, among other cavaliers of note, De Soto's two nephews fell.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Mobile Bay fell into the hands of the French and Spaniards, alternately; in 1812 it was taken possession of by United States troops, and annexed to Mississippi territory, and in 1819 it became included within the limits of the State of Alabama.

On the 15th of September, 1814, the stillness that usually hangs over its sluggish waters was for the first time broken by the roar of heavy artillery (for it was on that day that the British squadron, under Percy, was repulsed in its attack on the little redoubt called Fort Bowyer, with a loss of one vessel, the Hermes, and over two hundred men); and on August 5, 1864, it was rudely

awakened from its half-century slumber by the noise of the great battle which it has become my province to describe.

Alabama, having thrown her sword into the scale of the Southern Confederacy in January, 1861, turned her first thoughts toward the security of her only seaport, Mobile. To this end Governor Moore seized upon the United States Arsenal in the city, and garrisoned with State troops Forts Morgan and Gaines. As these forts, being at the entrance of Mobile Bay, were the keys to Mobile from the Gulf side, a brief description of their condition and armament must now be given.

Fort Morgan, on the site of old Fort Bowyer, is a pentagonal, bastioned work, built of brick, whose full scarp, wall is four feet, eight inches thick. It is located on the main land at the west end of Mobile Point, and mounted, at the time of the passage of Farragut's fleet, eighty-six guns of various calibres, consisting of rifled 32's, 10-inch columbiads, and two 7- and 8-inch, "Brooke rifles." In each of its bastion-flanks were two smooth-bore 24-pounders. Twenty-nine additional guns were placed in the exterior batteries, of which the most formidable, "the water battery," bore two rifled thirty-twos, four 10-inch columbiads, and one 8-inch Brooke rifle. Within the fort was a citadel (containing quarters for soldiers), whose brick walls, loop-holed for musketry, were four feet in thickness. The garrison of the fort, including officers and men, numbered six hundred and forty.

Fort Gaines, erected on the ruins of Fort Tombigbee, stands at the eastern extremity of Dauphine Island, three nautical miles in a W. N. W. direction from Fort Morgan. It is built of brick, in the form of a star, with semi-detached scarp five feet thick, and small works in angles for flank defence. When invested by General Granger it

had forty-four gun platforms laid; but upon only thirty of them were guns mounted, of which three were columbiads, and the rest 32- and 24-pounders. Its garrison consisted of forty-six officers and eight hundred and eighteen men.

On the flats to the southward and eastward of Fort Gaines innumerable piles were driven to obstruct the passage of small vessels; and from these two lines of torpedoes extended toward Fort Morgan, and their eastern limit was marked by a large red buoy. The channel between this and the fort was left open for blockade runners, and, being but a few hundred yards wide, forced every vessel using it to pass close to the fort.

Such were the works, and such the means employed for guarding the main ship channel. But about six nautical miles northwest of Fort Gaines there is a narrow cut for light-draught vessels, called Grant's Pass, which it was also deemed necessary to prevent the blockading fleet from getting possession of. For this purpose, between Cedar Point and Little Dauphine Island, on an islet of mostly made land, covering an area of about half an acre, the Confederates had begun the construction of a redoubt, which they called Fort Powell. The front-face of the work was nearly completed, and in a defensible condition, mounting one 8-inch columbiad and one $6\frac{4}{10}$ and two 7-inch Brooke rifles. The face looking toward Fort Gaines was about half finished, its parapets being nearly complete, while its galleries and traverses had only been framed. The rear face was without parapets; and the 10-inch columbiad and 7-inch Brooke rifle mounted there were exposed from the platform up. This part of the fort was strewed with a large quantity of lumber, which was being used in the construction of galleries, magazines, etc.

Inside of these defences, to the northward of, and

about five hundred yards distant from, Fort Morgan, lay the iron-clad steamer Tennessee, two hundred and nine feet in length and forty-eight feet broad, with an iron spur projecting beyond her bow at a depth of two feet below the water-line, which made her, in public estimation, the most formidable ram of her time. Yet, not trusting to *ramming* alone for victory, she carried in her casemate, whose sloping sides covered with armor, varying in thickness from five to six inches, were supposed to be impenetrable to shot, six Brooke rifled cannon. Of these two were pivot and the others broadside guns, the former throwing solid projectiles of one hundred and ten pounds weight, the latter solid projectiles of ninety-five pounds weight. The ports, of which there were ten, were so arranged that the pivot guns could be fought in broadside, sharp on the bow and quarter, and on a direct line with the keel. Her vital defect was her steering gear, which was badly arranged and much exposed.

As but little is known, outside of the state of Alabama, of the *history* of this vessel, which bore the whole brunt of the battle on the Confederate side after the Union fleet had fairly passed the forts, the following *resumé* of it cannot fail to prove interesting, I am sure, to the majority of my hearers assembled here to-night. She was built at Selma, on the Alabama River, in the winter of '63–'64; and, so soon as her frame was put together, she was towed to Mobile to receive her armor and armament; both of which, it is said, were made of iron taken from the ground early in '63, at the very time that the timber was being cut in the forests, which, after passing through the hands of the shipwright, was used in the construction of her hull. About four months were consumed in putting on her plating, and this made her mean draught of water a little less than thirteen feet. On her trial trip in March, '64, her speed was set down at eight knots; but

this was afterwards reduced to six, by the increased draft caused by her heavy battery and ammunition and the supply of fuel required to be placed on board after she was taken down the bay.

And now, the ram being ready, the great problem to solve was how to get her over Dog River bar, on which at high tide the depth of water was but eight feet. To effect this long wooden tanks or caissons, called in nautical language camels, were prepared, so fashioned as to fit tightly to the Tennessee's bottom. These were to be placed on either side of the vessel, sunk, by being filled with water, and then lashed securely in their places with heavy chains; after which, the water being pumped out, they would rise by their buoyancy, and of course lift the ship with them, if the lashings held.

The camels were just pronounced by their designer ready for service, when they were fired and destroyed; yet, not discouraged thereby, the Confederates set to work with a will to fell trees for the making of others. This being successfully accomplished, the Tennessee, in May, '64, was raised some seven feet out of water, and carried across the bar into Mobile Bay.

Near the Tennessee were anchored three wooden gunboats; viz., the Morgan, the Gaines, and the Selma. The Morgan carried one 63-cwt. 8-inch gun, and five 57-cwt. 32-pounders; the Gaines, one Brooke rifle, and five 57-cwt. 32-pounders; the Selma, three 8-inch Paixhans, and one old-fashioned heavy 32-pounder converted to a rifle and banded at the breech, throwing a solid projectile weighing about sixty pounds. During the time that the Alabamians were putting their forts into the condition described above, and assembling their vessels, they were almost unmolested. A small squadron, it is true, had been despatched early in May, 1861, to blockade Mobile

Bay, which Fort Morgan welcomed by displaying under the Confederate flag a United States ensign with its "Union down," and after the capture of New Orleans that squadron was augmented until it had reached the proportions of a fleet; but it was not until every stronghold on the Mississippi had fallen into our hands, and the Confederacy was thereby cut in twain, that the Government seriously directed its attention to the reduction of Mobile. Accordingly, on January 20th, 1864, we find Farragut, who possessed all its confidence, making a reconnoissance of the defences of Mobile Bay, and thus writing of them to the Navy Department:

"I went in over the bar in the gunboat Octorora, Lieutenant-Commander Lowe, taking the Itasca in company as a precaution against accident. We passed up to Sand Island, and laid abreast of the light-house on it. The day was uncommonly fine, and the air very clear. We were distant from the forts three (3) and three and a half ($3\frac{1}{2}$) miles, and could see everything distinctly.

"I am satisfied that, if I had one iron-clad at this time, I could destroy their whole force in the bay, and reduce the forts at my leisure, by co-operation with our land forces, — say five thousand men. We must have about two thousand five hundred men in the rear of each fort to make regular approaches by land, and to prevent the garrison's receiving supplies and re-enforcements; the fleet to run the batteries, and fight the flotilla in the bay. But without iron-clads we should not be able to fight the enemy's vessels of that class with much prospect of success, as the latter would lie on the flats, where our ships could not go to destroy them. Wooden vessels can do nothing with them unless by getting within one hundred or two hundred yards, so as to ram them or pour in a broadside.

"The iron-clad Nashville, I am told by a refugee, will

not be ready before March; and he says Buchanan made a speech to his men, saying that, as soon as she is finished, he will raise the blockade, etc. It is depressing to see how easily false reports circulate, and in what a state of alarm the community is kept by the most absurd rumors. If the Department could get one or two of the iron-clads here, it would put an end to this state of things, and restore confidence to the people of the ports now in our possession.

"I feel no apprehension about Buchanan's raising the blockade of Mobile; but with such a force as he has in the bay, it would be unwise to take in our wooden vessels without the means of fighting the enemy on an equal footing. By reference to the chart you will see how small a space there is for the ships to manœuvre."

Early in May the Tennessee, having been floated upon camels, as we have said, over Dog River bar, steamed across the bay, in full view of the blockading fleet; and Farragut seems to have been greatly impressed with her warlike appearance. "Unless she fails in some particular," he reports to the Department, "I fear it will be much more difficult to take Mobile than it would have been one week ago."

Day by day now, however, the Rear Admiral's spirits rose as fresh vessels reported to him for duty; and on the 12th of July he issued General Order No. 10, wherein, after presenting the manner in which the ships shall be stripped for the conflict, he says:

"The vessels will run past the forts in couples, lashed side by side, as hereinafter designated. The flagship will lead and steer from Sand Island N. by E. by compass, until abreast of Fort Morgan, then N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. until past the Middle Ground, then N. by W.; and the others, as designated in the drawing, will follow in due order, until ordered to anchor; but the bow and quarter line must be

preserved, to give the chase-guns a fair range, and each vessel must be kept astern of the broadside of the next ahead. Each vessel will keep a very little on the starboard quarter of her next ahead, and, when abreast of the fort, will keep directly astern, and, as we pass the fort, will take the same distance on the port-quarter of the next ahead, to enable the stern-guns to fire clear of the next vessel astern.

"It will be the object of the Admiral to get as close to the fort as possible before opening fire; the ships, however, will open fire with their chase and other guns, as fast as they can be brought to bear, the moment the enemy opens upon us. Use short fuzes for the shell and shrapnel, and, as soon as within three or four hundred yards, give the grape. It is understood that heretofore we have fired too high; but with grape-shot it is necessary to elevate a little above the object, as grape will 'dribble' from the muzzle of the gun. If one or more of the vessels be disabled, their partners must carry them through, if possible; but if they cannot, then the next astern must render the required assistance; but, as the Admiral contemplates moving with the flood-tide, it will only require sufficient power to keep the crippled vessels in the channel.

"Vessels that can must place guns upon the poop and topgallant forecastle, and in the tops on the starboard side. Should the enemy fire grape, they will remove the men from the topgallant forecastle and poop to the guns below, until out of grape range.

"The howitzers must keep up a constant fire with shrapnel from the time they can reach until out of range."

On July 29th, General Order No. 10 was supplemented by these, Farragut's last written instructions to his commanders before engaging: "Should any vessel be disabled to such a degree that her consort is unable to keep her in her station, she will drop out of line to the westward,

and not embarrass the vessels next astern by attempting to regain her station. Should she repair damages so as to be able to re-enter the line of battle, she will take her station in the rear, as close to the last vessel as possible.

"So soon as the vessels have passed the fort, and kept away northwest, they can cast off the gunboats at the discretion of the senior officer of the two vessels, and allow them to proceed up the bay to cut off any of the enemy's gunboats that may be attempting to escape to Mobile. There are certain black buoys, placed by the enemy, from the piles on the west side of the channel across it towards Fort Morgan. It being understood that there are torpedoes and other obstructions between the buoys, the vessels will take care to pass eastward of the easternmost buoy, which is clear of *all* obstructions."

While all this was happening afloat, the great general, who, after he had taken Vicksburg in violation of every recognized military principle, and beaten Bragg at Missionary Ridge, was invested with supreme command ashore, failed not to recognize the importance of massing troops in Alabama to co-operate with the fleet. "Assuming," says Andrews, "that the Red River expedition would be successful, Grant, on the 31st of March, 1864, in a despatch to Banks, expressed the opinion that, after reserving a force sufficient to guard the Mississippi River, he (Banks) would have left, according to the last returns, a force of over thirty thousand effective men with which to move against Mobile; to which he expected to add five thousand men from Missouri. 'If, however,' he continued, 'you think the force here stated too small to hold the territory regarded as necessary to hold, I would say concentrate at least twenty-five thousand men of your present command for operations against Mobile; with these, and such other additions as I can give you from

elsewhere, lose no time in making a demonstration, to be followed by an attack.' "

The defeat of Banks, however, inspirited the Confederates west of the Mississippi to such a degree that they at once assumed the offensive; so that General Canby, Banks's successor, finding ample employment for all his forces in Arkansas and Louisiana, was unable to carry out his superior's instructions, especially as he had been compelled to send six thousand men of his command to Washington, then menaced by Early. Grant thereupon postponed his contemplated movement upon Mobile to a more convenient season, contenting himself, meanwhile, with sending an order to Canby to despatch to Farragut the troops necessary to invest Forts Gaines and Morgan.

Circumstances, however, making it impossible for Canby to spare men enough to invest both forts at once, it was agreed, at Farragut's suggestion, that Gaines should be first invested.

For this purpose, on the afternoon of August 3d, fifteen hundred men were landed on Dauphine Island, by the boats, and under cover of the guns of a flotilla commanded by Lieutenant-Commander J. C. P. DeKraft.

The troops, which consisted of detachments from the 77th Illinois, 34th Iowa, 96th Ohio, 3d Maryland dismounted cavalry, and Cobb's colored regiment of engineers, under the immediate orders of Brigadier-General McGinnis, and accompanied by General Gordon Granger as commander-in-chief, took up their march the moment they reached the shore for Fort Gaines, distant from them fifteen miles. Their progress through the heavy sand was slow and laborious; and when night shut in, with a drenching rain, so intense was the darkness that "three times the skirmish line got in rear of the main column." They pushed forward with spirit, however, until midnight, and then at the word of command threw themselves down

on the wet ground without a murmur, and slept the sleep of the weary, until awakened by the bugles of the morrow, when they resumed their march, and before the day closed were intrenched about the fort, their skirmish line being less than half a mile from it.

At sunrise on the 5th Fort Gaines opened fiercely upon the besiegers; but an hour later the sharp crack of its rifles was hushed by the loud continuous roar of artillery on the opposite side of the channel, where the magnificent spectacle presented itself of Farragut's fleet, wreathed in smoke, — its leading vessels one sheet of fire from their starboard batteries, — forcing the passage of Fort Morgan.

From the day General Order No. 10 was promulgated, up to the very moment of conflict, the greatest activity had prevailed in the Union fleet, all of whose vessels had in turn visited Pensacola (but a few hours' sail from Mobile), to get ready for the fray. In the ships carrying spars nothing above the topmasts was left standing, and the Richmond had wisely struck and landed even her topmasts and topsail yards. On the outside of each vessel, in the wake of her engines and boilers, chain cables were ranged fore and aft, and inside sand bags were placed from stem to stern, and from the berth to the spar deck; and in short every contrivance that Yankee ingenuity could suggest was resorted to for the protection of the vessels and their crews from shot and shell, from splinters and falling spars.

Farragut had fully intended to run into the bay on the day the troops were landed on Dauphine Island; but his design was frustrated by the non-arrival of the Monitor Tecumseh until the evening of August 4th, when she steamed in and took up her anchorage in the Sand Island channel, with her consorts the Winnebago, Manhattan, and Chickasaw.

On the following morning at four o'clock the wooden

vessels, which were anchored three and a half miles S.S.E. of the iron-clads, commenced getting underway, and forming double column, or column of *twos lashed together*, the starboard vessels of which were the Brooklyn, Hartford, Richmond, Lackawanna, Monongahela, Ossipee, and Oneida; the port ones, the Octorora, Metacomet, Port Royal, Seminole, Kennebec, Itasca, and Galena.

The inboard and starboard waist and quarter boats of many of the vessels of the fleet had been left at Pensacola; the others were being carried (lowered to the water's edge), or towed out of harm's way on the port side of the column, with the exception of the little Loyal, the Admiral's steam barge, which, with its saucy howitzer in the bows, was making its way into rebeldom unaided.

As the Brooklyn had four chase-guns, and was presented with a torpedo-catcher, Farragut, at the instance of his captains, had given her the lead. "They urged it upon me," he says in his report to the Secretary of the Navy, "because in their judgment the flag-ship ought not to be too much exposed. This I believe to be an error; for, apart from the fact that exposure is one of the penalties of rank in the navy, it will always be the aim of the enemy to destroy the flag-ship, and such attempt was very persistently made, but Providence did not permit it to be successful."

The Hartford, a vessel already of historic fame from her having borne the flag of Farragut at New Orleans, was destined to bear it again in triumph on this memorable occasion. She was a screw ship of the second class, with full sail power, and of nineteen hundred tons burden; her extreme length being two hundred and twenty-five feet, her greatest breadth of beam forty-four, and her mean draught of water, with everything in, sixteen feet three inches. Her engines were direct-acting, developing a speed of eight knots, and her greatest speed under sail and

steam combined was eleven knots. Her armament consisted of eighteen 9-inch Dahlgrens, two 100-pound Parrotts, and one 30-pound Parrott; and the whole weight of solid projectiles thrown by her at a broadside was nine hundred and eighty pounds.

The Brooklyn and the Richmond were sister ships to the Hartford, the Lackawanna and Monongahela about five hundred tons smaller; and from the Monongahela the fleet gradually decreased in size and armament, until we reach the little Itasca of five hundred tons, with a battery of one 11-inch gun, two 32-pounder, of 57 cwt., two 20-pounder Parrotts, and one 12-pounder Dahlgren.

The Tecumseh and the Manhattan were single-turreted monitors of the burden of five hundred and fifty tons, whose extreme length was two hundred and twenty-five feet, and extreme beam forty-three feet. The diameter of their 10-inch turrets, in the clear, was twenty-one feet, and each turret carried a 15-inch gun. Their side-armor was five, their deck-armor two, inches thick, and the height of their decks above water eighteen inches.

The Chickasaw and the Winnebago were not so heavily armored as their consorts, and differed from them in having two turrets each, and in their light draught of water, which was but six feet. In each of their turrets were mounted two 11-inch guns.

The total weight of metal of the advancing fleet was fourteen thousand two hundred and six pounds; that thrown by it at a broadside, nine thousand two hundred and eighty-eight pounds.

So soon as the vessels were in position, they hoisted an ensign at each mast-head, and steered for the Sand Island channel, the monitors joining them as they crossed "the outer bar," and forming in column of vessels, on their starboard side, abreast of the Brooklyn, Hartford, and Richmond.

The morning was a beautiful one; the sea smooth, and the sky unclouded; and, as the fleet steamed steadily up the main ship-channel — drum answering drum from van to rear in hoarse summons to the officers and men of each ship to assemble at their quarters — De Kraft, who was watching it from the mast-head of the Conemaugh, was struck with its "stately appearance and compact order." "I noticed also with great satisfaction," he remarks, "that a light breeze was springing up from the westward, which must certainly blow the smoke from our guns, as soon as they opened, full upon the fort and batteries."

At six o'clock the Confederate vessels, upon signal from their Admiral, emerged from behind the fort, and took position in single echelon across the channel, with their port batteries bearing upon our fleet. The Selma on the right was in advance and farthest to the northward, while the ram Tennessee on the left rested a little to the westward of the red buoy, and close to the inner line of torpedoes, upon which, as the tide was flood, there was no danger of her drifting.

About this time, too, the steamers Genesee, Pinola, Pembina, Sebago, Tennessee and Bienville came to anchor to the southward and eastward of Fort Morgan, and opened fire upon it. The station assigned to them was to the northward of the *South East shoal*, as close to Mobile Point as they could get, so that they might in a measure keep down the fire of the fort while the fleet was passing it; but through some misunderstanding perhaps on the part of their senior-officer, Lieutenant-Commander Grafton, they were anchored at such a respectful distance from the shore as to render their fire useless.

After forty-seven minutes past six the Tecumseh, which was then in the lead about three hundred yards from the Brooklyn, and sharp on her starboard bow, fired her guns, merely for the purpose of scaling them, and then loaded

each with sixty pounds of powder and a steel shot in readiness to engage the ram.

At six minutes past seven the fort opened, and was replied to by the Brooklyn, and in a few minutes thereafter the action became general on both sides.

The scene from the Conemaugh was now grand beyond all description: the forts, batteries, and monitors enveloped in smoke, made luminous by the flashes of their guns; the wooden vessels in plain view, vomiting fire from stem to stern; and the grand old Admiral in the port main rigging of the Hartford just below the futtock staff, reclining as it were in a sort of bridle or swing passed around his back and under his arms, whose ends were fastened to the futtock shrouds. One hand grasped the rigging and in the other he held a marine glass; and thus, without danger of losing his hold or footing, he could turn easily in every direction, and see all that was passing below him, on the water and on the land. Beneath him on the poop was his fleet-captain, Percival Drayton, an officer noted for his professional ability and zeal for the service; and in the top above his head, leaning against the rail, stood his trusty pilot, Martin Freeman, whose services should ever be remembered with gratitude by the republic. Communicating through a speaking-tube with the deck of the Hartford, and signalling with his hands to the commanding officer of her consort, Lieutenant-Commander Jouett, who stood on the starboard wheel-house of his vessel, he piloted the flag-ship amid all the vicissitudes of battle with a calmness and intrepidity truly heroic.

And indeed throughout the whole fleet a spirit of devotion to duty was manifested, worthy of the descendants of the men who had blown up the Philadelphia in the harbor of Tripoli, followed Perry and McDonough on Lakes Erie and Champlain, and burned a Mexican schooner moored to the Castle of San Juan D'Ulloa.

The signal quartermaster, with his flags at hand, kept his glass steadily fixed upon the flag-ship. What cared he for shot or shell, if the signals of the Admiral were but truly transmitted or replied to?

The helmsman, with his hands grasping the spokes of the wheel, had ears alone for his Captain and the pilot — "*Starboard a little!*" "*Port a little!*" he cried from time to time, echoing the orders of his superiors.

The leadsman in the chains gave out the soundings as coolly and deliberately as if they were entering a friendly harbor, and, mingling with the cries of the helmsman as the water shoaled came the warning words — "*By the mark, three!*" or, "*A quarter less four!*" in the musical tones so dear to seamen.

The bronzed veteran and the old salt who had seen service in Mexico and China, stood side by side at the guns with the young marine officer and the boy graduate of the Academy, and each had equal faith in the other; for all knew that to die for one's country, when need be, is not only "sweet and decorous," but strictly according to Navy teaching, and "the usage of the sea-service."

And in this faith all went to their posts, prepared to obey the regulations and "fight courageously;" for in a fleet where a single shell exploding in the boiler of a vessel might subject the engineers and firemen to the fate of Marsyas, or a torpedo or infernal exploding under her bottom send all hands journeying *ad astra*, no one could properly be considered a *non-combatant*.

The *morale* of the Union fleet, then, was what the French would call superb; all, from the highest to the lowest, placing implicit faith in Farragut, and all prepared to take any risks when led by him. Thus, while the gallant Captain of the Winnebago was coolly walking back and forth on the bridge of his vessel, giving orders,

first to the gunners of one turret, then to those of the other, how to direct their fire, a negro seaman, probably stationed at the life-buoy, was as coolly promenading the poop-deck of the Galena. Seemingly unsconscious of all that was passing around him, this man, with his hands uplifted to Heaven, was loudly singing a negro hymn. God knows what thoughts were passing through his mind on this *his* day of Jubilee!

At a quarter past seven the flag-ship signalled to the wooden vessels "*Closer order*," when the column was closed as compactly as possible, the bows of each pair of vessels being within a few yards of the vessels next ahead, and a little on their starboard quarter. The fleet was now heading about a point to the left of Fort Morgan, its rear being past Sand Island, and the van within a half-mile of the water-battery, whose galling fire, as well as that of the Confederate squadron, could only be replied to by the bow-chasers of its leading vessels.

By half past seven the Tecumseh, which still maintained her position ahead of the Brooklyn, was well up with the fort, and drawing slowly by the Tennessee, leaving her on the port beam. At this moment, when the eyes of all were riveted upon the ironclads, expecting to see them hotly engaged so soon as the Tecumseh should have passed the lines of torpedoes intervening between them, the Brooklyn and the Hartford poured a broadside into Fort Morgan, driving the enemy helter-skelter from their barbette and water-batteries.

The sight was an inspiriting one; and in the enthusiasm of the moment, the gallant Craven, who thirsted for the honor of engaging the ram singly, gave the fatal order, "*Hard-a-Starboard!*" and dashed straight at her, *his course taking him to the westward of the large red buoy.* The bow gun of the Tennessee, loaded with a steel bolt weighing one hundred and forty pounds, was kept steadily

trained upon the Monitor as she advanced. "Do not fire, Mr. Wharton," cried Captain Johnston of the Tennessee to the lieutenant in charge of her first division, "until the vessels are in actual contact." — "Aye, aye, Sir," was the cool response of Wharton, as he stepped to the breech of the bow gun "in expectation of a deadly fight at close quarters." Scarce were the words uttered when the Tecumseh, reeling to port, as from an earthquake shock, foundered head foremost with almost every soul on board, destroyed by a torpedo. A few of her crew were observed to leap wildly from her turret; for an instant her screw was seen revolving in air — and then there was nothing left to show that the Tecumseh had ever formed one of that proud Union fleet, but a small boat washed from her deck, and a number of half drowned men struggling fiercely for life in the seething waters which had closed over their vessel forever. Such was the fate of the Tecumseh!

Short shrift had they who went down with her! Yet short as the time of her foundering was, it has furnished us with one of those magnificent episodes of war which make famous the annals of nations. Craven and Mr. John Collins, the pilot of the Tecumseh, met, as their vessel was sinking beneath them, at the foot of the ladder leading to the top of the turret. Great and good men often err; but they differ from ordinary mortals in this, that they are willing to atone for their errors, even with their lives if necessary. It may be then, that Craven in the nobility of his soul — for all know he was one of nature's noblemen — it may be, I say, that in the nobility of his soul the thought flashed across him, that it was through no fault of his pilot that the Tecumseh was in this peril — he drew back — "After you, pilot," said he grandly. "There was nothing after me," relates Mr. Collins, who fortunately lived to tell this tale of heroism.

"When I reached the utmost round of the ladder, the vessel seemed to drop from under me."

Yet Craven's words, carried to heaven by approving angels as evidence of man's *humanity* to man, will live forever in the book of life, with no tear on the page to efface the record. Therefore the Navy points with exultation — not regret — to the buoy off Fort Morgan, which watches over his iron tomb.

His sword is rust,
His body dust —
His soul is with the Saints, we trust.

. . . . . .

Appalled at the disaster to the Tecumseh, the Brooklyn stopped. "What is the matter with the Brooklyn?" asked the Admiral anxiously; "Freeman, she must have plenty of water there!" "Plenty of water and to spare, Admiral," replied the sturdy pilot: "but her screw is moving; I think she is going ahead again, Sir." "*Ahead again!*" If that were true, it were glorious news indeed! But no! By heaven, she backs! backs full upon the flag-ship! thus arresting the advance of the whole fleet; so that the rear presses upon the van, the van upon the rear, and all is disorder and confusion. The enemy, not slow to comprehend this condition of affairs, take advantage of their opportunity, and, manning all the guns from which they have so recently been driven, pour in a murderous fire upon our fleet, which meets with but a feeble fire in return. "At this critical moment," writes an eye-witness, "the batteries of our ships were almost silent, while the whole of Mobile Point was a living line of flame." The slightest vacillation then, on the part of the Admiral and the battle would have been lost, and the greater part of our fleet destroyed. But Farragut was equal to the emergency. His great qualities as a com-

mander, which were apparent to all who were near him in times of extreme peril, were never more conspicuous than on this trying occasion. Danger there was, and disaster there might be ahead, he knew; but astern were sure defeat and dishonor; and for America's great Admiral — the man who was born to be a hero — there could be but one course to steer, that leading straight into Mobile Bay, where the Confederate vessels were awaiting him. But between him and the Confederates interposed the Brooklyn, and how to get by her was the problem; for she lay right athwart the Hartford's hawse, bows on to Fort Morgan.

Then was made manifest the soundness of the Admiral's judgment in lashing his vessels together by pairs; for, the Hartford going ahead while the Metacomet backed, the bows of the former were swung to the westward until clear of the Brooklyn's stern, when both vessels gathered headway. As they were slowly passing the Brooklyn, her Captain reported "a heavy line of torpedoes across the channel." "Damn the torpedoes!" was the emphatic reply of Farragut. "Jouett, full speed! Four bells, Captain Drayton!" And the Hartford, as if eager to bear the Admiral's flag to the front, bounded forward "like a thing of life," and increasing her speed at each instant crossed both lines of torpedoes, going over the ground at the rate of nine miles an hour; for so far had she drifted to the northward and westward while her engines were stopped as to make it impossible for the Admiral, without heading directly on to Fort Morgan, to obey his own instructions to "pass eastward of the easternmost buoy."

As soon as he could get his vessel's head to the northward, Alden, the Captain of the Brooklyn, "pushed up the channel at full speed in the Hartford's wake," and during the fight which ensued with the Confederate ram

displayed his usual gallantry. A good seaman, a skilful officer, whose battle record attests his bravery, his hesitancy at "Mobile's Gate" must needs be ascribed to an error of judgment, since all will admit that in many a stubborn fight elsewhere he served the Republic well.

While "the guardian of the fleet," as one of the officers who served under him appropriately styles Farragut, was engaged in extricating it from its perilous position, he was not unmindful of the survivors of the Tecumseh, whom he beheld in the water near by. "Send a boat, Jouett," said he, "and pick up the poor fellows." Jouett, who had anticipated the order, had already despatched a boat on this humane mission in charge of Acting Ensign (now Lieutenant-Commander) Henry C. Nields. Starting from the port quarter of the Metacomet, and steering the boat himself, this mere boy pulled directly under the battery of the Hartford and around the Brooklyn to within a few hundred yards of the fort, exposed to the fire of both friends and foes. After he had gone a little distance from his vessel he seemed suddenly to reflect that he had no flag flying, when he dropped the yoke-ropes, picked up a small ensign from the bottom of the boat, and unfurling it from its staff, which he shipped in a socket made for it in the stern-sheets, he threw it full to the breeze amid the loud cheers of his men. "I can scarcely describe," says an officer of the Tennessee, "how I felt at witnessing this most gallant act. The muzzle of our gun was slowly raised, and the bolt intended for the Tecumseh flew harmlessly over the heads of that glorious boat's crew far down in the line of our foes." After saving Ensign Zettich, eight men, and the pilot, Nields turned, and pulling for the fleet, succeeded in reaching the Oneida, where he remained until the close of the action.

The order of battle being restored through Farragut's

indomitable pluck and decision of character, the Union fleet sped swiftly by Fort Morgan, each vessel as she got fairly abreast of the fort pouring into it such a shower of shell, shrapnel, grape, and canister as for the time completely silenced its batteries; and although many of the vessels were repeatedly hulled by the enemy's missiles as they drew near to or receded from the fort, yet all escaped serious damage with the exception of the Oneida, which, being the starboard rear vessel of the column, was exposed to the concentrated fire of every gun on Mobile Point not previously dismounted or disabled. She was almost by the fort, however, when a rifled shell passed through her chain armor, and, entering the starboard boiler, exploded in it, causing sad havoc among the firemen and coal-heavers of the watch below, all of whom were either killed outright or fearfully scalded by the escaping steam. Another shell exploding in the cabin cut both wheel-ropes, while a third set fire to the deck above the forward magazine; yet, encouraged by the chivalric bearing of their Commander, and the fine example set them by the Executive Officer and the Chief Engineer of the ship, the crew of the Oneida behaved splendidly. The relieving tackles were instantly manned, the fire put out, and connection between the starboard and port boiler cut off; and the Oneida, assisted by the Galena, went on as if nothing unusual had happened on board of her, her guns never for a moment ceasing to respond to the really terrific fire of the enemy.

When she got beyond the range of the fort, De Kraft signalled to his flotilla to get under way, and, approaching Fort Powell as near as the depth of water would permit, anchored his vessels in the form of a crescent, and commenced a vigorous bombardment of the fort, which the Confederates spiritedly replied to.

As the Hartford entered Mobile Bay the ram "dashed

out " at her, and, failing to overtake her, turned and made for the Brooklyn, Richmond, and Lackawanna in succession, but missed them all, saluting each, however, as she went by with a broadside which did great injury to the vessel, and laid many a brave fellow low, while their missiles in reply made not the slightest impression on her iron shield.

Then Strong in the Monongahela determined to resort to ramming, and getting a good position on the Tennessee's beam, he attempted at full speed to run her down. The Tennessee, to avoid being struck amidships, put her helm a-starboard, and the two vessels collided at an acute angle, the ram swinging alongside of the Monongahela's consort, the Kennebec, whose sharp cutwater cut her barge in two. As she lay close aboard of the Kennebec, she succeeded in exploding a shell on that vessel's berth-deck, which killed and wounded several of her officers and men, carried away all her ladders, and so filled the ship with smoke that she was supposed to be on fire, and the alarm was sounded. This created some excitement among the crew, which was quickly allayed, however, by the calm, cool conduct of her commanding and other officers.

Passing the Ossipee without firing a gun at her, the ram next steered for the crippled Oneida, and, shooting under her stern, fired two broadsides at her in rapid succession, which destroyed her boats and cabin furniture, cut away the greater part of her lower rigging, damaged her mainmast and one of the heavy gun carriages, and dismounted the 12-pounder howitzer on the poop. Fortunately the enemy fired high, or there would have been but few left on board the Oneida to tell the story of her engagement with the dreaded ram. Among the wounded was the gallant Mullany, who had volunteered for the fight, and throughout the whole of it had given to his officers

and crew "a noble example of unflinching courage and heroism." The fight was now at an end, so far as the Oneida was concerned, which shortly afterward came to anchor well up the bay, while the Tennessee sought the shelter of Fort Morgan.

During the time that their flag-ship was engaged in her work of destruction, the Confederate gunboats were far from idle. From their position ahead of the Hartford they had been enabled to keep up a most destructive fire upon her, "a single shot from the Selma killing ten and and wounding five men at Nos. 1 and 2 guns." At a little past eight, however, the Admiral, observing that all his vessels were clear of the fort, made signal — "*Gunboats, chase enemy's gunboats.*" The signal was hardly above the Hartford's deck, when Jouett, cutting the fasts which bound him to that vessel, started in obedience to it, followed, at some distance, by the Itasca, Kennebec, and Port Royal. The Confederates had no course open to them but retreat, keeping up a heavy fire from their stern guns as they fled. A violent rain squall coming on just then, the Gaines was enabled to seek the cover of the fort, which she reached in a sinking condition, her commanding officer running her on shore, and setting fire to her, to prevent her falling into Union hands. At nine o'clock "the Morgan hauled off to starboard," and at ten minutes past nine the Selma struck her flag to the Metacomet. She had been well defended. Two of her officers and five of her men were killed, and the number of her wounded amounted to ten, among whom was her Captain, Lieutenant-Commandant Murphy.

And now, having witnessed with admiration and pride the heroism of the Union fleet in entering Mobile Bay, despite Fort Morgan, the Confederate squadron, and the torpedoes so thickly strewed in its way, we shall contemplate with hardly less pride, and with similar admiration

I am sure, the heroic daring of our brothers-in-arms on board the Tennessee, who, when the forts were passed, and the Confederate gunboats dispersed, resolved unaided to attempt the "forlorn hope" of wresting victory from three ironclads and fourteen wooden vessels.

So soon as the Tennessee reached Fort Morgan, her armor was carefully examined and found intact, while not an officer or man on board of her was injured in the slightest degree; a few shot-holes in her smoke-stack alone telling of her conflict with the Union fleet. These were soon patched, and she steered once more for the Hartford, now lying quietly at anchor about three miles away. The moment Farragut saw her coming he signalled to his monitors and largest wooden vessels, "to attack the ram, not only with their guns, but bows on at full speed"; — and then began one of the fiercest naval combats on record.

The Monongahela, not having anchored, was the first to make a rush at her, going through the water at full ten miles an hour; yet so bent was Admiral Buchanan on the Hartford's destruction, that he entirely ignored every other vessel, not deigning to take the slightest notice of the Monongahela's approach, until she was close aboard of him on his starboard beam. Then he ordered the Tennessee's helm a-port, which caused the Monongahela to strike her at a slightly oblique angle; nevertheless, the shock of the collision was such that many of the crews of both vessels measured their lengths on their respective decks. "The Tennessee," writes Lieutenant Wharton, "yielded to the impact, and spun swiftly round as upon a pivot. I felt as if I were going through the air. 'What is the matter, Captain Johnston?' I asked. 'We've been rammed, sir,' was the response from the pilot-house where he stood. During the instant of actual contact, the ram fired two shots at her antagonist, piercing her through and through, while

the Monongahela's whole broadside discharged at the casemate of the ram rolled harmlessly down its sloping sides.

"The Monongahela was hardly clear of us," says Wharton again, "when a hideous-looking monster came creeping up on our port side, whose slowly revolving turret revealed the cavernous depths of a mammoth gun. '*Stand clear of the port side!*' I shouted. A moment after a thundering report shook us all, while a blast of dense, sulphurous smoke covered our port-holes, and 440 pounds of iron, impelled by sixty pounds of powder, admitted daylight through our side, where before it struck us there had been over two feet of solid wood, covered with five inches of solid iron. This was the only fifteen-inch shot that hit us fair. It did not come through; the inside netting caught the splinters, and there were no casualties from it. I was glad to find myself alive after that shot."

The Lackawanna next bore down upon the Tennessee; and although her stem was stove into the plank ends "for the distance of three feet above the water line to five feet below it," no perceptible effect was produced on the ram beyond giving her a slight list, from which she quickly righted, going on as before, and always heading for the Hartford. Nor did the Hartford shun the encounter; but, following closely in the Lackawanna's wake, she too struck the Tennessee a fearful blow, at the same time throwing her whole port broadside full upon the casemate of the ram, which, like the Monongahela's broadside, failed to injure it in the slightest degree.

Surrounded as she was by enemies, the ram had this advantage, that she could fire or run at every vessel in view, while the Unionists had to be careful not to fire at, or come in collision with, their own vessels. Indeed, it so happened that the Hartford, while making for the ram a second time, was run into by the Lackawanna, and cut down to within two feet of the water's edge.

Thus for an hour or more the Tennessee contended successfully against the whole Union fleet; but at the expiration of that hour it became evident to all on board of her that victory was impossible and defeat certain, unless she could get a second time under the protection of Fort Morgan; for which Captain Johnston, in obedience to Buchanan's orders, then steered. But by this time, to use the language of Farragut, "she was sore beset." The Manhattan was hanging on her starboard quarter, pounding her with fifteen-inch solid and cased shot; the Winnebago not far off, saluting her with eleven-inch steel bolts; and the wooden vessels ramming her, one after the other in quick succession, "with a reckless daring worthy of success." But the vessel that undoubtedly inflicted the most injury upon the ram was the monitor Chickasaw, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Geo. H. Perkins, "which hung," said the pilot of the Tennessee, "close under our stern. Move as we would, she was always there, firing the two 11-inch guns in her forward turret like pocket pistols, so that she soon had the plates flying in the air."

Thus "stormed at by shot and shell," and rammed every few minutes by a heavy vessel going at great speed, with three of her wrought iron port-shutters jammed while half closed, and her steering-apparatus, relieving-tackles, and smoke-stack shot away, the Tennessee lay at last like a log on the water — a mere target for her foes.

Then Captain Johnston, repairing to the berth deck, where Admiral Buchanan was lying under the surgeon's hands with a fractured leg, sorrowfully reported to his superior that resistance was no longer possible. "Do the best you can, Johnston," was the Admiral's reply, "and, when all is done, surrender."

When Johnston returned to the pilot-house, he beheld the Ossipee approaching at full speed, while the fire of

our vessels was each instant increasing in intensity. The Tennessee had *already* done her best, and there was no time for dilly-dallying; so hastening to the top of "the shield," which was exposed to a perfect storm of shot and shell, this truly brave man hauled down the Confederate ensign with his own hands. It had been raised in triumph, it was lowered without dishonor.

The captured officers and men were transferred to the Ossipee, and soon afterward sent to Pensacola; and it is pleasant to know that to this day they speak warmly of the hospitality extended to them by their captors.

It will be remembered that, while this fierce naval fight was taking place in Mobile Bay, De Kraft's flotilla, anchored in Grant's Pass, was busily engaged shelling Fort Powell. During the morning, although the fort was hit several times, no particular damage was done to it; but about two in the afternoon the Chickasaw, steaming up to within seven hundred yards of its eastern face, commenced a rapid fire with shell and grape, which the enemy was only able to reply to with a single Brooke rifle. A shell entering one of the sally-ports passed entirely through the bomb-proof, and buried itself without exploding in the opposite wall; another and another following burst in the face of the fort, displacing the sand so rapidly that Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, its Commandant, became convinced that it would soon be rendered untenable. He therefore telegraphed to Colonel Anderson, commanding Fort Gaines, "*Unless I can evacuate, I will be compelled to surrender within forty-eight hours.*" Anderson's reply was: "*Save your garrison, when your fort is no longer tenable.*" At the time this despatch was received it was growing dark; and the Lieutenant-Colonel instantly decided that it would be better to save his command and destroy the fort, than to allow both to fall into the enemy's

hands. The fleet had not yet moved up to intercept his communications, the tide was low, and he could not expect to find another such favorable opportunity for escaping; so he silently withdrew, leaving Lieutenants Savage and Jeffers to spike the guns and blow up the fort, so soon as he made signal to them that its garrison had reached the main land. This signal was made about 10.30 P.M., just as De Kraft and Lieutenant-Commander Franklin, who had arrived during the day with a mail for the fleet, were returning to the Conemaugh in a small gig, from a visit to the victorious Admiral. "Now, to find Grant's Pass at night," writes De Kraft, "it was necessary to steer directly for Fort Powell, which loomed up boldly against the clear sky. When within a half-mile of it, a bright port-fire was observed to burn for a few seconds, then a dark column rose suddenly to a great height, and a heavy report and vivid flash announced that Fort Powell had been blown up."

About daylight the next morning Lieutenant-Colonel Williams marched into Mobile with every officer and man of his command, consisting of two infantry companies of the 31st Alabama, and a detachment of Culpepper's battery; in all about one hundred and forty souls.

At the same time Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Pomeroy, commanding the Estrella, hoisted the Stars and Stripes over the ruins of the fort, and a large force was set to work to remove the obstructions in Grant's Pass; which being soon effected, direct communication by water was once more established between Mobile Bay and New Orleans.

During the morning of the 6th of August the fleet was occupied in repairing damages; but on the afternoon of that day it began to make preparations for a general bombardment of Fort Gaines on the morrow, the Chickasaw getting underway a little before sunset and dropping

several shells into it, as a forerunner of what was to follow. The besieging army meanwhile had mounted two 30-pounder Parrotts and four 12-pounder rifles, and was at hard work laying down platforms for new guns.

But Admiral Farragut, knowing full well that the fort could not hold out long against such a fire as would be brought to bear upon it, and anxious to spare the further effusion of blood, sent a flag-of-truce boat to the fort, as soon as the Chickasaw withdrew from it, with a request that Colonel Anderson and his Staff would come to see him on board the Hartford. Colonel Anderson accepted the invitation, and was accompanied by Major Brown; and both were very kindly received by the Admiral in his cabin. There were present at this interview, besides the Admiral and the two Confederate officers, Major-General Gordon Granger, Captain Percival Drayton, and Major James E. Montgomery, Assistant Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff of the 13th Army Corps. The Admiral then said to Colonel Anderson that he had sent for him to advise the immediate surrender of the fort. "Surrounded on three sides by my vessels, and on the fourth by the army," said he, "you cannot possibly hold it. Submit, then, like a man to this hard necessity, and prevent further loss of life."

Anderson at once saw the force of the Admiral's advice, and appreciated its humanity. But Major Brown demurred, and wanted "to fight it out"; when Farragut told him that he could understand his feelings, and was the last man to advise a surrender as long as there was a hope of preventing it, adding with much feeling, "Gentlemen, if hard-fighting could save that fort, I would advise you to fight to the death; but by all the laws of war you have not even a *chance* of saving it." The Major admitted it was a forlorn hope, and finally agreed with his Colonel that the surrender was necessary; and it was then

and there agreed that it should take place on the following morning at nine o'clock.

The officers took a glass of wine together, and signed the surrender, and the meeting broke up; Captain Drayton and Major Montgomery being appointed by their respective chiefs to take possession of the Fort on the morrow in the name of the Army and Navy of the United States. Accordingly at 9 A.M. of the 7th Drayton and Montgomery were admitted into the fort, and an hour or two later the besieging army, conducted by Montgomery, appeared before its walls. Then the garrison marched out and stacked their arms, and the officers delivered up their swords, and Fort Gaines passed into Federal hands, striking its flag to the Navy.

The Confederates were now embarked in transports and sent to New Orleans, while the Union troops, finding in the fort a large quantity of supplies, regaled themselves, according to Andrews, "with the best meal they had had since arriving on Dauphine Island, — corn dodgers, fried bacon, and coffee."

Immediately after the surrender of Fort Gaines, Fort Morgan was formally summoned by the Admiral and General Granger; the message from the former being delivered in person to General Page, who commanded it, by Lieutenant J. Crittenden Watson, that of the latter by Major Montgomery. But General Page expressed his determination to defend his post to the last extremity; and preparations were therefore at once made by the combined forces to reduce it.

"On the 9th, at daylight, General Granger's command, now re-enforced by the 20th Wisconsin, 38th Iowa, and 94th Illinois, embarked for Navy Cove, four miles from Fort Morgan on the bay side." From this point they gradually advanced until by the 21st (a siege train having previously arrived under Brigadier-General Richard

Arnold) the land forces had sixteen mortars and twenty-five cannon in position within five hundred yards of the fort; the Naval Battery of four 9-inch Dahlgrens, manned by seamen taken from the Hartford, Brooklyn, Richmond, and Lackawanna, and commanded by Lieutenant H. B. Tyson, being of the number.

At daylight on the 22d the monitors and other vessels of the fleet took the stations assigned them, north, south, and west of the fort — the army being on the east — so that it was completely invested. Then began one of the most furious bombardments that sailor or soldier has ever witnessed. It continued all day long without intermission, but after sunset began to slacken, until by nine at night it had become slow and irregular. Just then, however, a bright light shot up from the centre of the fort; and it was discovered that the citadel was on fire, when the besiegers sprang with renewed vigor to their guns, whose never-ceasing flashes fairly illumined the sky. Six or eight mortar-shells could be seen in the air at once, while the roar of the artillery was heard even in Mobile.

Yet amid all the horrors of this disastrous night, with their walls breached, almost every piece of ordinance disabled, and the magazines endangered by the conflagration which raged fiercely for several hours, the garrison of Fort Morgan was not dismayed. Some of the soldiers applied themselves to throwing their powder into the cisterns, others to spiking or destroying dismounted guns, while others again contended successfully with the devouring flames. Among these, Privates Murphy, Benbough, and Stevens of the 1st Tennessee, were especially commended by their General "for great courage and daring displayed."

As day dawned the citadel was again set on fire, and burned until it was consumed. To resist longer would

have been madness; and at 6 A.M. a white flag was displayed upon the parapet of the fort, when the firing of the Unionists ceased. At two in the afternoon the ceremony of surrender took place; and the brave garrison, whose loss had been between fifty and sixty in killed and wounded, was sent to New Orleans in the steamers Bienville and Tennessee.

Thus the Confederate banner disappeared from view, and the whole of Mobile Bay was ours.

Yet, remembering that of the actors in this strife all were Americans, we glory not in our brothers' defeat, rejoice not in our victory, save as these have tended to the restoration of the Union. God grant that, when the next war comes, in every fight, whether by land or by sea, we may stand shoulder to shoulder and side by side, with the Star Spangled Banner, the emblem of equal rights to all, waving above our heads, and not one single *sectional* flag to be seen upon the battlefield.

God grant, too, that Farragut's name may ever be revered by his countrymen, and that in remembrance of his glorious services, his patriotism, and his valor, the old Hartford be preserved by us, as the great English nation preserves Nelson's flag-ship, the Victory.

Gentlemen of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, the task you have been pleased to assign to me, however inadequately performed, is finished. My tale is told.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE.

BY

LIEUTENANT JOHN C. SOLEY, U.S.N.

Read February 11, 1890.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE.

I COME before a body of Military Officers with great diffidence when I speak as a sailor upon military affairs; but at the same time with great pride, when recording historically the gallant achievements of our sailors, when they have been called upon to do service upon the land. I feel still more appreciative when I recollect that before 1862, the best sailors held the duty of a soldier in detestation, and the drill was an abomination to them. A dislike of infantry tactics was inherent in the sailor of the olden time, and its practice was considered by officers and men as a necessary evil. But its use was so frequent that its necessity was recognized, and when an officer could be found on board a vessel to take an interest in infantry exercises, they were generally found to be beneficial. In spite of the good service done by the Naval Brigade, its organization was hap-hazard and generally ridiculed until the moment for action came, and then the best drilled ship did the best service; but it was always in spite of, and not in consequence of, the feelings with which these drills were regarded by officers and men.

The term Naval Brigade is applied to the forces of a ship or ships, which may be landed for operations on shore; and the force is composed of infantry and artillery, and their necessary accompaniments. This force may be used for a variety of purposes, but each one involves the possibility of fighting. In general, it will be noticed that in a war like that with Mexico, all naval operations involve

landing parties; and that in time of peace, it is principally by means of landing parties that the Navy acts when it is called upon to act at all. Landings are always liable to take place when we have treaty guarantees to execute, as at Panama and Nicaragua; in revolutionary countries where American citizens require protection, as at Honolulu or Montevideo; in uncivilized countries where attacks may be made on shipwrecked crews, as at Formosa and at Corea; and at distant points not readily accessible to troops. To ignore the utility of this work is to neglect one great source of usefulness in a squadron which can appear unexpectedly at different points on an enemy's coast, and harass him very materially, besides obliging him to keep strong garrisons at all these points. Constant drill becomes more and more necessary because our possible enemies are likely to be better prepared; and while the main purpose of the Navy is to train up men to fight on the sea, there is always a possibility of their being called upon to fight on shore. The history of the Navy includes so many cases where the men have been landed, that the ever present contingency has enforced a more complete study by naval officers, of military tactics, and a thorough organization, and drill for operations on shore. The dislike of infantry drill, which was so characteristic of the old Navy, has given way to a pride of skill in the use of arms and in manœuvring and a more practical method of instruction, which, combined with the seaman's qualities of activity, of readiness in emergency, and his almost daily habit of facing danger, have been great aids in making the sailor an efficient fighter on shore.

HISTORY.

1813. June 22. Defence of Craney Island by a party of one hundred seamen and fifty marines under Lieutenant Neale of the Constitution.

1813. October 23. The Essex, under Porter, at Nookahevah in the Marquesas, went to refit, made a station, and engaged in wars with the natives.

1814. August 17. The Adams, under Morris, having been injured by going ashore on the coast of Maine, and a squadron of the enemy approaching, she was taken up the Penobscot to Hampden and an attempt was made to protect her. Batteries were erected on the river bank; and the seamen and marines endeavored to beat off an attack, assisted by the local militia. The latter gave way; and the seamen, being without muskets, could make no effectual resistance. The ship was burnt and the men retreated.

1814. August 24. Battle of Bladensburg. The only resistance of any account, made to the enemy's attacks in this battle, was made by the detachment under Captain Barney, of three hundred and seventy seamen, and seventy-eight marines from the Chesapeake flotilla. The militia gave way entirely.

1814. August and September. Seamen and marines under Commodore Rodgers were constantly engaged during these two months in the Potomac and around Baltimore, partly in boats, but most of the time on shore or in forts. (In September occurred the battles of North Point and Fort McHenry.) They were of course peculiarly fitted for this mixed service, and did good work.

In several small engagements on shore, on the lakes, the Navy gave valuable assistance to the troops.

1822. January. The Porpoise, Lieutenant Ramage, sent a force of forty men on shore on the north-western coast of Cuba, and broke up a depot of pirates, after a hot fight.

1823. April 16. Captain Cassin, commanding the Fox and three other small vessels, landed his men near Cayo Blanco and had a running fight on shore with

pirates. Their establishment of five houses was taken and burnt.

1823. July 22. Attack on pirates near Cape Cruz by the Greyhound, Lieutenant Kearney, and the Beagle, Lieutenant Newton. Similar to Cassin's fight in April. Farragut commanded the landing party.

1832. February 6. Attack on Quallah Battoo in Sumatra. This was an elaborate and extensive operation. Two hundred and fifty seamen and marines and a six-pounder were landed under command of Lieutenant Shubrick. 1st division, Lieutenant Pinkham; 2d division, Lieutenant Hoff; 3d division, Lieutenant Ingersoll; howitzer, Master Totten; marines, Lieutenant Edson. Four forts taken by assault, and town burnt. This expedition was sent from the United States to punish the Malays for an assault on the American ship, Friendship.

1840. July. Landing parties were sent ashore in the Fiji Islands on two different occasions, from the Vincennes and Penobscot in Wilkes' exploring expedition, to punish attacks of the natives. In the second landing the party met with considerable resistance from the natives, who were well armed. The stockade was captured, and two towns were burnt.

1846–1848. War with Mexico. It must be remembered, in looking at the naval character of the war with Mexico that it was entirely on one side. Mexico had no Navy whatever, and made no attempt to prosecute the war on the sea; consequently our Navy was almost wholly occupied in coast and landing operations. Of course the main feature of the war was Scott's campaign between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico; the army of invasion broke the power of the enemy, but the army never aimed at conquest of territory; and when the question of annexation came up, it was settled largely on the basis of permanent conquest. These conquests, which were of so

much importance in their bearing on the question of annexation, were almost wholly accomplished by the Navy. At the outbreak of hostilities, in June, 1846, Commodore Sloat was in command of the squadron on the west coast; and he sailed in the Savannah for Monterey, where he landed two hundred and fifty seamen and marines and took possession, while the Portsmouth did the same at San Francisco. He was relieved in July by Stockton, who determined to strike a sudden blow at Los Angeles, where the California Legislature was in session, and which was defended by a force of about fifteen hundred men. He immediately issued a proclamation to the people of California, and organized a battalion of volunteers which he put under command of Colonel Frémont; but this force did not participate in the capture of Los Angeles. He sailed southward to the port of San Pedro, which is thirty-five miles from Los Angeles, where he landed three hundred and fifty seamen and marines, with several 6-pounder and one 32-pounder carronade. He then formed a camp and commenced drilling them, and it is worthy of note that he made no attempt to exact the same sort of discipline that is required in the army; but they were directed to obey a few words of command, such as "halt," "march," "form line," "form square," "charge," and always to keep the same comrade on the right or left. In executing the necessary evolutions in which they were exercised, though all at first appeared confusion, yet every man soon took his proper place, and the most perfect order was immediately obtained. "They saw their Commodore sharing with them all their hardships, partaking of their rations and their toils, marching side by side with them, always going ahead in the hour of danger, and they caught with inspiration the ardor which excited him." The march was accomplished successfully, the enemy routed, and Los Angeles surrendered August 13. It was left with a small

garrison, and Stockton returned to the north. Late in the fall it was retaken by the Mexicans; and they drove off the men landed at San Pedro, which they also took. Stockton returned, took San Pedro, and then went to San Diego, from which place he determined to march again on Los Angeles, distant one hundred and fifty miles. His force, this time, consisted of five hundred seamen and marines, sixty mounted riflemen, Kearney's sixty dismounted dragoons, one howitzer, and six 6-pounders. He started December 29, fought two engagements, and Los Angeles surrendered January 10. Resistance was now at an end, and a temporary civil government was established. When the time came to settle the conditions of peace, the territory of the United States was increased by this immense district, comprising over six hundred and fifty thousand square miles. The conquest may be laid to the credit of Stockton and the Navy.

OTHER OPERATIONS ON THE WEST COAST.

1846. September. Party landed from the Cyane, at San Blas, under Lieutenant Rowan, spiked guns, etc.

1847. September. Captain Lavalette landed party at Guaymas to resist threatened attack of the place; enemy drew off.

1847. October 1. Fight at Mulje. Landing party of fifty seamen and marines from the Dale, under Lieutenant Craven.

1847. November 11. Capture of Mazatlan by landing party from Independence, Congress, and Cyane, six hundred seamen and marines, five guns. No resistance. This was well organized. Commodore Shubrick commanded the squadron and superintended all the details. Mazatlan was occupied, civil government was established, and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars collected in five months.

1847. November 17. Fight at Guaymas. Landing party of sixty-five seamen and marines, under Commander Selfridge; enemy defeated.

1847. November 19. } Gallant defence of San Jose by
1848. February 4–14. } Lieutenant Heywood, with a small force of seamen and marines. Finally, relieved by landing party from the Cyane, under Dupont, after a close engagement.

1848. January 12. Landing party at San Blas, under Lieutenant Chatard. Two guns captured.

OPERATIONS ON THE EAST COAST.

1846. May 8. Five hundred seamen and marines from the squadron under Captain Gregory, landed and assisted in the defence of posts on the Rio Grande.

1846. Summer and Fall. Tampico, Laguna, Frontera, all taken and occupied by landing parties.

1847. March 22–29. Bombardment of Vera Cruz. Principal execution done by the naval battery; a battalion of marines marched with the army to the City of Mexico.

1847. April 12. Capture of Tuspan. Landing party of fourteen hundred and ninety seamen and marines, and four field guns, under Captain S. L. Breeze.

1847. June 15. Capture of Tobasco. Landing party of eleven hundred seamen and marines, with eleven field pieces, under Commodore M. C. Perry. Fatiguing march, and severe engagements. Tobasco was occupied, and the naval garrison was constantly engaged in fights with guerillas.

It may be said that these were small affairs. So they were, in one sense, as compared with a modern pitched battle; but they represent the whole service performed by the Navy during that war, except blockade duty and transport duty. The results were very important, and out of all proportion to the skirmishes that took place. All the seaport towns on both the east and the west coasts

were taken; the blockade of the coast was turned into an occupation, and at all the ports a naval government was organized, a naval officer appointed Collector of Customs, a tariff established, and the whole customs' revenue of Mexico, for the time being, turned into the treasury of the United States.

1854. April 4. Combined English and American landing party at Shanghai to protect foreign residents. Sharp engagement with the Chinese.

1855. Summer. Landings and engagements at the Fiji Islands by parties from the John Adams.

During the war of secession landing parties were being constantly used, and did important service, both on the Mississippi and on the coast. It would take too much time to recount them all, and I shall only mention one which was the most instructive, and, at the same time, the most important; and that was the landing at Fort Fisher. The details of this landing party are familiar to all. It was conceived in a spirit of gallantry, and from a natural desire that the Navy should gain as many laurels as possible. But while the attack helped our land forces to victory it was most disastrous to the Navy. It failed, not merely because our men were opposed to disciplined troops, but because they were sent with inferior arms to fight against men who were behind intrenchments, and who had the best weapons of the time. I will not enter into any details beyond giving extracts from the orders issued relative to the landing, and an extract from the report of the officer in command of the landing.

These extracts will sufficiently explain the failure. "The sailors will be armed with cutlasses, well sharpened, and with revolvers. When the signal is made to assault, the boats will pull around the stern of the monitors, and land right abreast of them and board the fort on the run in a seamanlike way. The marines will form in the rear

and cover the sailors. He will first advance with a thin line of sappers, as soon as he can get a ditch deep enough for shelter, the marines will go in thin squads and occupy them. No move is to be made forward until the army charges, when the navy is to assault the sea, or south-east, face of the work, going over with cutlasses drawn and revolvers in hand."

Lieutenant-Commander Breeze, who commanded the landing party, in his report says: "I can but attribute the failure of the assault to the absence of the marines from their position; as their fire would have enabled our boarders to use their pistols and cutlasses most effectually." And again he says: "By this I would imply the lack of proper organization, it being impossible in the short space of time, on account of throwing so many small squads of men from the different vessels together in one mass, lacking proper company organizations and wholly unacquainted with each other, to secure such organization." From a careful perusal of all the reports, it appears that the fault did not lie entirely with the marines, as they only shared the general panic. It seems almost too much to expect of men that they should march up to a fort in the face of a deliberate fire, with weapons which were only useful in a hand to hand conflict. The bayonet is superior to the cutlass always, because, as a double weapon, a man has more confidence, and properly drilled with the bayonet, even without ammunition, would be more than a match for men with cutlasses. Such a landing should only have been attempted when every detail of organization had been properly perfected, when companies and battalions were formed and with the men properly armed.

OPERATIONS SINCE THE WAR.

1867. June 13. Hartford and Wyoming at Formosa. One hundred and eighty-one seamen and marines landed

under Commander Belknap and Lieutenant-Commander MacKenzie.

1868. February 4. Assault at Hiogo by Japanese troops on foreign residents. Joint landing of naval forces present.

1868. February 7 and 19. Two landings at Montevideo to protect foreign residents.

1868. April. Force landed from the Penobscot at Aspinwall.

1871. June 9 and 10. Attack on Corean forts. Five hundred and forty-six seamen, one hundred marines, seven howitzers, under Commander H. C. Blake.

1873. May. Landing at Panama. Two hundred seamen and marines, four guns, to protect the railway and American citizens.

1873. September. Landing at Panama. One hundred and thirty men and howitzers.

1874. Riot at Honolulu. Landing party of one hundred and fifty seamen and marines, and one gatling.

1874. Landing at Key West of seventeen hundred men, and later of twenty-seven hundred men; total force, five thousand.

1885. Force landed on Isthmus, to protect railroad and property of American residents. Eight hundred men, ten guns. Revolution suppressed.

1885. Force of six hundred sixty men landed from North Atlantic Squadron on Gardus Island.

1887. Combined military and naval manœuvres. Land attack by the fleet.

ORGANIZATION.

The basis of the organization of the landing party of each ship is the number of men that can be carried by the boats without overloading them; having fixed upon the total, it is divided into infantry companies, howitzer and

gatling crews, and the special details. The infantry companies are carried in the cutters and smaller boats; certain of the larger boats are fitted for howitzers, and are generally used for that purpose, although it will be for the commanding officer to decide, in some cases, whether it is better to carry in the boat thirty men as infantry, with sixty rounds each, or a howitzer, whose locomotion is slow, which requires twenty men to manœuvre it, and which has at best only about forty rounds.

The landing party is composed of: One commanding officer, one aide or adjutant, one officer commanding infantry, one officer commanding artillery. Marines, as many as are allowed. Infantry companies, two officers, forty men, each. Howitzer crews, one officer, twenty men, each. Gatling crews, one officer, twelve men, each. Signals, one officer, one quartermaster, four men, or less. Pioneers, one officer, carpenter; armorers and four men to each company. Field Hospital, one medical officer, one apothecary and four men. Provisions, one pay officer, one pay writer and one man for each company and crew. Ammunition, one gunner, one gunner's mate, one man to each company and crew, one master-at-arms, one ship's corporal, one ship's cook.

The men to form the companies are taken from the gun divisions, and the companies are officered from the divisions to which they belong. In the same way the howitzers are manned and officered from certain divisions, so that the men will find their comrades in drill next to them, and they will be under the officers to whose commands and instructions they are accustomed. The pioneers are selected from those who are used to the tools required, preferably from the carpenter's crew and engineer's force, with the armorer and his mates; the ammunition, provision and hospital men from the powder division, and the signal men and gatling crew from the navigator's division.

In assigning the details to the boats, care is taken to keep the men together under their own officers, the howitzer crews being placed in their proper boats, and the companies assigned to any two boats that will carry them, with the commanding officer of the company in one boat and his junior in the other; and these two boats are kept together under all circumstances. The special details are assigned as is most convenient, but it is better to keep them together than to mix them up in the other boats.

When the landing parties of several ships are combined to form a naval brigade, the same thoroughness in detail is to be observed. The infantry companies are united in battalions of four companies each, and the howitzers into batteries of four guns each. For each battalion and battery a staff is assigned, consisting of adjutant, ordnance officer, medical officer and pay officer, from those furnished by the different landing parties, so that the organization of each unit will be complete. These details are all to be perfected before the boats leave their ships, and published to all, so that every officer and man will know his station and his own duty, and will know exactly all who are associated with him. Every boat which is used is numbered or lettered, the letters being used for howitzer boats, and the numbers for the infantry and other boats. When organizing the force from a single ship, the boats are numbered according to the force; but when landing the naval brigade, numbers or letters are assigned by the commanding officer of the expedition according to the organization.

EQUIPMENT.

The officers wear undress and leggings, and carry sword, revolver, haversack, water bottle, pocket book, knife, spoon, cup, and blanket rolled containing flannel shirt, stockings and towel.

The marines wear undress uniform with leggings.

Knife with lanyard; canteen, haversack, tin cup and spoon; blanket rolled containing shirt, stockings and towel; rifle, bayonet, accoutrements, and sixty rounds of ball cartridge.

All blue-jackets wear blue uniform, cap, leggings, knife and lanyard, tin cup, spoon, canteen, haversack, and rolled blanket containing shirt, stockings and towel.

All, officers and men, wear flannel underclothes, and a rigid inspection of shoes and leggings is made before leaving the ship, and tobacco is served out to every one.

The men of the infantry companies carry magazine rifle, bayonet, accoutrements, and sixty rounds of ball and cartridge.

The men of the howitzer and gatling crews carry their ammunition pouches, a pistol and cartridges. Provision is made in the Ordnance Instructions, which permits some of the crew to carry rifles under certain circumstances; but the artillery officer has to consider whether the advantages gained by having the rifles will outweigh the diminished celerity of the piece in consequence of the added weight to be carried by the men.

Signal men carry, each, a signal kit with gear for signalling by day or night, and are armed with pistols. The signal officer and quartermaster carry glasses.

The pioneers are equipped with tools to whose use they are most accustomed; the most useful tools are axes, picks and shovels, while saws, crow-bars and sledge-hammers are occasionally needed. Telegraph implements are also provided. The armorer, who acts as sergeant of the pioneers, carries a bag containing tape measure, powder, flask, gimlet, and implements for repairing machine, guns, and small arms.

The field hospital corps carry a stretcher and the medicine chest, and each man in the hospital party should have a tourniquet and be instructed in its use. A small

flag, the Geneva Cross, is used to indicate the position of the hospital, and the same device is worn on the arm.

The paymaster's corps, being charged with the supply of provisions, have to improvise some way of carrying what is needed beyond what is contained in the haversacks. Cooked rations for two days can be carried in haversacks. If the men are to be on shore for only a few hours, they have one day's rations; if for a whole day, they have two days' rations, and so on.

The gunner's gang is charged with maintaining a supply of ammunition. The reserve ammunition can be best carried in limbers, which are supplied for all gatling guns; in default of these, other means of transport may be improvised by joining two field carriages. The ammunition for small arms is in boxes containing one thousand, and they weigh one hundred and eighteen pounds. One thousand rounds of pistol ammunition in a box weigh seventy-two pounds. Probably not much will be required for pistols; but for the rifles, if the firing is rapid, the expenditure in an action may be as high as eighty rounds a man, though it is not likely. It is desirable to have some means of supplying ammunition readily to any part of the command which may be in immediate need. The gatling limber (three box) can carry about three thousand five hundred rounds.

COMPANY DRILL.

Sailors need to know so many things, that it is not desirable to increase the time, for their other drills are quite as important. The time allowed for instruction in company drill will average one hour a week through the year. This seems very little, but a great deal can be done even in this time if every minute be utilized. To accomplish this the division officer must set before himself a definite standard to be attained, and this must depend upon the

kind of work his men may have to do. Their work does does not consist in executing dress parades, or passing in review, but in operating, in large or small bodies, in a town or country unfamiliar to them, in the midst of a hostile people, in guarding consulates, in repressing insurrections, in bush fighting, or, perhaps, in storming fortified places. To prepare them for these duties it is necessary to elaborate a system of instruction which may be changed from time to time as experience suggests, and to make it progressive, so that each time something new is learnt, and, little by little, the man gains in knowledge, and what he learns is learned thoroughly. Before the piece is put into a man's hand, he is taught carefully the principles of the direct step and of the double step, because the habit of marching properly will be of the greatest service when he has to go any distance on shore. The movements of the company which are needed are very few, but they are so taught that no amount of confusion will throw them out. Wheeling by fours, forming line by either flank and to the front or rear, are all the movements that are necessary; and when these are thoroughly understood the rifle may be put into the man's hand, and he has passed from his A B C to solid work. The test of efficiency in the manual is proficiency in rifle practice, in the different kinds of fire, and in bayonet exercise.

To meet such tests the men are first taught all the parts of the rifle and their uses, and to dismount and assemble it themselves; then the aiming and position drill, carefully in all the details loading and rapid firing with dummy cartridges, aiming at different elevations, with the use of the wind gauge, firing with blank cartridge singly and in volleys, and finally ball practice at known ranges, and judging distance; next a few movements of attack and defence with the bayonet, and the instruction in the manual is completed. These are not all to be taught in a

day, but they can be taught in a wonderfully short time, if it is done systematically and without useless repetitions. The next drill is instruction in skirmishing. Formerly the skirmishers prepared the way for the attack of the main body; now the fighting is done by the skirmish line, and this kind of fighting makes a greater demand for individual instruction. Each man is taught to act independently, and yet with the others, and to exercise a certain amount of judgment. The next instruction is in the duties required of outposts, advanced guards, and working by small squads under petty officers. Care is given to the teachings of the petty officers, and they are habituated to exercise command in their companies as readily as in their parts of the ship, or in their boats.

BATTALION DRILL.

The movements of the battalion which we need to know are very few, and as a general rule the simplest are the best. Although at first sight it appears difficult to teach any of the movements of the battalion on board ship, these difficulties are removed by having a skeleton drill, that is, using all the officers and petty officers of the companies, and only four men to represent a company. In this way those who need the drill can get it even in confined space. The necessary movements for the march are forming column of fours, and reforming the line, close column of companies or divisions, the deployment of the close column, and forming front into line faced to the front or rear. The column of fours is the only practicable order of march, and whenever the column has occasion to halt it is formed up into close column of companies or divisions. In this formation, in case of sudden attack, it is ready for deployment, and there is no question about the time necessary to bring up the rear, or their condition when they arrive on the ground. Having mastered these

evolutions, the whole attention is given to skirmishing. The battalion of four companies is deployed for attack as follows: — The battalion is formed in two lines, with the first, second and third companies in the first line, and the fourth company in the second line as reserve. In advancing to attack, the battalion is divided into (1) fighting line, (2) supporting line, (3) main body, and (4) reserve. The movements of the fighting line are regulated by the battalion commander, and it is important to establish a perfect system of linkmen between himself and the company commanders on the fighting line, and the officers with the main body and reserve, so that his orders may be passed rapidly without necessitating the use of drum or bugle. The duty of the fighting line is to keep up a fire on the enemy whenever it is effective and until the final rush is made. The duty of the supporting line is to reenforce the fighting line, when needed, to make up its losses, to supply ammunition, so that its fire may not slacken. The duty of the main body is to follow up the movements of the fighting line, and with it, to finally force the enemy's position. The reserve is used as circumstances may require. The distances between the several parts of the battalion depend upon circumstances, — the fighting line being thrown forward so that it will be about one thousand yards from the enemy, the supporting line about two hundred yards in rear, and the main body about three hundred yards from the supports. Previous to the advance an objective point is decided upon, and explicit instructions given to the company leaders. At a distance of about fifteen hundred yards from the enemy, the column is deployed into line with intervals between the companies of half distance. The deployment of skirmishers commences by sending to the front a thin line, numbers one of front rank of each four, as a fighting line; and, as they advance, the skirmishers extend to the

right and left. This is followed at the proper distance by the supporting line, numbers two and three of front rank of each four, followed in turn by the main body. The fighting line must take advantage of any cover it can obtain, but must not diverge from the direct line. The supports and main body keep covered as much as possible. The company commanders accompany that part of their companies which is on the fighting line; the chief petty officers are with the supporting line and the junior company officers are with the main body. This arrangement leaves under the control of the company commander his fighting line and supports, and prevents the confusion which is likely to occur when one company is supported by another. Each company commander can judge if he is so strongly pressed as to need re-enforcement, and can re-enforce his own line from his own men. Thus the men are always under the control of the officer to whose direction they are accustomed, and who knows them all personally. When firing begins it should be slow and careful so as not to waste ammunition. No firing is permitted while advancing, but at a given signal the fighting line will cease firing and advance with a rush for about thirty paces, when they lie down and commence firing again; this gives every man a chance to regulate his sight, and to fire from a rest. The supports and main body follow the movement, gradually diminishing their distance; the thin fighting line is pushed up as close as possible before it is re-enforced; and this is done by sending numbers from the supporting line who are replaced from the main body. On approaching the enemy's position the fighting line is strengthened until it has absorbed the main body, and the reserve is brought up into a supporting position; after this the firing is by alternate companies kneeling, by word of command, and the lines pushed up by companies, advancing with a rush succes-

sively for short distances, under cover of the fire of the rest of the companies. A front attack should be a last resort; before this is attempted every means should be tried to turn one flank or the other. When ready to make the attack, word is passed along to prepare to charge, when bayonets are fixed and the line advances at the double; when it has arrived within charging distance, the bugles and drums sound the charge. From the moment when the double commences, the first line will appear to be in confusion, which becomes greater as they near the enemy's line. This is in a great measure unavoidable, but every attempt should be made to preserve the alignment to the last moment; and the reserve must be ready to re-enforce any portion of the line. In advancing, care should be taken to keep the flanks always protected, and this is done by extending the skirmishers on the right and left flanks and bending them back. In receiving an attack, the skirmishers are to be kept in front as long as possible, and when they are driven in, the fire must be given deliberately.

ARTILLERY DRILL.

The same general principles of instruction are applied to the howitzers as to the company. The only manœuvres necessary for the howitzer on shore, are wheeling to the right, left, and about, going into battery, and moving by hand to the front or rear, and a very short time is necessary to obtain considerable proficiency in these. What is of vital importance, however, is to teach the men all about the charges, projectiles, and fuzes, the service of the piece, the manipulation of the sight, and judging distance; so that each man will know the capabilities of his piece and be able to perform any duty at the piece. To make the drill successful it must be systematic, so that in a certain time everything necessary shall have been taught.

As soon as the instruction in working the piece, both on shore and in the boat, has been completed, a series of exercises in target practice is commenced, with all kinds of ammunition, from the boat and on shore if it be possible. The men are to be taught that their weapon is the piece, that their safety in action will depend upon the way they work their piece, and that it only needs judgment and coolness to make it a powerful weapon.

I have shown you this evening how, without failing in their duty as sailors, our men have, in the past history of the navy, done valuable service on shore. We have seen them at Bladensburg and at the head of the Chesapeake, when the militia gave way and they had to stand the brunt of the attacks and secured the safety of Baltimore; we have seen them breaking up nests of pirates in the West Indies, and pushing the Malays in the East Indies; we have followed them in the Mexican war when Stockton in the north with his naval brigade conquered a large territory; when Shubrick in the south captured Mazatlan, and Rowan, Lavalette, Craven, and Selfridge kept the west coast in a blaze while Perry occupied and laid under contribution the east coast from the Rio Grande to Vera Cruz; we have been stirred to sympathy for the gallant fellows who fell at Fort Fisher where their defeat contributed to the victory of their brothers in the army; and since the war we know of the disastrous affair at Formosa, of our men being landed in different parts of the world to protect our own people and the foreign residents, and of the successful expedition to Corea to punish an insult to our flag.

Such a record in the past has to be maintained in the present and in the future. With limited drill and inferior arms our predecessors of glorious memory acquitted themselves well. But modes of warfare have changed entirely in fifty years, and even the savage of the present day is

no mean enemy, while our men are likely to be pitted against disciplined troops. We cannot decline to give battle for the honor of our flag, or for the protection of our citizens, because our enemies may be well armed and drilled, or because we should be off our natural element. The question is not whether the seamen are primarily intended for another kind of service; everybody agrees that the primary purpose of seamen is to man ships and to fight at sea. The question is, rather, in what way we can bring the most effective force against an enemy whose positions on land we are attacking. If we have a squadron with a thousand men on board, and all the operations have been concluded of which the squadron, as a squadron, is capable, we cannot allow our thousand men to remain on board idle while troops are engaged on shore, simply because their vocation is to fight on the water. There are times, however, as I have shown, when the service required is that combined land and water service for which the seamen are peculiarly fitted. And so, while we first of all train up a body of men to fight on the sea, we prepare for the possibility of their having to fight on shore, also. By making our drills practical and instructive we find that our men learn readily what is needed, and we know that the true sailor possesses a gallantry which only needs to be properly directed, to enable him to overcome any obstacles.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR, 1861–1865.

BY

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER
WILLIAM G. SALTONSTALL, U.S.N.

Read May 10, 1886.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

PREFACE.

To The Military Historical Society of Massachusetts.

Gentlemen, — To those of you belonging to the army during the war, who participated in some of its most important contests, whose ears became accustomed to the thunder of artillery, and whose eyes to fields of carnage thickly strewn with the dead and dying, and who since, at these interesting meetings, have had those thrilling scenes eloquently revived, I feel that a few words of preface are necessary before spinning my comparatively innocent and bloodless yarn. It was written at odd times, of late, *not* to read here, but for my own and my children's entertainment; and I frankly confess that the latter, thus far, seem to have failed to adequately appreciate the efforts of the author. It may be, however, that one of these days, — too late, alas! for them to assure him of their awakened interest, — they may be glad to have a record of his humble efforts in aiding to secure to them the blessing of a united country, — efforts which, though not so momentous as some, took up just as much of his time as anybody's. Let me suggest that you veterans follow my example. If *our* fathers had participated in such a contest, and borne record of honorable and patriotic striving to do well the duties, large and small, which fell to their lot, such would have great value in our eyes, and

those of future generations of their descendants. At the request of our good friend Mr. Ropes, who wished to arrange for this meeting, I sent him this paper, and he, being hard up, I suspect, has requested me to read it, which I cheerfully do. On his shoulders, therefore, must rest the responsibility, should you find it uninteresting, or lacking sufficiently high flavor for your sanguinary tastes.

INTRODUCTION.

At the beginning of the war there were but 42 naval vessels in commission, mostly abroad, with a force of 7,600 men; 207 men only were on board receiving-ships on the Atlantic coast. In 1865, at its termination, there were 694 vessels, mostly steamers, belonging to the navy, about 200 of which were regulars, built in navy or private yards, and 418 bought out of the merchant service and transformed into gunboats; and a force of 51,500 men. Three hundred and thirty-two Southern officers resigned, and about 7,500 volunteer officers came in.

It cannot be claimed that all the additions to our navy were handsome or effective. The class of schooner-rigged gunboats and double-enders hastily built during the war answered a very useful purpose, though slow, and our blockade would have been badly off without some of the merchant steamers like the "Connecticut," "Quaker City," and "Keystone State," fast enough to overhaul and capture the speedy craft built for blockade running, in England. The ferry-boat class, from their capacity for carrying heavy armaments, were useful but vulnerable, and the iron-clads as good as we could expect from their novelty and our total lack of experience in their construction. I confess that in the matter of iron-clads, considering their very limited resources, the South were more energetic than we, frequently causing us alarm and considerable damage. All that the navy left of floating things were taken by the

army for transports ; and such a collection of crazy, homely, shackly, and dangerous craft, collected from lakes, rivers, and canals, as were sent to sea, were never before encountered in fleets risking the dangers of the Atlantic coast. A merciful Providence, however, seemed to reserve the poor soldiers, who went down to the sea, crammed like sardines into these frail boxes, for some other fate, as few wrecks occurred. I shuddered when I saw the Port Royal expedition leave Hampton Roads, but they all arrived safely.

When you consider the condition of the navy in April of 1861, but few of the existing vessels being suitable or available for the duty required of them, and with the service demoralized by the withdrawal of so many officers, and then consider what was accomplished during the first year, it is truly remarkable, and reflects the greatest credit on both the Secretary of the Navy and especially his assistant, Mr. G. V. Fox, to whom it was chiefly due. Besides instituting the extensive blockade of the coast line of 3,549 miles by means of the North and South Atlantic and East and West Gulf Squadrons, naval expeditions were organized to restore the national authority at important points within the insurrectionary region. The first of these sailed from Hampton Roads in August, 1861, under Rear Admiral Stringham, and resulted in the capture of Hatteras. This was followed a few weeks later by the victory of Rear Admiral Dupont at Port Royal, which secured a good harbor for the ships of the South Atlantic Squadron. Pensacola with its naval station was fortunately saved to us; and then followed, in April of 1862, the capture of New Orleans by Rear Admiral Farragut. These important expeditions comprised a larger fleet than had ever been fitted out on this continent, two of them seldom surpassed in naval annals, while all the time the blockade was so vigilantly enforced that the rebels even

then felt its severity. Nor was the contest confined to the seaboard; for on our inland waters, — the Potomac, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Cumberland Rivers, — a flotilla of gunboats had materially aided the army in its movements, penetrating and patrolling those waters.

The War of the Rebellion commenced by the firing on Fort Sumter, on the 12th of April, 1861. Tempted by curiosity to see something of it, and quite willing to lend a hand if opportunity offered, I obtained a passage to Fort Monroe the latter part of May, 1861, in the steamer Cambridge, bound there from Boston with troops and munitions of war. Major-General Benjamin F. Butler was then in command of the Fort and district, and, ascertaining from a mutual friend that I had had considerable nautical experience in the merchant service, proposed my going to Washington with a letter from him to the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Gideon Welles, asking an appointment in the Navy, with permission to serve under his (Butler's) orders, in command of one of two steam vessels he had sent to purchase, which he proposed arming on their arrival at the Fort, and using in conjunction with the Army. With an excess of zeal (for I had better have waited to see the vessels before shipping) I at once went to Washington and made my application. The Secretary smiled at the idea of thus amalgamating the two branches of the service, but granted the unusual request by conferring upon me the appointment of "Acting Master in the United States Navy, 'without pay,' with permission to serve under Major-General Butler at Fort Monroe." No pay could be allowed, as, from the nature of the appointment, my name could not well be on the rolls of either an Army or Navy paymaster. My patriotism far exceeding my cupidity, I accepted this document, and returned to my commander, who desired me to select the vessel I preferred of the two which had arrived

during my absence, and proceed, with his assistance of course, to convert her into a gunboat. To my chagrin I soon found myself relieved of the latter responsibility, for one of the vessels was the smallest tug-boat I ever saw, filled up on deck with bitts and houses to an extent which prevented the mounting of the smallest piece of ordnance, and with accommodations only for a captain, engineer, and one deck-hand. The other, a canal-boat for the conveyance of fruit and vegetables through some canal; of the very lightest possible build, with boiler and engine on deck, and a very small propeller out behind. The discharge of a 24-pounder on deck would have shaken her to pieces, and she had no accommodations whatever. Where these vessels had come from, or by whom bought, I never learned; but there had evidently been a job somewhere. The General, upon examination, agreed with me that they were entirely unsuited for such service as he had proposed, and the object was abandoned. My high hopes and ambitions received a heavy blow, and I was naturally, for the time being, very sorry I had shipped.

Active occupation was soon found for me, however, in organizing a naval brigade, from the riff-raff thereabouts, to man and pull ten very large flat-bottomed fishing boats requiring at least twelve men each, which had been collected up the bay for the purpose of ferrying across Hampton Creek, where the bridge had been burned by the enemy, the detachment of troops from Fort Monroe which was to join one from our camp at Newport News in the celebrated advance upon and battle of Big Bethel. My recruits for this service consisted of a set of nautical New York ruffians, constituting Bartlett's Naval Brigade, which somehow had been recruited and brought down by him shortly before in a steamer, at whose expense I do not know, with the promise that on their arrival they would be armed, equipped, and mus-

tered into the United States service. This the Government had declined doing; and after an attempt to kill their General, who I believe unfortunately escaped, they were hungry, ragged, willing to kill anybody else or do anything to procure food, which I engaged to provide in exchange for their services.

Leaving the fort on the evening of June 9, the long procession of boats made their way through the darkness to the Creek, which was reached after running the gauntlet of our own pickets, who, although they had been informed of our coming, insisted upon regarding us as rebels, and emptying their muskets at us before running away, without, however, doing any material damage.

Though not behind the scenes, I understood that the first object of the expedition, numbering about twenty-five hundred men and two guns, was to surprise the small body of rebels quartered at Little Bethel, a few miles up country; and in case of success the commander, Brigadier-General Pierce, was to exercise his discretion about proceeding farther on toward Big Bethel and Yorktown. After a most arduous night's work, it was dawn before our detachment got away from the town of Hampton and proceeded up the road. The heat was intense; the men were in heavy marching order, with overcoats, knapsacks, etc., as if going to stay. The detachment from Newport News first arrived at the fork of the roads selected for the rendezvous; but, strangely enough, seeing the others approaching, concealed themselves, and fired a volley at their friends, in case they should happen to be enemies, doing some execution among them, and causing the larger proportion to return in haste to the boats. Having heard the firing, and looking up the street wondering at the cause, I saw a singular apparition approaching on the run, which turned out to be the bass drummer of the band with his bulky instrument before him, who had

distanced all others in the race, although so badly handicapped.

The mistake being discovered, the column at length re-formed and proceeded up the road in broad daylight; and, finding no opposition at Little Bethel, continued gayly on until confronted by a line of works mounting several guns, on the other side of a swamp commanding the road, behind which was a force under command of General Magruder. Here they came to a very sudden halt; and soon all discipline was lost excepting by the small party of regular artillery commanded by Lieutenant Greble, who, being ordered to place his guns in the road in full sweep of the enemy, soon fell mortally wounded.

"Damn 'em! they're firing bullets," one soldier was heard to exclaim to another from behind their respective trees, — his first realization of war. When this was fully realized, the entire command concluded of their own accord to return hastily in light marching order, without a serious attempt to take the battery by assault. And so throwing away anything heavy or warm in the way of muskets, overcoats, and knapsacks, they replaced these encumbrances with livestock, where they could find it, and returned pell mell to the boats, a thoroughly disorganized mob. Had the enemy pursued, which they seem to have been quite content not to do, they could have created fearful havoc among them and bagged what they did not kill.

Thus ended the celebrated battle of Big Bethel, which later in the war would have been accounted nothing, but which, being the first action, sent a pang through the North and hope to the South. Theodore Winthrop was one of the few victims. He had conceived the enterprise, and doubtless hoped it would end in our possessing Yorktown. But, seeing how things were going, in desperation he advanced almost alone toward the enemy, and was shot down in the act of mounting their breastworks.

General Butler, who had not accompanied the expedition beyond Hampton Creek, was, of course, together with every one else, greatly depressed by the result; and finding there was little chance of usefulness thereabouts, I soon again applied to the Navy Department for a more regular appointment, and, as an Acting Master, was ordered to the frigate Minnesota then lying in Hampton Roads, where for a year I served as Flag Lieutenant on the staffs of Rear Admirals Goldsborough and Lee.

A few words here about volunteer officers. There were five grades open to us, viz.: Acting Master's Mates, Acting Ensigns, Acting Masters, Acting Volunteer Lieutenants and Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Commanders, the latter of corresponding rank to Lieutenant Colonel in the army, and beyond which we could not go by law. This seemed unjust compared with army regulations, unless length of title was a compensation for higher rank. We all received our appointments, after examination, from the Navy Department, signed by the Secretary instead of the President, and were at once placed on a par with the regulars of similar grade, thus attaining the rank in a day which it had taken them years to acquire. Naturally, considerable prejudice had to be overcome, and doubtless considerable annoyance was caused by the invasion of their messes by a lot of men not all bred to the standard of manners of the Naval Academy or its mode of performance of nautical duties. It was so plainly evident, however, that though the service according to the regulars was going to —— *with* us, it would much more surely and quickly go there without, that they became reconciled to the necessity; and certainly for zeal and general efficiency the volunteer officers compared favorably with regulars, though doubtless dispensing with a good deal of the red tape of the service. Speaking of zeal, I recall what seemed to me at the time a strange piece of advice given

me by an old regular navy officer, but which on further acquaintance with the class seemed quite characteristic. "Never volunteer for any service," said he. "You are much more likely to get blame than thanks for it. Do what falls to your lot and let it go at that."

Most of us had been officers in the merchant service, and it naturally required time to acquire the routine, etiquette, and drill of the Navy. Many breaches of etiquette were made, but few more amusing than one of which I was guilty the day after reporting for duty, when ordered to accompany Admiral Goldsborough, a thorough specimen of a gruff old naval officer, huge in dimensions as well as importance, on a visit of state to the Fort. The stately barge was alongside; the full marine guard was drawn up on deck, the boatswain's mates and side boys ready at the gangway, and all hands interested observers of the pageant. The Admiral, in full uniform, issued from his cabin, and, accompanied by the Captain of the ship, the executive officer, officer of the deck, and myself, proceeded along the deck while arms were presented, drums rolled, and side piped. Arriving at the gangway ladder amid all this pomp, the Admiral paused for me to go down into the boat first, as etiquette strictly demanded, while to me the reverse seemed true politeness, and I waited for him to precede me. I quickly saw that something was very wrong indeed, causing a grin from all the observers, until from the Admiral, "—— —— it, young man, get into that boat!" caused me to hasten down, when I for the first time learned that in entering a boat juniors go first, according to rank, standing till the senior is seated, while in leaving the reverse is the rule. Thus I had early violated etiquette, causing much amusement on the ship, and a wigging from the Admiral on our way to shore for so detracting from his dignity.

My duties as Flag Lieutenant were to act as aid,

supervise all signals to the squadron, — at times a very responsible position, — attend to much flag of truce communication with Norfolk, but with no watch or ship duty to perform, and I found the position a very pleasant one. In fact, compared with the army, naval life was luxurious. Clean clothes and boots, comfortable beds instead of straw or mud, good and regular meals in place of hazardous ones, though possibly less good appetite for them. To be sure, strong drink was absolutely forbidden, but bottles labelled "Navy Sherry" were good substitutes for any containing commissary whiskey that my friends ever tendered me in camp.

One day in December, 1861, as I was standing in the port gangway requesting the captain of a tug which had brought some ice alongside, to hurry its discharge as I wanted to use his boat, a large block of ice, suspended by a tackle from the main yard, was swung in over my head, partially lowered, and through the carelessness of a sailor at the guy allowed to swing out again, striking me in the back. I was thrown some eight feet horizontally before dropping eighteen perpendicularly, bringing up on the deck of the tug, unfortunately, instead of in the water. I was reported by the ubiquitous newspaper reporter "mortally injured," and my family hurried down to see the last of me. The result was a serious and painful internal injury, which necessitated my going north into hospital for many weeks for repairs. This was the only wound I received in the service, and though severe did not bring the advantages in the way of promotion that might have attended one caused by a different material not so easily melted. Thus I was prevented from participation in two important events occurring during my enforced absence, — the Roanoke Island expedition in the North Carolina Sounds, and the witnessing of the memorable contest between the Merrimac and Monitor, in

Hampton Roads, March 9, 1862. The former had been a sister ship to the Minnesota and had fallen into the hands of the Confederates when they seized the Norfolk Navy Yard. It was well known that they had razeed and were plating her with iron, with a view to attacking our vessels in the Roads and doing whatever damage she could. Her rival, the Monitor, was also being hurried to completion in New York.

I will here relate an incident which came near ending my earthly career. Before my accident, the Congress and Cumberland frigates — shortly afterward sunk by the Merrimac — were guarding the entrance to the James River, and kept a sharp lookout for anything approaching them at night. One evening, after dark, I was ordered to take the steamer Philadelphia and carry some dispatches to the commander of the Congress. It seems that the quartermaster on watch had reported us as coming out from Norfolk; and although we had our signals set, they decided we were a rebel vessel trying to get up the James, and prepared to stop us. On we went, unsuspecting danger, until nearly up to the Congress, when fortunately the bell was rung to stop, and simultaneously a hail came from the ship, ordering us to stop. Our boat was lowered and I proceeded on board, well aware from appearances that something unusual was up. I found all hands at quarters, and, being invited into the cabin, was informed by the captain that had we not stopped as we did a broadside would the next instant have been poured into us, the belief was so strong that we were a Confederate steamer trying to run the blockade.

My flag of truce duties with Norfolk for the purpose of exchanging prisoners, etc., had brought me in contact with many who gave full information about the Merrimac; but the Admiral was inclined to under-estimate her powers until she proved them. At the time she came out he was

absent (as I should doubtless have been) in the North Carolina Sounds, and hastily returned to find the two frigates sunk, while his own flag-ship, the Minnesota, had barely escaped destruction. When her consorts off Newport News had been attacked, Captain Van Brunt, her commander, had got under way to go to their assistance; but, grounding on the bar about half way up, was completely at the Merrimac's mercy, when, having dispatched the other two, she turned her attention upon her, and taking up a raking position where the Minnesota could bring few guns to bear, while their shot glanced from the Merrimac's side, she soon caused considerable loss of life and havoc on board. Darkness coming on, the iron-clad withdrew for the night, during which the Monitor arrived from New York, and before morning reported alongside, hastily prepared for the memorable conflict before her. With breathless interest the manœuvring and fighting was watched by my friends on the frigate; and at one time, when the Monitor seemed to have withdrawn from the action, active preparations were made for destroying the ship, should she be again attacked, the crew being largely transferred to tugs, and steps taken to blow her up to avoid useless loss of life, and her falling into the hands of the enemy. Just in time, however, the Monitor returned to renew the encounter, which resulted in the defeat and return to Norfolk of her adversary. That night the Minnesota was floated and returned to her anchorage.

I do not think that sufficient credit was ever given First-Lieutenant Greene, executive officer of the Monitor, now dead, who himself told me that Captain Worden, after being wounded, sent for him to leave the turret, take command, cease fighting, and continue to retire toward Fort Monroe, as he had directed before leaving the pilot-house. Greene, on his own responsibility, turned

her about and renewed the action, with its well-known results, and, in reality, was not the lesser hero of the two.

Admiral Goldsborough returned in haste from the Sounds, no longer swearing that he would sink the Merrimac if she ventured out, as he had always valiantly threatened when I had carried him accurate information of her powers. All sorts of appliances, from the great steamer Vanderbilt to the smallest tug-boat, were kept in preparation to run her down, or otherwise destroy her; and great was the excitement in the Roads, and of the Admiral, at times when she was reported coming. One day when black smoke was seen over Sewall's Point, and it was reported the Merrimac was coming out, the Admiral was raging up and down the deck in terrible excitement, when an innocent little officer appeared from a boat alongside with a roll of requisitions under his arm, on which he wanted the Admiral's signature. Vessels used to be sent from Northern Navy Yards with little or nothing on board, and told that when they reached Hampton Roads everything could be had by making requisitions; whereas, there was nothing to speak of there, and requisitions had come to have the same effect on the excitable Admiral that a red flag has on a bull. Catching sight of the unfortunate, he yelled, "What have you got there, sir?" "Requisitions, sir," was the meek reply. "D—— you, sir, go back to your ship, sir; don't you see that I am expecting the Merrimac?" A vision of horizontal coat-tails rapidly disappearing, and the hasty departure of a boat, ensued.

The Merrimac did not again risk an attack, and just as I returned to duty, owing to a successful advance by the army upon Norfolk, she was destroyed by her officers, May 10, 1862, and the place evacuated, the Minnesota taking her station off the town; the Navy Yard, which we had made such a mistake in abandoning, being a mass of smoking ruins.

Our debt of obligation to the Monitor and her officers is incalculable. I do not think the Merrimac would have ventured outside the Capes, but she would have held undisputed possession of the Roads, Chesapeake Bay, Baltimore, the Potomac and Washington, could she have reached them. The day which witnessed that unprecedented action was, like several others during that tedious and terrible war, momentous with the fate of the Union.

While at Norfolk I had an opportunity of witnessing the virulence of the Southern women, who, so far as I am aware, while behind their Northern sisters in acts of mercy and love, displayed a spirit which made the alternative of facing the enemy much more desirable to their male friends and relatives than staying at home. In fact, of the two fires, ours was the mildest. On our walks through the streets, dresses would be ostentatiously pulled aside to prevent coming in contact with us, while "Dixie" and other Confederate airs would be vigorously played and sung as we passed their houses.

One day, in a severe thunder-squall, I took refuge in the open doorway of a house, and encountered two veritable wild-cats, the lightning from whose eyes caused that of the heavens to pale, while their tongues poured out a rain of venom which made the pour outside preferable and refreshing.

On one occasion, after our occupation of Norfolk, I was ordered to take charge of a detachment of sailors from the Minnesota, for New Berne, North Carolina, and proceed in the small steamer captured at Norfolk, through the Dismal Swamp Canal. We started early one pleasant morning, and on the way had to pass through several lakes. In the middle of the last and longest one, during the afternoon, quite too late to return, our rickety craft sprung a bad leak, and it was only with the greatest diffi-

culty the water could be kept from putting out the fires under the boiler. As many as possible were set to work bailing with whatever implements we could find on board, — even to the men's caps; and in this way we reached and passed through the last section of the canal, in the midst of a hostile country, where a few armed men, had they been there, would have had us entirely at their mercy, as we were unarmed; and so out into Currituck Sound, where a United States gunboat, sent for the purpose, was providentially awaiting our arrival. As we approached her the leak increased rapidly, and the boat became so water-logged and cranky that it was only by keeping part of the men moving from side to side that her attempts to roll over were counter-balanced. On approaching the gunboat I ordered all hands to be ready to jump with their traps as soon as we were alongside, an order most willingly obeyed, — the result being that as the last one left her she rolled over and sank to the bottom. We could not have gone many rods further, and had not the vessel most fortunately been just there to receive us, we should have had to accept the alternative of drowning, or the very doubtful hospitalities of North Carolina rebels, could we have reached the shore. It was a wonderfully narrow escape, and laughter and congratulations immediately took the place of anxiety and foreboding, as we found ourselves safe and among friends.

Reaching New Berne, and delivering my rather lively charge to the commander of the squadron for distribution among his fleet, I was directed to take passage on a side-wheel river steamer under Government charter, bound to Hampton Roads by the outside route. There were a good many soldiers below, and but a few cabin passengers, including one lady. When rounding Cape Hatteras in the night, we encountered a southeaster, with the usual ugly sea peculiar to that locality. Our flimsy craft labored and

rolled so heavily that I could not sleep; and at length a tremendous sea striking under guards sent her almost on her beam ends. Jumping from my berth, I opened the stateroom door, and looked out into the dimly-lighted saloon; at the same moment, the lady passenger nearly opposite and a well-known Massachusetts army surgeon a few doors distant on my side, and exactly opposite hers, — all in a state of alarm and *dishabille*, — did the same thing. Just then came another fearful roll down our side, and the lady, losing her hold, started with involuntary but incredible speed across the saloon, bringing up full against the doctor, causing him to quit his hold, and both disappeared from my sight into his room. The next roll brought both out and hurriedly across into hers, he vainly trying to assist, and both ghostly objects again disappeared from view, he speedily returning in similar haste alone; and the scene ended by all again retiring to our berths and, after an anxious night, reaching our destination safely next day. I never meet the doctor without his recalling this very amusing bit of farce with such tragic surroundings.

In the autumn of 1862, I was detached from the frigate, and ordered to New York to fit out and command the United States steamer Commodore Hull. Among various other strange looking and unseaworthy craft, the Government had altered to gunboats many ferry-boats, owing to their ability to carry heavy armaments, and go up and down narrow rivers without turning around; and this was a small specimen of that class. She carried at each end a fifty-pound Parrott rifled gun on pivot carriages; the bulwarks, of half-inch iron plates, being lowered in action, affording a half-circle sweep for the guns: also, four twenty-four-pound brass howitzers on slides in broadside. The original cabins were divided into officers' quarters, store and cook rooms; while the men slung their ham-

mocks in the enclosed space between. She was not a craft to take much pride in, or to care to go to sea or to fight in, being perhaps one hundred and fifty feet long, with side wheels and broad guards, both engines and boilers being partly above the water line. Officers and crew numbered about one hundred, very many of whom had never been on a naval vessel before, and some not on any. The operation of fitting out at the Brooklyn Navy Yard was anything but agreeable in those days of hurry and confusion; and it was only after much delay and strife that I succeeded in getting the craft into a decent state of efficiency and ready for her crew, which was then transferred from the receiving-ship, little resembling typical men-of-war's men, — a few cartloads of stores (consisting more of what then happened to be left on hand than what I wanted) were dumped on deck in the rain, and I was ordered to get out of the way as quickly as possible, and report to Admiral Lee at Hampton Roads for duty in the North Atlantic Squadron.

At length, early one pleasant Sunday morning in November, I left the Navy Yard and paddled down the harbor, passing on the way a large English frigate just arrived and anchored. There was apparently the greatest excitement and interest on board as we approached, they probably mistaking us, with our sheet-iron lined sides and pilot houses, for one of the new American iron-clads which the Monitor had made famous. All hands were apparently interested, the rigging and hammock nettings were crowded with men, while all the officers from the captain down were examining through their glasses this new and strange little war vessel so bravely paddling off to sea. As we passed, their ensign was hastily run up and dipped, caps were waved, and cheers given. Answering these salutes in kind, we passed on smiling audibly.

Outside, the sea was smooth, and we succeeded in

reaching Hampton Roads without accident. After a few days of picket duty on the James River, orders came late one afternoon to start immediately for North Carolina Sounds via Hatteras Inlet; and though the weather was threatening I put to sea that evening. The next day, about noon, we were off Cape Hatteras, with a continually increasing southeast gale, and sea coming up. I had no pilot or special charts for this dangerous locality, on board. Our compasses were entirely unreliable from local attraction; and soon after passing the Cape it came on so thick and rainy that we lost sight of the land. The chance of getting into the Inlet looked poor; but get in there before dark we must, or go ashore or founder during the night. Every moment the gale was increasing and the boat wallowing and steering worse, while frequently the sea would strike under her guards with threatening force. Slowly we labored on, firing, at short intervals, signal guns in the hope of inducing a pilot to venture out. Suddenly a large can buoy loomed up through the mist; and, deciding that it must mean something, I rounded it and headed the vessel for the Inlet, or the beach. It must be the one, with safety, or the other, with death, for there was no going back in the face of the gale. Driving before it with but little control over the vessel, we soon heard the terrible sound of breakers on the beach, and ere long, as we shoaled our water, were among them, though we thought we could perceive a comparatively smooth course between the lines, indicating a channel, in which we strove to keep. With no land yet visible, with the darkness coming rapidly on, the rain pouring down in sheets, the gale ever increasing, and the breakers foaming and howling on each side as we ran blindly and almost helplessly in toward the dreaded beach, the situation and responsibility were terrible beyond description. Officers and men stood silent and awed,

awaiting a result which must very soon arrive. Suddenly the sand hills of the beach loomed up but half a mile ahead; and simultaneously we perceived a whale-boat, with a brave and lusty crew, struggling in our direction, the steersman signalling us with his arm to "starboard our helm!" to keep in the channel. Soon they were alongside, and a pilot with difficulty on board, who said, as he carried us through the Inlet to smooth water and safety, that if he had not heard our guns, and gone out and caught sight of us that moment to give us the signal he did, the next one would have seen us ashore in the breakers, with the inevitable consequence of death and destruction. All night long the gale howled, and the breakers roared outside; and never a more thankful crew enjoyed the blessing of safety and rest after our trying experience and hazardous voyage in a craft which only the emergency of the times excused sending to sea.

The next day I proceeded to New Berne and was soon ordered to report for duty off the town of Washington, N.C., in the Pamlico River. Early in the war the Confederates had practically closed this river about seven miles below the town, by driving piles, sinking vessels, and the erection on Hill's Point, a high bluff commanding the obstructions, of a very strong casemated earthwork. The place having been evacuated by them later on, our forces had taken quiet possession of the town, contenting themselves with simply opening a channel, and marking it with a buoy on each side, leaving the battery intact, and ready for occupancy again. Arriving there in December, the vessel was stationed off the lower part of the town, abreast of a small island, while the gunboat Louisiana (subsequently used as a powder boat off Wilmington, N.C., in General Butler's characteristic but abortive attempt to take its defences by bluster rather than fighting) guarded the upper portion.

Here I passed the winter very pleasantly, making some few agreeable acquaintances among the inhabitants, though, as usual, the female portion were very shy of Union officers. I here met a Miss Dimmock, fifteen or sixteen years of age, poor, but a most intelligent girl, of partly Northern parentage. She had a natural fondness for the study of medicine, which I gratified by borrowing books from my surgeon. Before the end of the war she came to Boston, went into a hospital, attracted the attention of some of our best physicians by her zeal and aptitude, who sent her abroad to study. After a highly successful experience she returned to take charge of the New England Hospital for Women and Children, and after some years of excellent work was lost on the steamer Schiller, when wrecked on the Scilly Island, where she displayed most heroic courage in the face of death. Her body was one of the few recovered, and was buried from Rev. James Freeman Clarke's church, filled to overflowing with her sorrowing friends; a most notable instance of high achievement from a very small beginning.

While speaking of North Carolina women, I will allude to their fondness for snuff-dipping. This consists, as a preliminary, in chewing the end of a twig from a certain bush till it becomes a sort of brush, when it is dipped in snuff and rubbed slowly around the teeth and gums, with as much or more apparent satisfaction as smoking or chewing affords the opposite sex. It is claimed that this habit, which I often saw practised, is confined to the lower classes; but the higher circles are not above suspicion.

Cruising down the river one day after the siege, when the neighboring country had been thoroughly ransacked for recruits and provisions, I landed at a decent looking house to try and buy some poultry. The occupants were

two half-starved looking women, who stated that the husband of one, together with all their provisions and live stock, had been gobbled up by a Confederate foraging party shortly before, leaving them in great destitution. They begged some provisions of me, and added: "For God's sake, Captain, send us some snuff."

Nothing of importance occurred during the winter, unless I note the invention, by Engineer Lay, of the torpedo boat, which later made him famous. In a deserted forge on shore, and with but few tools and materials, he constructed a rude model of a system, since perfected, and which not very long after, in the hands of the brave Lieutenant Cushing destroyed the rebel ram Albemarle at Plymouth.

I will here diverge to say a few words about Cushing, a brother officer of mine on the Minnesota. He had been at the United States Naval Academy, just previous to the war, but was dismissed, and obtained an appointment as Acting Master's Mate, subsequently being reinstated in his class as Lieutenant. From being a poor subordinate officer he soon made himself famous for dash and gallantry, and obtained a small command. Then began a series of extraordinary excursions into the enemy's territory, where he took prisoners, captured property and mails, and generally raised a commotion from which he always escaped, unharmed, though in one instance obliged to destroy his vessel, owing to her grounding on his way out of New River Inlet. Being unable to get her off, and under a hot fire from shore, he transferred his crew and everything of value into a captured schooner, and, having fired and destroyed his vessel, escaped. His chief exploit, however, was the destruction of the rebel ram Albemarle, for which object he had been detached from his vessel, gone to New York, where I met him, and superintended the fitting out at the Navy Yard of a Lay torpedo boat

for the especial purpose. This formidable iron-clad ram, mounting several heavy guns, had been built up the Roanoke River, and came down on the night of April 19th, 1864. The United States gunboats Southfield and Miami, lying off Plymouth, N.C., tried to run her down; but the Southfield was herself sunk by the collision, and the brave Lieutenant-Commander Flusser of the Miami killed by the fragments of a shell, fired by himself, which recoiled from her sides. Solid shot failed to affect her, and she became the terror of the neighborhood, for we could bring no iron-clad into those shallow waters to compete with her. She made an excursion down the Albemarle Sound on the 5th of May, where a number of our wooden gunboats were prepared to meet her. She withstood with apparent success a heavy fire at short range, and finally returned to Plymouth without having done us much damage, and I do not find that she again assumed the offensive.

On the night of the 27th of October, 1864, Lieutenant Cushing in his launch, with thirteen volunteers from our different vessels, succeeded in reaching the vicinity of the ram, when the light of a fire on shore disclosed her, made fast to the wharf, inside of a pen of logs, about thirty feet from her side. Here he was discovered, and under a hot fire succeeded in forcing his launch over the logs, and sufficiently near to explode his torpedo under her overhang. Just at that moment the Albemarle's gun was fired. The shot went crashing through the little boat and a dense mass of water rushed in from the torpedo, filling and completely disabling her. Under a terrible musketry fire he and those of his companions alive, jumped into the river and swam for it, declining to surrender. Most of the party were shot, captured, or drowned, only one escaping besides himself. Reaching the shore half a mile below the town, he hid till the next

night in a swamp, when, capturing a skiff, by eleven o'clock he was safely back to our vessels. For this brave and important service he received the thanks of Congress and promotion. He told me once that he had the most implicit confidence in his luck, which certainly never seemed to fail him. After all his extraordinary adventures, without a wound, he died naturally, not long after the completion of the war.

I will now return to Washington. On the shore our troops had erected a series of earthworks on the land side of the town for their protection, but did not require them until the latter part of March, 1863, when a considerable force of infantry and artillery, under the Confederate Major-General D. H. Hill, having attacked New Berne without success, were reported on the 29th of March as on their way to visit us at Washington. Fortunately, Major-General J. G. Foster, in command of the department, divining their motives, arrived that day by steamer with reinforcements from New Berne; the available Union forces, the day after his arrival (March 30), consisting of eight companies each of the 27th and 44th Massachusetts; two companies of the 1st North Carolina; Battery G, 3d New York Artillery; and Company G, 3d New York Cavalry; in all 1139 men; very insufficient to properly man the long lines of defence around the town, in the centre of which was one principal work — Fort Washington — with an armament of four 32-pounders, two 6-pound Wiard, and two 12-pound Napoleon guns.

The rebel forces very largely outnumbered us, consisting of Garnett's brigade — 17th, 18th, and 19th North Carolina, 8th, 18th, and 56th Virginia regiments; Pettigrew's brigade — 26th, 32d, 43d, 45th, 47th, and 52d North Carolina regiments; Daniell's brigade — 56th North Carolina, 20th, 28th, and 59th Virginia, and 64th Georgia regiments; Robertson's cavalry brigade — 59th North Caro-

lina, 2d Georgia, and 7th Confederate cavalry regiments; seventeen regiments of infantry, three of cavalry, and forty pieces of artillery, making in all about 14,000 men. Garnett's brigade, with Starr's Battery and the 59th cavalry, occupied Clay Hill north and west of the town; and Daniell's brigade, respectively, Rodman's and Hill's Points, on the right bank of the river; while their artillery and infantry were suitably posted for offence on the river, and defence against New Berne by land.

General Foster, having undoubted information of the enemy's approach, ordered me on the evening of the 30th of March, to drop down the river and shell the woods in the rear of the town until ordered to stop, about midnight, by which time I had expended much of my ammunition for the large guns. During the night a company from our North Carolina regiment, which had been stationed at Rodman's Point, abreast of where I was, were driven to their boats by the enemy; and the next morning I ascertained that Hill's Point below, commanding the obstructions, had been reoccupied by them, and the buoys marking the channel been removed, thus rendering any attempt to pass through extremely hazardous under their plunging fire.

At dawn on the first of April, a shell whistled over my vessel, quickly followed by others, which I observed proceeded from Rodman's Point, where an earthwork had been erected during the night, mounting several Whitworth rifled guns. The crew were mostly asleep at the time, and had never before been under fire; but after a few moments of confusion, obeyed their officers, stowed their hammocks and went to quarters, returning the fire effectually. The wind for the previous twenty-four hours had been blowing hard down the river, forcing the water into the Sounds; and the consequence was that, when, finding the enemy had got my exact range, and were hit-

ting us every time, I tried to change the position of my vessel, we very soon ran hopelessly aground, heading up stream, at short range from the battery, and there remained, partly careened, throughout the day and until the water came up upon the subsidence of the wind after dark. We here returned the fire from the Rodman's Point battery with our after pivot, and from another earthwork in a cornfield with our forward one, until our ammunition gave out about 12 o'clock, when, as the crew could no longer be of use on deck, I sent them as far below as possible, remaining on deck with one or two adventurous spirits to watch the progress of affairs that had become very decidedly lively. At least six or seven guns were blazing away at us all day, half to three-quarters of a mile distant, and, as nearly as we could tell, hitting the hull and the light upper works over ninety times, tearing the latter pretty thoroughly to pieces, riddling the smoke-stacks and doing all sorts of damage except to life and boilers, both of which miraculously escaped. Some men were wounded by splinters, but subsequently recovered; and it was to the infinite surprise of all outside the vessel who witnessed the affair, and who thought that when we stopped firing it was because of great loss of life, that we appeared at our old anchorage the next morning, a sorry-looking craft to be sure, and very deficient in sleeping accommodations, but nevertheless with the majority of crew intact, and ready to do further fighting as soon as we could get ammunition. Of course all had had most wonderful escapes. Among others, a shrapnel shell had entered and exploded in the little fire-room in front of the boilers, where six men were standing, and none were harmed; while another, which I have in my possession, passing through the oak sides of the vessel and the outer and inner casings of the magazine, dropped on its floor with the fuse-hole so tightly calked with oak in its passage through, as to have extinguished

the fuse and prevented our sudden exaltation. My mess-room was strewn with the fragments of my furniture and crockery, while my little cabin, through which many shot passed, looked like a rat's nest from the remnants of clothing, bedding and uniforms scattered about. The attentions of the enemy that day were all directed to my vessel, and hundreds of various missiles, but mostly solid shot — they believing us an iron-clad — were fired at her. My report states that from 5 to 5.30 P.M., I counted twenty-five shot and shell thrown at us, twelve of which took effect. My consort, the Louisiana, with the exception of a very mild attempt to assist me, was guarding her end of the town that day in comparative peace and comfort, while her Captain, my senior officer, was mainly engaged, I understood, in drinking confusion to his enemies wherever he could find the material; a strong point of his when a fight impended.

Soon a large fleet of gunboats and transports collected in the river below Hill's Point, and in plain sight, but considered the risk of getting through the obstructions, and running the gauntlet for seven miles of artillery and sharpshooters, too great to venture, the channel running close to the shore occupied by the enemy's batteries all the way. A notable example was set the others in the early morning of April 4th, when the small side-wheel gunboat Ceres, Captain McDiarmed, came up safely, shelling the enemy without reply. She was loaded with ammunition, and her unopposed arrival was unaccountable to us. After unloading the ammunition, under the impression that possibly the enemy might have evacuated, some troops were put on board, and she approached Rodman's Point, only to meet with a reception so unattractive as to compel her immediate return with the loss of some of the men. In the meanwhile, the enemy in large force had erected to the north and west of the town eight bat-

teries, with ten rifled and six smooth-bore guns, from which, at frequent intervals during the days that followed, they poured a converging fire, ploughing the face of our works and frequently going into the houses in town occupied largely by people with Southern sympathies, who felt great confidence in the ultimate success of their friends outside.

General Foster had made our fortifications as complete as possible. Parapets were turfed, port-holes constructed for riflemen, blockhouses erected, traverses and bomb-proofs conveniently arranged, and every man assigned to a place and always ready to defend it when wanted, but in the meantime lying low and keeping dark in their bomb-proofs, and holding their ammunition for an emergency. In addition to the river batteries I have mentioned, a very disagreeable one with two guns, constructed of sand-bags and cotton-bales at night, just opposite where I lay, six hundred and fifty yards off in a swamp, opened on me at dawn of April 3, the shot and shell going through us in a lively manner for a while, or until we knocked it down and dismounted their guns by our fire. They were replaced once or twice with similar results, and the loss of some life, until they found it too dangerous to pay.

Thus day after day passed on, after a summons to surrender on the first one, which Foster politely declined; and still the assault to which all looked forward, and were constantly prepared for, did not, to our astonishment, take place. There they were, with their great superiority in men and artillery, firing away powder and shot at our little force on land and on water as if their lives depended upon it, and still no attempt to take the place in the only way they could take it. Did they want to starve us out, or wear us out? It certainly was very wearing, and after a time the troops had to be put on a decreasing allowance. And so the anxious days went by, no one knowing at what moment

one of the many shot that filled the air might end his career, until we got in a measure *used* to the life, but never to like it. It was odd after a while how nearly we could tell where a shot from the Rodman's Point or cornfield batteries would strike. With the noise of the report, the projectile could be seen, and if its arc seemed to end on board, there was naturally more anxiety felt than if it did not.

At dawn on the fourteenth day of the siege, after hearing an unusually heavy fire of cannon and musketry below, through the haze appeared like a welcome ghost, the little white transport steamer Escort, with stores, ammunition, and the Fifth Rhode Island Regiment, Colonel Sisson, who had gallantly volunteered for the perilous service. She had miraculously found her way through the obstructions and escaped important injury on her eventful trip, and brought to us the first ray of light and real substantial assistance and encouragement we had received, and naturally was greeted with hearty cheers from both army and navy. An attempt had been made by General Spinola to come to our assistance overland from New Berne; but his generalship did not avail much, and when confronted by the enemy at Blount's Bridge, he retired after a short engagement, whence he came.

The gunboats below Hill's Point kept up an intermittent but useless fire at the Hill's Point battery, the question of the possession of Washington being as yet dependent upon the valor and endurance of its immediate defenders. On the 15th of April, General Foster concluded to turn over the command to Brigadier-General Potter, his chief of staff, and attempt to run the blockade in the Escort, that he might himself command an expedition from New Berne for our relief. Starting just before daylight, she again succeeded in getting through, notwithstanding a tremendous fire of cannon and musketry all the

way down (the latter killing her pilot); and though repeatedly struck by shot, was not vitally injured. A heavy storm now set in, making it extremely uncomfortable for all, and apparently dampening the enemy's ardor; for on the morning of the 16th of April our pickets discovered that they were in full retreat from both sides of the river, and our troops soon occupied their works with great rejoicing.

And thus ended one of the most remarkable experiences of the war, and, so far as I am aware, quite unlike any other. Had it not occurred at a time when public attention was absorbed by other much more important events in South Carolina and Virginia, it would have attracted considerable interest. As it was, only those there, and those at home specially interested in them, were aware how tight a place we had been in. Certainly, I know no other instance where a little vessel was struck over one hundred times by cannon shot, mostly from rifled Whitworth field pieces, to be sure, but some thirty-two-pound round shot and shells. We seemed to have been under special protection, — the sailors claimed because the Captain had complied with the Navy regulations and read services Sundays. For eighteen days the town had been very closely besieged. All attempts to raise the siege had been unsuccessful. We were so largely outnumbered, it seemed to all that a determined assault against our thinly manned lines could not fail of success, though attended with much loss of life, as the garrison were always alert, brave, and determined. Once in possession of our lines and the town, the prospect for the gunboats, with musketry and artillery pouring in on them from all sides, seemed hopeless, and surrender or destruction unavoidable. It was understood by my officers that in the last emergency the vessel would be blown up rather than surrendered.

To my great gratification, my promotion to a lieutenancy "for gallantry displayed in action at Washington, North Carolina," followed close upon the affair above described, and I was detached from the Commodore Hull and ordered to command the gunboat Governor Buckingham, then fitting out at New York, and intended for outside blockading service off Wilmington, N.C. She was a large new sea-going steamer, with an armament of five rifled guns as follows: a hundred-pounder Parrott amidships on a pivot; a smaller pivot rifled on the forecastle; two broadside thirty-pounder Parrotts, and another on pivot at the stern. I sailed from New York in October, 1863, and arrived off Wilmington, N.C., soon after, being stationed on the west side of Smith's Island, off Lockwood Folly Inlet, making one of a line of vessels guarding about twenty miles of coast, we each having our separate beats. A similar squadron was on the east side of the island, while some of the faster vessels, and consequently much more fortunate in prize money, cruised in the offing, and, when they could, overhauled and captured the blockade runners which had got through the inner lines, but, revealed by their black smoke, were discovered before they could get out of sight. The incoming blockade-running steamers, guided by a system of signal lights on the beach, would generally make the land towards dark, and later on, depending on the condition of the moon, go stealing along just outside the surf line; and being very fast, low in the water, and painted lead color, with no masts or simply lower masts, would very frequently elude our vigilance, or if seen, would brave our shot and trust to their heels, — frequently, I fear, being successful, although a considerable number were run on the beach when in a tight place and destroyed by their crews or our shells, as it would be almost impossible to get them off through the surf, or even to board them, without danger of swamping boats or

losing their crews from the fire from shore, where artillery and infantry were constantly patrolling, and prepared to open a hot fire from behind the sand hills which offered an admirable and always-ready protection. The outward bound steamers would drop down the river when loaded, and, protected by heavy batteries on Smith's Island, await a favorable opportunity for running at full speed through our lines and escaping in the darkness; our vessels often having narrow escapes from being run into by them. If seen or heard, it was only momentarily; and though we were always under way from dark till daylight, or at anchor ready for slipping, with our guns and steam as nearly ready as possible, the chance of escape would always be in their favor, unless overhauled the next morning by one of the fast outside cruisers, some of whose officers made fortunes in prize money. It was a hard service, especially in winter, with frequent heavy southeast gales blowing on a lee shore; and at some such times all of us would be obliged to vacate our posts and seek a safe offing till the gale abated. When the weather permitted, the blockading vessels usually anchored during the day, to rest their crews until darkness called them to active duty again, when we would drop in as close to the beach as we dared, and keep a sharp lookout till daylight. A system of flash lights, constantly ready, enabled us to distinguish friend from foe; and though absolutely necessary to prevent our firing into each other, often gave warning to the blockade runners, as the order was imperative to signal before firing at night. Our supplies of fresh meats, etc., as well as news, were brought down frequently by supply vessels. I had a hand in the destruction of several vessels, but was not thereby enriched by prize money.

I was not present at either of the attempts to capture Wilmington, by powder boat or otherwise, which occurred later on, the last of which was successful. In the spring,

my vessel was ordered north for repairs, and, being detached, I was next ordered (July 18, 1864) to command the steamer Kensington, five guns, which for a time was used as a despatch boat to the different squadrons. I went in her to Mobile Bay, just after its capture by Farragut; and one pleasant Sunday afternoon, on the quarter-deck of his ship, with the scene before us, he most kindly and graphically described to me the details of the recent action.

On my return to New York, when off Wilmington I sighted and chased a blockade-runner heavily loaded with cotton, then worth $2.50 to $3.00 per pound. Had she not proved too fast I should have made my fortune; but as it was, *they* probably did. It was, doubtless, the famous steamer R. E. Lee, as I learned by the papers soon after of her arrival at Halifax, having escaped from Wilmington the night before I fell in with her.

On another trip to Hampton Roads I was ordered to take a large number of men — some three hundred — from the receiving-ship, then overflowing on account of the recent draft; and the unfortunates, having been given some choice as to which branch of the service they would prefer, a great many had chosen the navy as probably the least hazardous and easiest. Doubtless they were right, as no forced marches, less dust, good and regular rations, and a much smaller likelihood of martyrdom awaited them therein. The term of enlistment was three years, unless sooner discharged. Of course most were landsmen, though some few desperate nautical characters and professional bounty jumpers were mixed up with seedy representatives from the professions — even including God-forsaken-looking ex-ministers, schoolmasters, and lawyers. No baggage to speak of impeded their movements. They had come into the service with their poorest (and perhaps their only) suit of clothes, anticipating the outfit to be supplied later on.

No well-filled bag and comfortable hammock came with them; and the poor fellows themselves looked neither well-filled nor comfortable patriots as they filed on board. Knowing the jumping propensities of some, I had marines posted at different parts of the ship, and causing it to be understood that if any tried to escape they would be fired at, started down the East River. Suspicious looking wherries were lurking about, and at least eight or ten men jumped boldly overboard before reaching the Battery; and though we did our best to shoot them, all were apparently picked up, and doubtless tried the substitute and bounty-jumping game again as they had before. Arriving at Sandy Hook, a heavy easterly gale was blowing with high sea, and I remained at anchor until it partially moderated the next day, and then went out. The scene which followed can be better imagined than described. My living freight rolled helplessly about the decks, caring little what became of them, and by no means improving in personal appearance until smooth water was reached at Hampton Roads the following day, when the unnautical procession was re-formed and transferred to the deck of the Minnesota — much to the disgust of her officers and natty-looking crew.

In December, 1864, at the request of my old commander, Admiral Lee, I was ordered to join him on the western waters where, at the time, the navy was co-operating with the army under General Thomas on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, principally in the convoying of transports with troops and army supplies — a duty of great responsibility and danger from rebel artillery and sharp-shooters on the banks, the latter picking off the officers and men about decks from safe cover. A long line of perhaps twenty or thirty river boats lashed together would be under the convoy of two or three "tin-clads," so-called, or simply merchant steamers bought by the Government,

armed with light guns and casemated between the first and second decks with oak, covered with light bullet-proof plating of boiler iron, easily pierced by artillery. A favorite game of the rebels was to mask batteries at some favorable portion of the river, perhaps a mile apart, get one of these convoys between them, and then blaze away, throwing the line into great confusion, and frequently creating much destruction before they could be shelled out by the gunboats. In command of several gunboats, I was in this duty for a while, and later on commanded the large flagship Black Hawk, going to New Orleans and to different points of interest, in style, with the Admiral on board.

In February, 1865, I was sent to Cincinnati to superintend the construction of some gunboats; and, taking command of the last one on her completion, arrived at Mound City Navy Yard May 18. The next day, the flagship Black Hawk accidentally took fire while at anchor in midstream of the Ohio River, with a strong current running and a heavy gale blowing. As soon as steam could be raised I put my vessel alongside the burning mass, the Admiral and all hands — some three hundred in all — having by that time been driven on to the forward deck. It did not take them long to transfer themselves to my vessel, and we had scarcely got two hundred yards away when the magazine of the Black Hawk exploded and the stately vessel disappeared, carrying with her much of my personal outfit, sword, and official papers which I had left on board the previous evening — an irreparable loss to me.

Promotion to Lieutenant Commander, the highest grade to be attained by a volunteer officer, "in consequence of the very favorable report of the Admiral commanding the squadron in which you are serving," rapidly followed; and after about four years' naval experience, the war being over, I gladly resigned and retired to private life in September, 1865.

SAMOA AND THE HURRICANE OF MARCH, 1889.

BY

REAR-ADMIRAL LEWIS A. KIMBERLY, U.S.N.

6076 feet, 1 nautical mile.
126½ fathoms, 1 cable's length.
8 cables, 1 nautical mile.
1 knot = 51 feet; sometimes 48 feet.

SAMOA AND THE HURRICANE OF MARCH, 1889.

"Our memories are gentle waves that flow
Against the shore line of the long ago,
A dim land stretching 'neath a dimmer sky,
Where past events, like ships at anchor lie."

—*Haynes.*

THIS paper will treat of Samoa, its inhabitants, the political condition at the time, 1887 to 1889, and the hurricane and its incidents.

I will also state that there are two men who at the time I write bore the title of Malietoa who must not be confounded. One Lu-pe-pa, the rightful king to whose family that title belongs by inheritance; he was exiled, having been deported by the Germans.

The second man, Mataafa, one of the highest chiefs, who on becoming regent of the Loyal party assumed the title *pro tem.;* he, by all odds, was the most able man of all the native Samoans; he was a leader of men, possessed military abilities of no mean order, and great moral qualities, strange to say. He is now in exile, and Lu-pe-pa now reigns, he having been restored through the action of the Berlin conference, after an absence from Samoa of more than two years.

In these days of surprising changes, events are followed by others in such rapid succession, that each later one serves to veil its predecessors with a mantle of obscurity.

This condition fortunately provides a relief to our minds from the increasing burdens that otherwise would over-

power them by their multiplicity, and bar the road to future and necessary progress, in the pursuit and solving of the manifold problems constantly arising from the advanced condition of civilization and demands of the present age.

It is well that this is so, for the majority of them can be spared without injury, and some with profit, until they may be required occasionally to elucidate some subject for the edification of an inquiring mind, or the searchings of a future historian.

This is the condition of the report of a once very interesting, exciting, and unfortunate event, in which two powerful nations were involved, and indirectly a third one, as well as two of its most important colonies in the far-off South Pacific by their sympathies with the natives.

This event I will read now; it has already in one form or another been told by others, both in song and story.

Having been requested several times to give my version of the hurricane that occurred at Apia, Samoa, of March, 1889, I comply after a silence of over seven years. The recital will be as concise as I can make it with due regard to facts. It is as follows:

The Samoan Archipelago consists of four principal islands and quite a number of smaller ones. The westernmost is Savaii, the largest of all. Then east of it is Upolu, the most important one commercially and politically; about seventy miles to the southeast from it, lies Tutuila, celebrated for its fine harbor of Pago-Pago, and still farther on comes Manua and its adjacent islands.

Savaii, Upolu and Tutuila contain about seven-eighths of the whole of the Samoan territory, nearly 1400 square miles. Apia, the chief port and capital of the group, is situated on the northern coast of Upoul, in 13° 50′ S. latitude, and 171° 44′ W. longitude from Greenwich; we now have its geographical position.

The islands are volcanic in origin, are mountainous, and have several extinct volcanoes. The mountains form the backbones of Upolu and the others. They vary in altitude throughout the group from 2000 feet up to nearly 5000 feet. They are covered with dense vegetation and forests from their summits to the sea; following the coast line is a belt of level land varying in width from a few yards in places to a mile. This is covered with heavy timber and an undergrowth of an almost impervious character, pierced here and there by narrow footpaths leading to the mountains, and over them across the islands.

It is mostly on this low land, and back in the valleys, that the majority of the natives live, as they prefer being near the sea, which to them takes the place of roads, and over which is transported their traffic. They are expert canoe-men, and in earlier days were bold navigators sailing from one group of islands to another.

The coral reefs, with breaks here and there in their continuity, formed a safe waterway when a boisterous sea was running outside, which also served them as a fine fishing-ground.

The Samoans are physically a fine race, of good height, presenting almost perfect forms, accompanied by free active movements, giving one an idea how the ancient Greeks might have appeared in the days of Homer. Their women compare in all respects favorably with the men, are their equals in family matters; both sexes are easy in their manners, polite, very hospitable and sociable. Their chiefs, as a rule, are able men, and their influence is great over their people, which appears to be derived from heredity; they are slightly of a lighter color, and in many instances larger men than their clansmen.

All are now nominally Christians; schools and churches are to be found in every village. Owing to the missionaries, most of the children attend schools, and can read

and write their own language, which is remarkably soft and agreeable, owing to the number of vowels used in the formation of the words. Of the religious sects, the Presbyterians largely outnumber the others. There are Wesleyans, Roman Catholics, and a few Mormons. (See Appendix, pages 339 and 340.)

Their character, compared with Europeans, is child-like. They are communists, and have been so for ages, are brave, and go to battle with as much zest as our foot-ball teams enter into their contests. In fact, they are like grown-up boys and girls of robust character, and delight in excitement. Their clans greatly respect their chiefs; it is these traits and habits that account for many of their peculiarities in their intercourse with the whites. The most savage custom they still retain is decapitating the slain in battle. Like nearly all of the dark-skinned races, they are fond of intoxicants, and when under their influence are apt to be quarrelsome. The women then interfere as peacemakers, and successfully, as a rule.

The climate is equable; rains are equally distributed throughout the year; but January, February, and March heavy rain storms are prevalent; destructive storms are rare, occurring at intervals of several or more years.

Before my arrival at Apia, the political status was unsettled, and had been so for more than a decade of years. This condition arose partially from the peculiarities and inherent traits of the Samoan character, and was greatly aggravated by the jealousy, selfishness, ambition, and interference of the foreign residents between themselves and with the natives. The prime incentive for these bickerings, especially amongst the foreigners, was commercial gain and political preponderance. Consequently, the result, as it always has been, and always will be between two races, was the relegation of the native and weaker one, to the grinding surface between the mill-

stones. I heard it frequently mentioned by residents well posted in Samoan affairs, that if the land-claims held by foreigners were enforced, the natives would be driven into the sea. This probably was an exaggerated statement, but it was an apt expression to define the grasping proclivities that were practiced by the insatiable strangers on the Samoans. It was as bad as the fable of the wolf and the lamb.

The nationality most prominently engaged in this pitiable business was the German; it was aggressive and energetic, unscrupulous and active in furthering its interests, both in trade and politics. The state of affairs was daily growing worse and more critical; it had so managed affairs by interference that a civil war was inaugurated. Under its auspices Tamasese led one of the native parties, Mataafa led the loyal natives, encouraged by the foreigners of the English and American nationalities. Conflicts that had already taken place inured to the advantage of Mataafa;[1] Lu-pe-pa, the rightful king, having been deported by the Germans, and retained in captivity until released by the action of the Berlin Conference. He might be termed a weak man, as to character. (See German Consul's letter, Appendix, page 340.)

We have now a slight idea of Samoa and its people. The group being situated midway on the great ocean route from California, via. Hawaii to Australia, passing *en route* by Tonga and New Zealand; it is this fact that in the future will probably decide the question as to whom they will belong.

The native population numbers nearly 40,000 souls.[2] At Apia the population varies; the Europeans number about 400. There may be as many as thirty Americans

[1] See Appendix, pages 340 to 342. Letters of Malietoa and Consul Becker.

[2] See Appendix, page 340.

included, good, bad, and indifferent, some of whom are half-breeds (in 1889).

I will now describe the harbor of Apia, where soon destruction, death, and untold suffering were to hold sway, where man's efforts amidst the awful war of elements were too puny to alleviate or save.

In approaching the harbor from the sea, you see ahead, stretched out before you, a beautiful green landscape of mountains, hills and valleys, covered with the fleeting shadows of the trade clouds as they are wafted over them to the westward towards Savaii. On the low coast as you approach, the long pendent leaves of the cocoa palms are swaying in the breeze, their stems overhanging the beach along which the only road in Apia extends from Matauta point on the east, to Mulinuu on the west. One side of this road is lined with houses, stores, compounds, and churches, all facing the bay. If the tide is high, you see nothing but water right up to the edge of this road laving the roots of the trees that border it; if the tide is low, instead of water, you see spread out before, the flat surface of the coral reef, like a plain with coral boulders scattered here and there, which at times are surrounded by shallow pools of sea-water. This reef extends from the two points Matauta and Mulinuu. I should judge them to be over a sea mile apart, and where the rivers Vaisiquano and Mulvai debouch, they have cut the coral out from the reef; and this clear space forms the anchorage, as the coral polypifer ceases work wherever the influence of fresh water is felt.

This anchorage is in shape of an irregular letter V with the wide part facing the north and sea, where it is about three cable's lengths in width; from the entrance through the reef to the beach, the distance is about three-fourths of a sea mile.

In the rainy season the Vaisiquano becomes a mountain

torrent that sweeps through the harbor and out to sea; it was the great amount of water discharged from it, that caused in part the strong undertow and whirlpool that cost the lives of so many of the Vandalia's crew, although in ordinary times it brought down along its course, soil that formed here and there patches of good holding ground in the harbor. On the occasion of the hurricane, the increase of the amount of its water, and the force with which it was ejected, scoured the bottom of the harbor throughout its extent, leaving nothing but the bare coral bottom, so the anchors had nothing to hold by. This was one cause of the ships dragging later on.

Most of the casualties of the Vandalia's crew occurred in less than a score of yards from the beach, for the reason, that the accumulation of the ocean's water rushing in a strong current to the eastward and meeting the river's discharge, rendered attempts to cross it abortive, for the swimmers becoming exhausted were sucked into the whirlpool and drowned. It was here that the natives joined hands, and forming a line entered this current to grasp the struggling seamen as they were swept by to the inevitable death that awaited them a short distance farther on. Some few of them were rescued, but the majority were not; for combined with this mill-race of the sea (as it might properly be called) was the heavy surf with its reactive undertow that swept the rescuers off their feet, so their own salvation depended entirely on their stalwart arms and firm grip of each other's hands that formed the living chain stretching from the shore into this seething and rushing water.[1] If many of those here lost had remained by their ship instead of trying to swim this short and treacherous distance to the beach, they would not have lost their lives.

The seven men lost from the Nipsic, five met their fate

[1] See Appendix, pages 343 to 348.

from being thrown out of a boat that was being lowered after the ship was beached; the other two men jumped overboard. Some of the Vandalia's men who were trying to reach the Nipsic by a line made fast between the two ships were also lost, being jerked off by its sudden tautening by the Nipsic's heavy rolling.

Before I proceed farther with this narrative, I think it would be as well to briefly describe a hurricane.[1]

No man who has not experienced the force of the winds and seas in one of these meteors can appreciate their terrific power, but once experienced is never forgotten. There are only two other natural forces that can approach it; and they are the earthquake and tornado. Sometimes both earthquake and hurricane occur at the same time; when this happens description fails. So, too, there is much difference in being involved in a cyclone on shore and at sea; in one case you have only the wind and rain to combat, in the other, you have not only these but a quivering ship and unstable deck to work your salvation on. Then there is the great storm-wave[2] that rises above the surrounding waters, an elevation of the sea which travels on within the center of the storm, submerging everything in its path where it strikes low land, becoming a flood sweeping everything before it to destruction.

A peculiarity of this wave is, notwithstanding its elevation above the normal level of the sea engendered by the cyclonic force of the howling gusts, great seas crisscross over its surface, adding thereby to its abnormal height, assisted by the diminution of atmospheric pres-

[1] See Appendix, page 362. "God's Ownership of the Sea," by Leonard Swain.

[2] A storm-wave differs in cause from either a tidal wave or seismic wave; all are equally destructive under the special conditions that govern them.

sure that ever is present in the revolving centers of all cyclones and tornadoes; no matter what may be their diameter, from yards to miles, it is a veritable piling of Pelion on Ossa. These great storms vary in their diameters from scores of miles up to hundreds and more; in their center is always a calm region which varies with the diameter of the gale. Overhead you may see the stars and a clear sky, bounded by an impenetrable bank of the densest clouds rising in the distance like walls above the horizon from which can be heard, as it approaches, the terrific screechings of the mighty gusts of the gale as from so many demons. Whilst in this space there is a confused and raging hell of mighty billows, and woe to the craft that is unfortunate enough to be within its weird and overpowering embrace. The seamen always try to avoid this center by following well established rules.

It is supposed that those cyclones having a greater diameter are not as powerful as those having a lesser one; but, as you approach the center of all of them the wind increases in force, and the seas in confusion, as in addition to the gyratory motion of the wind, there is also an onward motion.

Still another peculiarity attending them, is that they revolve in opposite directions in the northern and southern hemispheres, always increasing their distance from the equator either north or south, as the case may be, from their initiation to their collapse.

On the occasion of the Samoan hurricane the southern coast of Upolu was struck by the storm-wave which destroyed a stone church and a plantation of 500 cocoanut trees. As it passed on to the Sd. and Ed. its effects were felt on islands over 1,300 miles distant from Samoa, if contemporaneous accounts can be credited.

From the time it made its appearance at 3 P.M. on the 15th of March at Apia, until it passed away was about

forty hours, but not blowing hard all of this time; for twenty-eight hours it blew almost steadily in direction from the N. E. quadrant of the compass, and finally settled down at N., consequently blowing right into the harbor, a thing never recorded before. For twelve of those twenty-eight hours it was blowing with no perceptible abatement of force in the gusts. This was because it was a very slow moving meteor during this time; for it increased in rapidity of movement after clearing the islands, as it was their influence that retarded it, the mountains acting as a barrier to its onward course, as a dam would to a swift running stream. During this storm the barometer fell from 29° 60′ to 29° 19′ the lowest reading at 1 P.M. on the 16th. At midnight of that date it slowly rose to 29° 52′, wind N. N. W.[1] On the afternoon of the 17th the people left the sunken Trenton for the shore.

I mention the Trenton oftener because she was the Flagship and I was aboard. I narrate only what I saw and experienced, and quoting from the reports from the other ships there at the time. All passed through just as severe an ordeal, if not more so, as the number of their casualties and final condition showed after the storm had passed away, the difference being in the longer time the people of the Trenton had to endure a torturing and terrible anxiety without hope, and certainty of the final destruction of their ship and probably of themselves.

There were many brave acts of individuals, and incidents I have not mentioned, because they would make this narrative too long, but they were all reported officially to the Department and are on file for future reference. I

[1] When the wind was south at Apia the center of the storm disk was east, and as it passed over that place with center to the Northward, it left the islands with the wind at N. N. W.

will also state that very serious damage occurred to many of the ships from collision. The German ship Olga heads the list in this particular.[1] She knocked the smoke-stack out of the Nipsic, carried away several of her boats, her rail, main-chains, and sprung her mainmast; she struck the Trenton twice, taking off a quarter-gallery at each blow and carrying away the starboard quarter-davits with their boats. She also damaged the Vandalia; she gave much trouble to the Calliope. In turn, of course, she sustained much damage herself, losing her bowsprit close up to the knight-heads and having a hole stove in her quarter besides other mishaps. She was, however, the only German ship saved. When hauled off the beach, where she was forced by the Trenton, she proceeded to Sydney for repairs. She was not responsible for the damage she did to the other vessels, or what she received, as the storm was master, and worked its will on the ships as easily as if they had been so many chips. What men could do was done, but after the elements were unchained, human efforts were unavailing.

I left San Francisco in the Dolphin to join the Trenton at Panama; on arriving there I shifted my Flag to her, and awaited the arrival of stores that had been shipped from New York; before the stores arrived, I was ordered by telegram to proceed at once to Samoa.

"To extend full protection and defence to United States citizens and United States property, consult the United States Consul, examine the Consular Archives, and collect all information possible as to recent occurrences. Protest against subjugation and displacement of Native Government of Samoan islands by Germany as in violation of positive agreement and understanding between Treaty Powers.

[1] For detailed description of her colliding with the Nipsic, see pages 346, 347, 348, Appendix.

To inform German and British representatives of my readiness to coöperate in causing Treaty rights to be respected, and in restoring peace and order on the basis of a recognition of right of Samoan islands to independence. I was to prevent extreme measure against the natives of Samoa, and procure a peaceful settlement if such arrangement can be made on that basis.

I was to report same for the approval of my Government, and to inform it as soon as possible after my arrival of condition of affairs, and prospect of peaceful adjustment, and when conflict occurred if Germany was acting impartially between opposing forces.

I was informed also that the German Government invites the United States Government to join in establishing order in Samoa in the interests of all, giving assurance of careful respect for our Treaty. The United States Government has informed the German Government of willingness to coöperate in Samoan Islands on the basis of full preservation of American Treaty and autonomy of Samoan Islands as recognized and agreed to by Germany, the United States, and England."

The above was the list of my instructions, under which I sailed, to carry out in Samoa.

Upon my arrival in Apia, I opened communications with the Consuls, and very much to my surprise, I found that they had received no instructions to coöperate with me, and later on in an official conversation with the German Consul, he said he was aware of the nature of my instructions, which was a surprise to me at the moment, but it was not strange, as they had, I had reason to believe, become public through the press. It was something like playing a game of cards with my opponents knowing what trumps I held.

I thus found if I wished to accomplish my mission, I would have to do it alone. I was not sorry at all for this;

as I always believed that there were occasions where one head was preferable to several, and that this case, as it then stood, was in this category. I therefore inaugurated a plan of action, and held to it whilst I remained in the islands, and which proved successful as far as hostilities were concerned.

The hurricane and its aftermaths delayed me for nearly a month in doing much else than attending to our people encamped on shore, each ship's company in its own camp. As soon as they became somewhat settled, I issued to the Samoans two proclamations, and had them distributed throughout the islands in the native language and English, to all in authority, chiefs, consuls, etc. In Apia they were posted on trees, and published in the newspaper — in fact, made them as public as possible. The German Consul thought they would amount to nothing, but the leaven was working. Tamasese, the German puppet of a king, who was encamped at Luatuanu, supposed to be acting by German advice, remained within his fortification; but his force gradually dwindled away, so that it was no longer a dangerous factor to the peaceful settlement of the country, which continued until affairs were settled by the action of the Berlin Conference.

Mataafa assisted me all in his power. He commanded over 6,000 loyal Samoan warriors in the field, and in good faith sent them to their homes and fields to plant their crops. Peace reigned throughout the land, which I telegraphed to Washington; and now the foreigners felt the favorable influence of the change, and manifested it by honoring me with a public dinner previous to my departure, nearly all attending but the Germans. In connection with this I will read a letter from Mataafa, the king (*pro tem*), and from it you can judge his sentiments and character. He is a Catholic and strict in all the requirements of his church.

MAGIAGI, April 22d, 1889.

L. A. KIMBERLY,

Admiral of the American Fleet.

Your Excellency. — I and the Chiefs and the Councillors of my Government at Magiagi have consulted together to-day the 22d of April, 1889. We are highly pleased with the Proclamation, the kindness of the Government of the United States is beyond comparison, and I am now able to understand it. To-day my desire for war with our kindred at Luatuanu is finished. I declare the war which was carried on between this part of Samoa and that part of Samoa is at an end, because I earnestly desire that Samoa should find a state of prosperity, and to give over to you the office of Umpire between us both, and let us all work to the same purpose. Besides, I declare that Samoa would escape danger if the United States alone were to protect and give their support to it and be the sole master of all Samoa, without the interference of any other power, for in years gone by we have been endeavoring to form a strong government on the basis of protection of the three powers. In consequence Samoa has been constantly torn to pieces, and many lives have been lost, and the country has been brought down to a very low condition. On this account we are sure that a recurrence of the triple system would be useless. If now one power took charge of Samoa and continued to do so forever, then would Samoa for the first time enjoy standing prosperity.

I place every hope in your good wishes towards Samoa and hope you will not draw back from them.

May you live.

Your brother in the Lord,

MALIETOA MATAAFA,

King of Samoa.

We arrived at Apia on the 11th of March; and being the last ship to arrive before the hurricane, our berth was taken outside of all the other vessels, and not far from the entrance of the harbor. The Trenton, like the other ships, was moored; next to us, but farther in, was the Vandalia; then came the Nipsic. When I visited this ship the day after my arrival, the officers were congratulating themselves on occupying the best berth in the har-

bor, because it was the only spot they could find, not already taken, where a good muddy bottom could be found for a holding ground. Nearly abreast of the Vandalia to the windward lay the Calliope, then farther in the Olga, Adler, and Eber, the last three named vessels all German, in the order mentioned; in addition to the men-of-war, there were six merchantmen, ranging from twenty-five tons up to five hundred tons, and a number of other smaller craft.

We will now look back in our minds to where I described the peaceful and calm scene that first struck my view. The day was approaching when all this was to be changed; where the sea had been placid, with only a ripple here and there caused by the light trade winds sweeping over the tree-crowned shore striking the water of the anchorage, soon great ocean surges with a clear sweep of thousands of miles were to rise in angry majesty, submerging the low lying reefs under fathoms of water, which rushing onward with maddened speed dashed themselves against the shore, throwing their spray far inland as carried on the wings of the mighty gale, blighting, withering, I might say scorching all vegetation for over a hundred yards inland from the beach.

On the 12th and 13th of March we had fine weather, a little hazy, but the air particularly pleasant. On the 14th the wind was from the south and off shore with passing showers. On this day the barometer began to fall and continued to do so; then it fluctuated up and down, but with a downward tendency. On the 15th, at 3 P.M., the indication of a decided change in the weather for the worse was unmistakable; the wind had been freshening all day, blowing from the Southward off shore but with no sea.

Lower yards were sent down, and topmasts housed, steam raised, storm main and mizzen staysails were bent. Before the arrival of the Trenton there had been three

quite heavy gales blowing at Apia, and several merchantmen had been wrecked. The local pilots and other old residents on shore supposed the back-bone of the season's bad weather had been broken. All said that the present indications, judging from the experience of previous years, meant only heavy rains, which the fall of the barometer indicated, and that on such conditions of weather at Apia it always fell.

This statement and reasoning was satisfactory to many but not at all so to me; for I felt there was a gale brewing and that we would soon feel it, hence our preparations. I also considered that with steam, and four heavy anchors, with top hamper down, that there would be no trouble, or still less, danger to the ship; besides, it would save coal to remain at anchor, as nearly all of the coal to be had at that time was in the ship's bunkers; it was a very necessary article to have in case affairs should take such a turn as to require active measures in the future.

A hurricane[1] I did not expect, nor did any one else that I heard of. I did not think that the mud and sand on the bottom of the anchorage would be scoured out and swept to sea; such a contingency never entered my mind, for this required a local knowledge of the currents under the special conditions then about to take place, which was impossible to acquire in the short space of four days.[2] The pilots did not know this themselves, or if they did, never told it. I did not anticipate, with battened down hatches, having water in the hold up to the engine room-platforms, nor that we should lose our steam by having our furnaces flooded, nor that we should lose our rudder and rudder-post. No human being could have foreseen these accidents, nor avoided them under the circumstances if they had. As bad as it was with the Trenton, she was the last one of

[1] See Appendix, page 350.

[2] The Trenton arrived March 11th; hurricane commenced March 15th.

all that storm-battered fleet that remained at anchor, to settle down into a wreck. She lost but one man.

The question will occur to many no doubt, how it could be known that the bottom of the harbor had been scoured out clear of mud and sand, leaving the anchors nothing to hold by.

When the Nipsic was hauled off the beach, we had to send down divers [1] to find her anchors; in seeking them, they found an inextricable tangle of chains and anchors resting on a bottom of hard smooth coral, as clear as if it had been swept by a broom. The Nipsic managed to get the end of one of these submerged chains; but when the anchor came up after a week's work, it was found to belong to one of the German vessels, and was returned to them after the Nipsic reached Honolulu. I may as well state here, that when she was hauled off the beach, which was accomplished under the superintendence [2] of her Executive Lieutenant Hawley with 150 Samoans in addition to her own crew, it was found she had lost her forefoot, part of her stern, all of her keel up to the garboard streak, her heel up to the propeller casing, her rudder-post and rudder, the blades of her propeller were distorted and two of them nearly bent double, her smoke-stack was gone, her mainmast sprung, her rail and main chain plates carried away, and yet, with a jury rudder, and smoke stack improvised from the Vandalia's, under convoy of the Alert, she arrived safely at Honolulu under the command of Lieutenant Commander Henry Lyon (who was the Executive Officer of the Trenton) and who was placed in command when Commander Mullan was detached at his own request. The ship was repaired, and finished the remainder of her cruise on the station, and was an efficient vessel.

[1] There being no diver's suit or air-pump in the squadron I borrowed one from Capt. Kane, commanding H. B. M. Ship Calliope, who kindly left it for our use when we sailed for Sydney. It was a great help to us.

[2] See Appendix, pages 350 and 351.

Honolulu is 2,800 miles from Pago-Pago, but the distance covered by the Nipsic to reach there was much greater.

If any officer deserved promotion for work well done, under the most trying circumstances during and after the hurricane, and in successfully taking a disabled ship such a voyage, superintending her repairs, and volunteering for this arduous duty, it is the officer I have just mentioned. Also in connection with this ship, I will say that the Fleet Engineer Kiersted volunteered to make the passage in her, and rendered the most valuable service both professionally and by example. He also superintended many of her repairs in reaching Honolulu. No one knows, unless situated as I was under the circumstances, the relief to mind and heart in having two such men come forward and give their brave helpful aid in the dark day of trial to their Commander-in-Chief. I most heartily and sincerely pray that it may never be the fate of any of my professional brethren to undergo a like experience.[1]

We will now return to the Trenton once more. Time midnight of the 15th; she was now riding to four anchors and long scopes of chain, with steam to relieve the straining cables, hatches battened down, all hands on deck, men at the wheel. She rode very steadily considering the very heavy seas that were rushing into the harbor; they continued to increase in power and magnitude with the wind. When striking the ship, sheets of water were thrown up from the bows, and borne by the wind over the lower mast-heads, then falling on deck deluged it faster than the scuppers could free it; at times there must have have been a foot or more of water in the spar-deck waterways. The air was filled with foam and spray, both salt

[1] This is the first and only time up to date that such a catastrophe ever happened to the United States Navy in squadron, or to a similar incident of a ship so disabled as the Nipsic making such a long passage, belonging to the United States Navy.

and fresh, for in the squalls it was raining in torrents. In the gusts you could hardly look to windward, the eyes could not bear the pain of the constant beating spatter. On shore people had to protect their eyes and faces by holding up shingles, or whatever they could find, to keep from being blinded by the drifting sand driven along by the gale. And still, the wind must have been much greater in power nearer the center of the storm than we were experiencing, as it did not pass over us, but out to sea to the Northward and Westward before it turned to the Southward and Southward and Eastward.

This was the condition of affairs when a report came from the main deck that the starboard bridle port was stove in by the sea, killing one of the crew. The damage had to be repaired at once, as the port was about four feet square, and such an opening at such a time meant incalculable danger. It was in a measure repaired, but with great difficulty and dangerous risk.

Gunner Westfall, in his account of this incident, wrote: "At half past 7 o'clock A.M. I heard the word passed that the starboard bridle-port, the bow-port on the gun-deck, had been burst in by the sea, and I knew that the ship was gone if we did not keep the water out in some way. I called out for volunteers and went forward. Every plunge the ship made, water came pouring in through a space six feet by four, completely flooding the gun-deck. I ordered capstan bars and hammocks to be brought at once, and we began our fight for life. A capstan bar was needed outside the ship to hold the material that we were using to block the port with in place, and with the help of one man I got it in place; then I saw that two tackles must be hooked to the bar so that we could pull our barricade in place. No one would go out to place the straps on the bar, and I said, 'Well, I will go.' The men begged me not to go, and even tried to hold me back; but I went

out at what I thought a favorable opportunity and did the work, but not a moment too soon, as a sea came in as I was being hauled back, and God help me if I had been five seconds late. Then we got a table; and standing it up with both tackles hooked behind, we began to pile hammocks in front, and for five hours we had the most desperate struggle; as every sea came in we would be knocked down, and what was worse some of the barricade would be driven in. Oh God! what discouragement. I didn't dare give in; for if I did the men would give up, and all would be lost, so we worked on. After each sea knocked us flat, we would get up and with a cheer make a rush for the barricade, stuffing in mattresses, and using capstan bars to ram them home with; and at last we got a good barricade built, but still the water came in fearfully, so we built another barricade of lumber abaft the first, and forced the water to run out the W. C. chutes, and at last very little water was going aft. Now some one says: 'Mr. Westfall, the ventilator holes are open on the spar-deck and the water is pouring down them;' so I called Boatswain's Mate Gray and asked him if he would go on the forecastle with me and nail some canvass over the hole. We went aft on the gun-deck and up on the spar-deck, and crawled along till we got to our destination and went to work. About one minute afterward we were both struck by a sea, and in five seconds were hurled one hundred feet aft. When I recovered my senses two men were dragging me out from under a mass of wreckage near the mainmast. I tried to stand; no use, the last sea had been to much; I was half drowned and my right foot was hurt." Thus ended this trying incident.

All of this time the sea was increasing until it had resolved itself into hills, and they were trying to turn summersaults, which they were not very far from doing. At intervals our cables parted one after another until at last

we were riding to the starboard sheet anchor with 90 fathoms of chain, with no abatement of wind, but an increasing sea. We were in a confusion of waters, white foam of breakers around us, the air filled with a misty pull that limited the vision to about 100 yards at times from the ship; as the seas rushed over the reefs with a tremendous roar, the great flood of water piled up against the shore, until its mass overcoming the force of the gale spread out and running in a steady stream as a cascade over the edges of the reefs and out to sea, only to return and repeat the operation. This seaward current was estimated by those on shore to be running at the rate of at least six knots an hour within a few feet of the beach.

The wind and seas continuing without abatement of force found the Trenton still holding on with her one cable. This was about 3 P.M. on the 16th. But to go back a few hours. At 7 A.M. our wheel was wrecked with a crash, the two helmsmen were thrown over it and their legs broken and otherwise injured. The cause of this was the breaking of the rudder-post and unshipping the rudder. Why this happened I never could decide, whether by a blow from the sea, from wreckage that was drifting to sea from the inner anchorage, or whether in the interval between two mighty seas her heel touched the bottom.[1] From this time on we had nothing to control the drift of the ship but the storm trysails. Water in the hold was gaining on the pumps; before 10 A.M. our furnace fires were extinguished; we had now to rely on man-power with the main pumps and bailing.[2] We knew when the steam pumps failed the others could not keep

[1] There were two merchantmen wrecked just astern of the Trenton and it is possible that her heel and rudder may have come in contact with some part of their wrecks. The true reason for this accident will never be known.

[2] See Appendix, page 351.

the water down, because it was coming in through the hawse-pipes faster than the pumps could free her; but to avail ourselves of every chance, to prolong the inevitable moment that was surely approaching, over 400 strong arms in relays worked the breaks, to the time of a Chantey-Song of "Knock a man down." I have a feeling of reliance and esteem for our "Blue Jackets" when in a tight place, for I never found them wanting in my active service, which has covered a period of forty-five years in peace, war, and storm; they will do and dare as much as any men if properly lead. When in this hopeless condition, one might, on looking astern into the thick curtain of misty haze, have seen the hull of a large ship looming forth in the dim distance; it was slowly, very slowly advancing right for us, now up high on the crest of the sea, and then down so low that only her tops could be seen. It was the Calliope taking her chances of being sunk by collisions at her anchors, or running the gantlet of the reefs for the open sea. Perhaps I could not do better than to give the description of this incident from Captain Kane's account, her Commanding Officer, viz.: —

"The harbor of Apia is as bad a one as you would care to enter.[1] . . . There was everything to indicate that the gale would be heavier than had been already experienced, and had not implicit faith been placed in all the pilots and other weather-wise prophets of Apia, every man-o'-war would have put to sea early Friday morning, taking warning by the falling barometer, Another point peculiar to this storm is the fact, that instead of blowing from the north-east as all previous hurricanes had done, it set in dead from the north, thus exposing the war-ships to its full fury.

"After sunset on Friday it was impossible to see the reef

[1] Report of Interview with Captain Kane, R. N., credited to the *Seamen's Journal.*

for the thick weather, and what was worse, it was impossible to see if the vessels were dragging their anchors. As a matter of fact, every ship dragged during the night; for in the morning we all found ourselves considerably in shore, and to make things considerably more dangerous the wind was blowing straight into the harbor. At 5 P.M. the Eber, which was nearest in, was thrown upon the reef and broken into bits, for at daylight nothing was to be seen of her. The Vandalia, which had been anchored a long way outside of the Calliope before the storm, was dragging down on us. About 7.30 A.M. the Nipsic, one of the innermost vessels, went on shore on a bed of sand, and the smart way that the men were leaving her made me conclude that she was breaking up. Only five men lost their lives trying to reach the shore, which is creditable to the Captain's management. The Adler was the next ship astern of the Calliope; she touched the reef at 8 o'clock with her stern; just as she did so, the cables were slipped, and almost immediately the vessel was lifted bodily out of the sea on to the reef, where she now lies out of smooth water altogether. That will give you some idea of the force of the waves and the sea that was running. The crew lived on board the wreck from 8 A.M. on Saturday until Sunday A.M. when they were rescued, all very much knocked about and bruised. These three ships, the Adler,[1] Eber, and Nipsic, were thus cleared away, and the Calliope was within twenty yards of the reef. The Vandalia now came down on our port bow, the reef being on our port-quarter. I could not let my vessel ride to the extent of my cables, with the reef so close astern of me. To move ahead would be to run down the Vandalia, and if the Olga had gone ahead she would have battered into the Calliope. It was the most ticklish position I was ever in, and without exaggeration several times

[1] For Adler see Appendix, page 352; also page 353 concerning Nipsic.

the Calliope's rudder was within six feet of the reef; had she touched, it would have been all up with us. I had to sheer over to get out of the way of the Olga, to go ahead to clear the reef, and to slack cables when the Vandalia came down on me. At one time the three vessels were locked together; and had it not been for the powerful engines of the Calliope, we never would have separated. Not liking the idea of being knocked to pieces, I decided not to remain in this position any longer. There were two courses open, to beach the vessel on the sand, which would save the lives of all on board, but may be destroy the vessel. The other to slip the cables and make straight for sea, taking the chances of the machinery breaking down or being powerful enough. I said I would endeavor to save all. Accordingly I slipped the cables and went hard ahead, calling up every pound of steam, and every revolution of the screw, in fact having everything working as hard as they could go. In making the passage, the vessel literally stood on end; the water coming in at the bows as she dipped, running off aft immediately as she rose. I really wondered how the machinery and rudder stood the strain of the tremendous sea that was running. I managed to clear the Vandalia without mishap, and went so close to the Trenton as to put the fore-yard arm over her deck; and as the Calliope lifted up she rolled to port, and the fore-yard over the Trenton just cleared her. It was as pretty a thing and as lucky an escape as could well be imagined. I just managed to clear the outside reef by some sixty yards. Although I was driving the Calliope at the rate of fifteen knots an hour, yet such was the force of the wind and sea, that she did not make more than half a mile an hour.

"Throughout the whole gale nothing affected the crew of the Calliope and myself so much, as when passing the American Flag-Ship Trenton which was lying helpless,

with nothing to guard her from complete destruction, the American Admiral and his men gave us three such ringing cheers that they called forth tears from many of our eyes, they pierced deep into my heart, and I will ever remember that mighty outburst of fellow feeling, which I felt came from the bottom of the hearts of the noble and gallant Admiral and his men. Every man on board of the Calliope felt as I did; it made us work to win." In speaking of American sailors the gallant Captain said "God bless America, and her noble sailors. If the Americans stand as nobly to their guns as they bravely faced that tremendous hurricane, the United States need fear nothing." Thus ends Captain Kane's account.

But to continue: To me, it was one of the grandest and most exciting sights I ever beheld. There was just room between the Trenton and the reef for the Calliope to pass; to collide with the Trenton or to strike the reef meant destruction, in the first instance to both ships, in the second, to herself; and as the great plunging, rolling ship staggered through the boiling surf abreast us, a man on our lower yard arm could have clasped hands with one on hers. A swerve, a yaw, of the helpless Trenton at this moment would have been annihilation; but good fortune attended the Calliope on that day, for she gained the open sea. It was when her yards lapped ours amidst the war of the elements, that all our long and deep anxiety was turned to admiration for the daring and plucky deed that was passing before our eyes, that then our pent-up feelings burst forth into cheers.

I will candidly confess that my extreme anxiety at this supreme moment made me feel as rigid and as cold as a harp-string. As her stem slowly passed our bow, I was so extremely anxious for her safety and success, that I felt by a concentration of mere will I was helping her seaward.

It was one of the grandest sights a seaman or any one else ever saw; the lives of two hundred and fifty souls depended on the hazardous venture. All was staked on this grand and daring endeavor, and they won; it was a victory of mind over matter. The *London Telegraph* said, "We do not know in all naval records any sound which makes a finer music upon the ear than that cheer of the Trenton's men; it was distressed manhood greeting triumphant manhood. The doomed saluting the saved; it was pluckier and more human than any cry ever raised upon the deck of a victorious Line-of-Battle-Ship; it never can be forgotten, and never must be forgotten by Englishmen speaking of Americans."

The disabled Trenton slowly dragged her laboring way all the remainder of that long, long day, to the end of the anchorage, not striking the reefs as she swerved from one side of the harbor to the other, prevented by the rush of water from the top of their flat surfaces which acted as an offset from them. This action was a constant one, as they were submerged by every wave many feet, and as water will always find its level, this was the only way it could do so. But this cause and natural force on which the safety of our lives depended was either not understood or appreciated at least by one of our officers, and consequently it remains for me in a paper of this character to correct once and for all an impression and statement that appeared in the public press of that day. It stated, on what authority I never knew, that he saved all hands on board of the Trenton by his exceptional seamanship in preventing the ship from striking the reefs by working the storm-sails, which consisted in hauling aft their sheets or brailing them up as occasion seemed to require, and manning the mizzen shrouds.

In the House of Representatives of the 54th Congress,[1]

[1] See Appendix, page 355.

a member of this late date brought in a bill to promote said officer to the grade of Commander on the Retired List for jumping overboard with a line, by which all were to be saved, when, in fact, no such act was performed, as he never left the deck. This officer, then lieutenant and navigator, being officer of the deck, probably forgot, in his desire for fame and promotion, that if his uncalled-for advice and pressing request had been followed, to slip our last cable when the ship's taffrail was overhanging the reef, not a soul would have lived to tell the tale; to have complied therewith would have been very bad seamanship under the circumstances, and his appeal for promotion for saving all of us by working those fore and aft sails and manning the mizzen shrouds, which is a very old idea and understood by all midshipmen as a question often given in their examinations in seamanship, would never have been made. It is marvelous how hallucinations will incubate in some minds. It must strike my professional brethren as ridiculous for an officer-of-the-deck to arrogate to himself the right or power to do this or that in the immediate presence of his captain, to say nothing of his commander-in-chief, when both were on the bridge, from whom all orders were either issued or permitted, as they alone were responsible for what was done. In all cases where the captain of a ship is on deck, the officer in charge is considered his mouth-piece. This is, and always will be; it is because the commanding officer is always on duty, and cannot, if he would, divest himself of responsibility; it is the law, the custom, and the etiquette of the naval service, and is founded on experience from time immemorial. (Unless sick, the captain is always on duty and responsible.)

The Captain in his report, dated March 19th, 1889, says: "Lieutenant R. M. G. Brown, the Navigator, was by my side the whole time, and to his excellent judgment one

time, at least, the ship was cleared of a reef. Had we struck it I fear few of the 450 people on board of the Trenton would be alive to-day." This quotation from the Captain's report I think was the only basis on which the Lieutenant's claim for promotion rests. I take it for granted that when the Captain made that report, that such was his opinion. I forwarded this report to the Department, unfortunately having overlooked this statement amidst the multiplicity of official dispatches that presented themselves for prompt action and consideration at the time. In regard to this matter I must say I differ in opinion from the Captain. In justice to the Lieutenant, I most heartily acknowledge that he was zealous in the discharge of his duty on this occasion; he was bound to be so; so were other officers and men. Promotion should only be given for valor, or for great and exceptional services. When it is sought publicly by having one's acts proclaimed through newspapers and bulletins, from an inordinate desire for notoriety, it should be withheld. Our naval service is jealous of its honor; her sons cherish it as the first and brightest virtue, for without it all else is naught.

Everything has an ending, so did the long, arduous struggle of the grand old ship. After pounding on the hard coral bottom, she gradually brought up, and gave up her life alongside of her submerged sister the Vandalia,[1] whose masts, bowspirit, and forecastle were the only visible parts left above water. Her lower rigging and tops were crowded with her crew and officers. Now our great care was to rescue them before her masts went by the board. This was successfully accomplished by sending rockets with lines attached into her tops, thereby establishing an effective means of communication between the two vessels. All that remained of her crew were placed in safety on the

[1] See Appendix, page 345.

deck of the Trenton where they remained until the subsidence of the storm, after which they were transferred under the command of Lieutenant Carlin to quarters on shore. They lost everything but the clothes they stood in. Some used their shirts to wrap around the ratlins to relieve the pain in their feet by standing so long.[1]

That fine officer, Lieutenant Carlin of the Vandalia, states in his report, "We slipped the sheet chain to avoid fouling the Olga's ground tackle, and veered on both bowers to clear the ship herself. After passing the Olga we made strenuous efforts to bring her head to the wind; but they were of no avail, and the stern took the inner point of the reef at 10.45 A.M. The engines were kept going until we were convinced that the ship was hard and fast. They were then stopped, safety valves opened, and the firemen called on deck. The ship's head swung slowly to starboard, she began to fill and settle, and the rail was soon awash, the seas sweeping over her at a height of fifteen feet above the rail. We were within two hundred yards of the shore, but the current was so strong, and the seas so high that swimming was a reckless undertaking." The Lieutenant in closing his report says: "This does not complete the list of gallant acts and brave men; danger and suffering have effaced from the memory many deeds of valor, and it is claimed for the men in general that their conduct before, during, and after the gale will bear the closest inspection; and now that the lips of their gallant Commander are closed forever, the Executive Officer raises his voice in their behalf, with the earnest hope, that, as they have left a clean wake, they may have a fair wind in all time to come, and that they may encounter only the waves of prosperity in their course." This letter was written to the Secretary of the Navy from San Francisco, and endorsed by the Commandment of Mare Island Navy

[1] See Appendix, pages 343 to 345 inclusive.

Yard thus, "Lieutenant Carlin showed himself a worthy leader of brave men." Captain Schoonmaker's body some days after the gale was recovered five miles down the coast and interred temporarily on a German plantation near by. This shows the force of the current setting out of the harbor and down the coast between the reefs. Lieutenant Carlin, who was a man of splendid physique, endeavored to save his Captain; but the Captain from an injury previously received was too weak to help himself, otherwise he too might have been saved by gaining the mizzen shrouds, as both officers were on the poop from which the Captain was washed overboard. The Vandalia lost forty-three souls, four of whom were officers, viz.: the Captain, Paymaster, Marine Officer, and Paymaster's clerk. The Nipsic lost seven men. The Eber seventy-six, all but four of entire crew. The Adler twenty. The Trenton one, whose skull was fractured when the bridle-port was stove in. This does not include the wounded. We established our hospital at first in a church, and afterwards in a school-house, as being better adapted for the business, both offered to us by the kindness of the London Missionary Society. After the crews of the vessels had reached the shore and were engaged in preparing their camps, Mataafa offered to have all the native houses in the vicinity vacated for our use. This generous offer was declined, for the reason that the men would have been too much scattered to be under proper control.

I have neglected to mention, that when drifting slowly down the harbor, we made use of oil by pouring it down the head-chutes to keep the seas from breaking; it did very little good to the Trenton, but, as it travelled shoreward, its effect was observed and remarked by some on board of the Vandalia as beneficial.

I will now close this narrative by reading a part of the

Navy Department's letter to me, in answer to my official report of the catastrophe, with a request for a Court of Inquiry. The official letter is dated April 27th, 1889, Navy Department, Washington, D.C.

Sir:

. . . . . .

In reply to your request and that of Captain Farquhar for a Court of Inquiry, the Department has to say, that it deems such a Court unnecessary. It is satisfied that the officers in command of ships at Apia, did their duty with courage, fidelity, and sound judgment, and that they were zealously and loyally seconded by their subordinates. That the hurricane which caused the destruction of the vessels, and the loss of so many lives, was one of the visitations of Providence in the presence of which human efforts are of little avail; that the measures actually taken by yourself and the officers under you were all that wisdom and prudence could dictate, and that it was due to these measures that so large a portion of the crews were saved; that the one step that might have averted the catastrophe, namely, to have put to sea before the storm had developed, could only have been justified in view of the great responsibilities resting upon you at Samoa, by the certainty of overwhelming danger to your fleet, which could not have been foreseen. That you rightly decided to remain at your post, and that the Department, even in the face of the terrible disaster which it involved, approves absolutely your decision, which has set an example to the Navy that never should be forgotten.

To convene a Court of Inquiry under the circumstances would seem to imply a doubt on the part of the Department, where no doubt exists; and instead of ordering an investigation, it tenders to you, and through you to the officers and men under your command, its sympathies for the exposures and hardships you have encountered, and its profound thanks for the fidelity with which you performed your duty in crisis of appalling danger.

(Signed) B. F. Tracey,

Sec'y of the Navy,

To Rear Admiral L. A. Kimberly,

Comdg. U.S. Naval Force, Pacific Station.

APPENDIX.

See Text, Page 310.

"Who is Predominant Partner in Samoa."

In the *Westminster Review* for September, 1896, Mr. I. F. Rose-Soley publishes an elaborate paper on German and English interests in Samoa, which will not be read with satisfaction at Berlin. For Mr. Rose-Soley's point is that excepting the great firm of Goeddefroy, which might be bought out to-morrow by any English capitalist, its interests being purely commercial, Samoa is virtually a British settlement.

Mr. Rose-Soley's paper is a valuable feature of the extent to which a single commercial firm can create a political interest and establish a position which becomes essential to an Imperial Policy. But in Samoa, outside of Goeddefroy's firm, the Germans are nowhere. Mr. Rose-Soley says; "Once we have done with the German's firm and its plantations, we have done practically with German influence in Samoa. If the German Company, as is quite feasible, were to be bought out to-morrow by an English or French syndicate, the national interest in the group would entirely cease.

The removal of this one company would leave British influence predominant in every direction, whether in the matter of land, population, or wealth. Let us take possession inland first. The Germans own 75,000 acres, nearly the whole of which belongs to the German firm. The British come next, with 36,000 acres, and following are the Americans with 21,000 acres, the French with 13,000 acres, and the people of various nationalities with 2,000 acres. Of the cultivated land, 8,100 acres went to Germans; 2,900 acres to the British; 500 to the Americans; 780 to the French, and the balance to people of various nationalities. Thus Germany again stands first

on the list; but if we deduct the area 7,800 acres, of the plantations owned by the firm, the German landed interest takes the lowest place. Even in the matter of residential white population, Germany, in spite of her many plantation employees, does not come first. Great Britain leads with 193 residents; the Germans are next with 122. Then come the Americans, 46; a number, however, in which 20 Mormon missionaries are included. There are only 26 Frenchmen, and the total foreigners residing in the group is but 412.

SAMOA ENGLISH BY LANGUAGE.

Out of the German population, nearly one-half are employed by the German firm; the balance mainly store or hotel keepers. The professional men, the lawyers, accountants, and so on, are of the English race. The two newspapers published in Apia are printed in the English language. The head of Victoria appears on all the coin in circulation, and the natives, whenever they speak a foreign tongue at all, speak English. The German language has no hold on the land; it is spoken only among a limited circle, and for all intercourse with natives, or business correspondence, the Teuton has to fall back on English.

It is a significant fact, that the German firm, though it employs clerks exclusively of its own nationality, keeps its books in English. The import returns are decidedly in favor of the British; for out of £90,000 worth of goods imported in 1894, £75,000 came from Great Britain and her Colonies, £16,000 direct from Germany, and the balance from the United States.

AND BY RELIGION.

It is more than sixty years since the London Missionary Society first commenced operations in Samoa, and

to-day the whole group is nominally converted to Christianity. As far as all outward signs go, the Samoan of to-day is a most devout Christian. The missionary of to-day has become a schoolmaster rather than an evangelist. Thus we arrive at the significant fact, that the Samoans have been, and are being, entirely educated by the missions.

The utterly incapable and impecunious Samoan Government contributes not a penny toward the cost of teaching its own people. The work has been performed almost entirely by English money and English brains. The London Missionary Society, first in the field, has done the giant's share, and to-day it claims as adherents some 27,000 Samoans. In the absence of a census, whether religious or secular, exact figures as to population are not obtainable, but it is estimated that the group is inhabited by about 40,000 natives. Of this number the Roman Catholics, who have many workers in the field, may have 5,000 converts. The Wesleyans, perhaps, an equal number, the remainder belonging to the London Mission. The whole credit of Christianizing these islands belongs to the English, an achievement which certainly ought to rank higher than the purchase of a few thousand acres of land, at a low price, from half-savage native chiefs."

See Text, Page 311.

"Lu-pe-pa." The following is a copy of a letter from the German Consul Becker to Malietoa, which throws full light on his intentions towards the Samoan King:

German Consulate,

Your Majesty: *Apia, August* 23d, 1887.

I am commanded by the German Government to inform you as follows:

1st. That your people attacked German people on the evening of the day celebrating the anniversary of the birthday of his majesty

the Emperor, on the 22d day of March of the present year. This action has caused great offence and much distress of mind to the Emperor and to all German people.

I now inform you to become on friendly terms with Government of Germany in this wise. You will be quick to punish the above offenders, and do so at once. You will also pay the sum of £1000 to those who are wounded, and you are to make the most abject apology to Germany.

2nd. From one year to another year in the past your people have stolen animals and produce from Plantations belonging to Germans, and have injured their lands, to the extent of more than £3000 each year.

I now inform you that you are to pay quickly for all this abuse by your people.

3rd. For many years past your judges have been unable by themselves to protect Germans among you, and this is the reason your people have been abusing the Germans. I now tell you it is highly necessary that the Government should be more severe in their trials and judgments in order that they may be able to protect Germans in future. It is my opinion that there is nothing just or correct in Samoa in all the days that you may have the rule, or while you are at the head of the Government.

I send you this letter the morning of the present day. I shall be at Apega on the morning of to-morrow, Wednesday, Aug. 24th, at 11 o'clock, A.M. I want to hear from you, your reply,

May you Live.

(Signed) BECKER, *German Consul.*

Malietoa, the king, being unable to comply with the demands, writes the two following letters, viz.:

MALIETOA LU-PE-PA'S FAREWELL TO SAMOA.

To all Samoa: On account of my great love to my country, and my great affection to all Samoa, that is the reason that I deliver up my body to the German Government. That government may do as they please to me. The meaning of this is that I do not desire that again shall the blood of Samoa be spilt for me. But I do not know what is my offence which has caused their anger to arise to me and my country. Tuamasauga farewell! Manono and my family farewell! So, also, Salafai, Tutuila, Aana, and Atua farewell! If we

do not again see one another in this world, pray that we may be again together above. May you be blessed. I am,

MALIETOA THE KING.

Malieota's farewell to the Consuls the night before his surrender to the German Consul is as follows:

APIA, SAMOA,
Sept. 16th, 1887.

To W. H. WILSON, ESQ.,
British Pro-Consul.

I Malietoa, King of Samoa, write this letter to you, as I am now in great distress. When the Chief Tamasese and others commenced present troubles, it was my wish to punish them, and put an end to the rebellion they had raised. Acting, however, on the advice and under the assurance of the then British and American consuls, I refrained from doing so. I was repeatedly told by the representatives of the British and American Governments that they would afford me and my government every assistance and protection if I abstained from doing anything that might cause war among the Samoan people. Relying on these promises, I did not put down the rebellion. Now I find that war has been made upon me by the Emperor of Germany, and Tamasese has been proclaimed King of Samoa. The German forces and the adherents of Tamasese threaten to make war upon all of the Samoan people who do not acknowledge Tamasese as king. I am innocent of any wrongful act, and hereby protest against the action of Germany; but, as the German nation is strong and I am weak, I yield to their power to prevent bloodshed and out of love to my people. I desire to remind you of the promises so repeatedly made by your Government, and trust you will so far redeem them as to cause the lives and liberties of my people to be respected. I wish to inform you that I fear the Germans will compel me, as they are now forcing my people to sign papers acknowledging Tamasese as king; and if I sign such papers it will only be under compulsion and to avoid war being made on my people.

MALIEOTA, *King of Samoa.*

Malietoa was deported on his surrender to the German authorities, but was returned to his country and reinstated by the Berlin Conference, through the insistence of the United States.

See Text, Page 313.

The schoolmaster of the Vandalia gives a most vivid account of the ship about this time in a letter dated Apia, March 18th, 1899, he writes:

"The facts hereunder stated will be attested by all the officers of the Vandalia who were on the poop-deck, and what I have stated, I saw with my own eyes, for I was on the poop until it broke up, and in the mizzen-rigging until it was carried away by the Trenton, at which time both my legs were crushed, (?) and cut very badly but not broken. I was taken off just as the Lord made me, naked.

. . . . . .

"On Friday, March 15th, a strong wind sprang up from the land, increasing to a gale about 8 P.M., the barometer falling rapidly to (29.09) at 2 A.M. Saturday morning. The wind shifted and increased to a terrible hurricane, blowing directly from the sea. 'All hands' were called and full steam put on, but without avail, for we commenced to drag our anchors and drift down on the Calliope, who was compelled to slip her chains to keep from cutting us down. The Calliope, after parting her chains (?) commenced to run 'amuck.' She came down on us, staving in our side and losing her jib-boom in the encounter. She same down on us once or twice, nearly cutting us in two; thinking we were all lost gave them a rousing cheer. (?) She then steered off and succeeded in steaming out of the harbor. We continued to drift down on the reef towards the Eber and Adler; finally one tremendous sea struck the Adler, and lifting her like a feather tossed her one hundred and fifty yards upon the reef, broadside on, turning her over on her side. A few moments later a wave struck the Eber, drove her against the reef broadside on, stove her in and sunk her immediately. We drifted down within twenty feet of the reef, and expected to go on it any moment, but we succeeded by a hard struggle in steaming ahead a few feet. Three or four heavy seas began to board us and flood the fire-room. The pumps were manned all the time, but they were of little avail. We gradually drifted down towards the Nipsic, which was beached on the small beach of sand lying before the U. S. Consulate. At about 10 A.M. our stern began to strike the reef, and the ship gradually sank. Captain C. M. Schoonmaker, Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, Lieutenant J. C. Wilson, Lieutenant F. E. Sutton (Marine Corps), Paymaster

F. H. Arms and cadets H. A. Wiley, I. A. Lejeune, and L. A. Stafford, and about thirty of the crew were on the poop-deck over the cabin. Only one of our boats were left, the second cutter, and Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, the executive officer, gave orders to have her lowered and try to get a line to the Nipsic, which lay about one hundred yards from us. When the cutter was manned it was found she was stove in, Then a number of men jumped overboard and made for the beach; but only a very few succeeded in making it, on account of a very strong current running. Those who tried to make the shore would strike this current about twelve feet from shore, and be washed around the bow of the Nipsic and then out to sea; it was a terrible sight to see one's shipmates go down almost within arm's length and not be able to render them any assistance. One man would jump over, swim for the shore, be washed out to sea, and come back on some monster wave with his head nearly severed from his body. (?) Another would reach the Nipsic, catch a rope and be compelled to let go, and drown from sheer exhaustion. At one time there were fifteen men clinging to ropes of the Nipsic, and only two had strength to hold on and be hauled up, the rest went down. Chief Engineer Green was one of the first to swim for the Nipsic; he made it, but was compelled to let go, and drifted seaward, where he met one of the men of the crew, who rendered great assistance, and together they succeeded in reaching the beach, exhausted, where they were hauled in by the natives. About 3 P.M. there were left on the poop-deck Captain C. M. Schoonmaker, Lieutenants J. W. Carlin, A. E. Sutton, and Paymaster Arms, and about eight of the crew, the rest having taken to the mizzen rigging. The Paymaster received a cut over his right eye which seemed to stun him, and the next large wave coming broke his hold on the rail and carried him away; he disappeared in a few seconds. The next to go was A. E. Sutton, Lieutenant of marines; he seemed stunned, and lay down on the deck, making no effort to save himself, and was carried away on the top of a swell. The Captain lay between the Gatling gun and howitzer on the port side; one of the legs of the Gatling broke, and he was fearful of it falling and crushing him. Lieutenant Carlin back of him rendered all the assistance possible, but it was of no use. Sea after sea breaking over him gradually weakened him, until a great sea striking us broke his hold, and he was swept away, striking the rail as he went over. The succeeding wave took him, and he was seen no more. Lieutenant Carlin

went up the mizzen rigging on the port side, but afterward came down on deck again, where he stood some terrible punishment, but was compelled to take to the rigging again. About half past six P.M. (16th) the Trenton, which had had her fires put out by a large sea, came dragging on top of us helpless, with almost a certainty of crushing us to death and sinking herself on us. As she came down her rigging was full of men, and filling and sinking as she was, they gave us three rousing cheers" . . . "which we answered with a heavy heart, but with a will; not a solitary act of cowardice was shown. About 8 P.M. she came down to the foremast, taking the men off in every direction. She then drifted down to the mainmast, taking the men and knocking the mast over. It then came our turn on the mizzen mast; she came down on us, taking most of us off, and catching the rigging and knocking the mast down also. The men taken out of the rigging were a fearful sight. Some were entirely naked, cut and bleeding; others had but a shirt, with legs bruised, but there was not a murmur nor groan. When the mainmast toppled over, Ensign Ripley jumped overboard and swam ashore. He then enlisted the service of a native chief Senamana and his followers. They found the Nipsic's gig upside down in the road in front of the Tivoli house. They carried it down to the beach, and at about 4 o'clock the next morning they succeeded in launching it, and pulled over to the Trenton, but did not succeed in getting a line. About 8 o'clock they commenced to take the Vandalia's men ashore, and during the day succeeded in landing all of them. Ensign Ripley stood on the beach and served all the wounded, and had them carried up to a native church, which he had turned into a hospital."

. . . . . .

NOTE. — The above letter is valuable as giving an account of how the officers and men were lost. Where the writer uses the word "crushed" he evidently means "bruised." L. A. K.

SEE TEXT, PAGE 334.

When the Trenton brought up alongside of the Vandalia, she gradually settled down and sank alongside of her, the Vandalia acting as buffer keeping her from the reef, as here delineated.

See Text, Page 317.

This letter written by the schoolmaster of the Nipsic is dated March 26th, 1889.

. . . . . .

"For five long hours the Nipsic made a gallant fight against the gale with the anchors planted in good holding ground, and driving into it under a full head of steam. It is more than probable that she could have held her ground had it not been for the Olga, which vessel reached a position in the middle of the harbor at the commencement of the gale, and at once became a menace to every vessel within the sweep of her long cables. An effort was made to change the position of the Nipsic so as to place her beyond the reach of the Olga, but scarcely had we lifted the starboard and sheet anchors for this purpose when she grazed our port quarter, carrying away the poop railing and the dinghey, and leaving the whale boat hanging a useless mass of splintered timber from her bent and twisted davits. We had barely dropped our anchors again and were steaming ahead to avoid the Eber, which vessel was bearing down on our stern, when we ran down the small schooner Lily. Only two men were on board, Captain Douglass and Mr. Ormsby, a citizen of Apia. As the Nipsic steamed ahead to avoid the Eber, her jib-boom swept away the Lily's masts and head booms; the vessels then drifted apart, but as the ship yawed in the heavy sea, she again struck the little schooner and stove in her bow, when she drifted past us and sank. At this time the gale was terrific, and the Nipsic was pitching like mad into the short quick seas that were rolling continuously into the harbor. Suddenly a little after 5 o'clock, through the dense gloom a dark mast was seen rising above us on the crest of a mighty sea, and the next moment the Olga's head booms were over our weather bulwarks. As she fell off into the trough of the sea, she carried away our port hammock rail and steam launch, and sheared the smoke-stack within two feet of the jacket; again she rose and fell off, crushing the port main-chains, and striking the main-yard with such force as to throw the shattered out-board in upon our decks. Once again she touched us before drifting clear, and our second cutter was thrown from the davits. We were in collision only a few seconds, made horrible by the crashing, breaking timbers, the rattle of parting guys and grinding of rent metal. Yet, in those few short moments the Nipsic was practically thrown at the mercy of the storm.

The upper sections of the smoke-stack fell with a crash into the starboard gangway, carrying with them the wreck of the fire-room ventilators. The wind now poured down the stump of the stack and drove the flame out through the furnace doors, forcing the firemen repeatedly from their posts. The steam, upon which our main dependence was placed, fell rapidly from sixty to thirty-five pounds. The furnaces were at once fed with salt pork, which, though it helped the steam in slight degree, still left us without sufficient pressure to render our engines effective against the violence of the gale. At daylight there was danger of a second collision with the Olga, which vessel was racing like mad around the harbor, seemingly at the mercy of the wind and wave, and was only prevented from going on shore by the strength of her ground tackle and the power of her engine. Again and again she bore down upon us threatening to crush us beneath her superior weight; but each time we avoided her by paying out our cables, or letting the ship's head fall off; this latter manœuvre, however, repeatedly threw us into the trough of the sea, and we shipped great quantities of water. It became almost impossible to move about the decks on account of the mass of wreckage which was hurled from side to side by each roll of the laboring vessel. Our escape from a collision which at this time would in all probability have been fatal to the entire crew, was wholly due to the calm skill with which the vessel was managed and the promptitude with which the men responded to each command. Throughout that awful night and during the ensuing morning, in the midst of the most imminent danger, our officers never lost their presence of mind nor failed to give just those orders which the desperate situation necessitated. Finally, about half-past six, the Olga drifted down on our bow, broadside on, and collision seemed inevitable. When drifting down upon the reef we would have unquestionably have struck just where the shattered wreck of the Eber lay had it not been decided to beach the vessel. The port chain was slipped by the captain's order; and the vessel, relieved of her port, anchor, swung to her sheet chain, which under the enormous pressure ran out, tearing away the securing bolts in the locker. Steaming ahead at full speed the vessel swung in toward the shore, her stern barely grazing the edge of the reef; and in a moment more we ran bows on upon the sandy beach in front of the American Consulate. In attempting to get a line to the shore the gig was lowered with five men in her. The boat dropped into the hollow of the sea, and in a

minute she was capsized and her occupants drowned, despite desperate efforts to reach the shore. A number of the crew who jumped overboard succeeded in reaching the beach, with the assistance of the natives who rushed fearlessly into the surf to aid the swimmers. At length a volunteer swam ashore with a line, and we soon had a number of life-lines stretched through the seething water. Commander Mullan ably seconded by Lieutenant Hawley, the executive officer, superintended the landing of the crew. He was the last to leave the ship, and that only when convinced that every man under his command was in safety. It is to his credit that when the destruction of his vessel seemed practically unavoidable he succeeded in beaching her so advantageously as to enable her to be gotten off subsequently in comparatively good condition. The skill with which he commanded the Nipsic throughout the gale, and the seamanlike manner in which at the last moment he saved his vessel and the lives of his crew, have won for him the warmer plaudits of his professional brethren . . . . . .

At ten o'clock the Vandalia, after losing her anchors and having been crushed into by the Olga, came down at a fearful pace on the sand beach where the Nipsic lay. She had had bad weather of it throughout, answering her helm poorly and often lying broadside to the sea, which poured over bulwarks and flooded her decks. It was a fearful sight to see her driving before the gale, her officers and crew grouped upon the poop and forecastle, gazing helplessly at the destruction which yawned before them. She approached within fifty yards of the Nipsic and began to sink. Captain Schoonmaker and others of her officers and crew had already been hurled overboard and lost. Some of the men endeavored to swim to the Nipsic, and about twenty succeeded in reaching her, while many poor fellows went to the bottom in making the attempt." . . .

See Text, Page 319.

PROCLAMATION.

April 17th, 1889.

APIA, SAMOA.

What the Samoans need most is peace amongst themselves. I have therefore prepared a Paper that can be signed by both parties desirous of obtaining Peace and establishing Order. Men who love their country better than themselves are Patriots; are there no

Patriots in Samoa? I should not like to believe it. This Paper I have written, only applies to the Samoans themselves, not to foreigners and strangers. Therefore it is as a father speaking to his sons. A happy family is one that is united, a quarrelsome family is weak and unhappy and a prey to strangers. I have a great respect for a brave people. The Samoans are brave, but in keeping up this war they are not wise. If they wish to preserve their country for their children, they must have peace and become united. A man's life is but short, but a nation lives many generations, and the country given by the Great Father of all should be preserved by the Fathers for the Children. No one can deny facts, and this is fact, because it is true.

L. A. KIMBERLY,
Rear Admiral, U. S. N.
Commanding U. S. Naval Force,
Pacific Station.

SEE TEXT, PAGE 319.

TO THE SAMOAN PEOPLE.

SAMOANS!

Your country is more important to you than to strangers, therefore serve it by becoming one People, it is the only way to save it for your Children. To this end, a mutual and general amnesty should be accepted by all bearing arms. This amnesty should be honored and kept in good faith by all concerned, thereby bringing back the blessings of Peace, Order, Good-will, and Prosperity to all Samoans.

Samoans, become brothers and friends, and bury the war in so deep a grave that it will sleep forever, unseen and forgotten. To love your country is a duty, by so doing you serve God and yourselves.

Remember!
United, you will stand. Divided, you must fall.
"As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

L. A. KIMBERLY,
Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy,
Commanding U. S. Naval Force,
Pacific Station.

See Text, Page 322.

SYDNEY MORNING HERALD, APRIL 17TH, 1889.

. . . "But there are storms and storms. The Fleet had already ridden out three gales in safety, and might have ridden out a fourth. The disposal of the vessels was purely a matter of judgment. The question as to whether that judgment was good or bad is not to be decided by the event; it must be considered in the light of the circumstances as they appeared at the time to those concerned. It is easy to say that these vessels ought to have put to sea at the first alarm, but the Commanders had many things to consider. There can be no doubt, however, that if the great violence of the recent hurricane had been known beforehand, some, at least, of the vessels anchored in the port of Apia would have put to sea. . . . The event shows the weather signs misread, that is all. There is nothing in the circumstances to warrant any harsher criticism.

"As to the behavior of officers and men in a time of great trial, nothing more need be said, than has been said already, their conduct speaks for itself."

See Text, Page 323.

Lieutenant J. M. Hawley.— This energetic and able officer deserves all the credit for hauling the Nipsic off the beach into deep water, her commanding officer, Commander Mullan, being ashore at the time when this important operation was being executed.

After the Nipsic had been hauled off the beach into deep water, I met Lieutenant Hawley on shore proceeding up the road. I asked him where he was going. He replied he was on his way to report to Commander Mullan that the Nipsic was afloat. I then said to him, "Was not the commander on board when this was done?" He replied, "No." Then I told him to never mind reporting to his Commanding Officer, but to return to his ship and get things to rights as soon as possible; which he accordingly did.

See Text, Page 323.

The Nipsic left Apia on May 9th, bound for Auckland. On the 11th at 9 A. M., the bolt on the head of the jury-rudder drew out; it was hoisted on board and repaired. When she returned to Apia on May 15th, she had been at sea six days and steamed 600 miles. On her return to Apia, Commander Mullan applied to be detached, and was succeeded in command by Lieutenant-Commander H. W. Lyon. She left Apia for Pago-Pago at 5.30 P. M. the same day, where she anchored the next afternoon. At this place four of the Nipsic's guns were put on board of the store-ship Monongahela, and enough coal on board to amount to 230 tons. She sailed from Pago-Pago on May 31st, convoyed by the Alert, bound for Honolulu (the season for good weather having passed for her to go to Auckland. She anchored at Fanning Island, June 14th; she remained there six weeks waiting for a cargo of coal to be sent to her from Honolulu. On July 24th the two ships in company sailed again for Honolulu, and arrived there at noon on the 9th of August. During the passage she leaked fourteen inches per hour, but was readily freed by the steam pumps. She made better speed after leaving Fannings Island, and on several occasions ran away from her escort, and slowed down to allow her to come up.

(From an account by her Executive Officer, Lieutenant J. M. Hawley, U. S. N.)

See Text, Page 327.

To try and stop the rush of water through the hawse-pipes I directed Lieutenant G. A. Merriam, my secretary and aid, to go down on the berth-deck and try to wind the chain with blankets and strands of rope, and to use hammocks if practicable in trying to plug the hawse-pipes. Nothing that he could do would answer the purpose, owing to the constant surging of the heavy chain-cables. As

soon as the work in a measure was thought to be done, the force of the seas and the jerking and sawing motion of the cable rendered all efforts useless. All the water found its way into the hold, the only place it could go, as the deck was below the water line.

L. A. K.

On May 20th, 1889, the chartered steamer Rockton, bound for Mare Island Navy Yard, from Apia, Samoa, sailed with twelve (12) officers and three hundred and three (303) men from the Trenton, and nine (9) officers and one hundred and forty-one (141) men of the Vandalia; also Ensign Field of the Nipsic was a passenger. Seven (7) officers and seventy-six (76) men were left at Samoa to finish the work of wrecking. Total souls as passengers, 466.

L. A. K.

See Text, Page 326.

The only part of the hull of the Eber that was visible after the storm was part of her bow, that was wrenched off when she struck the reef, and carried by the current to the beach about one-eighth of a mile from where she was wrecked. There were 76 souls down below when she struck, and *all* were lost. Only one officer and three of her men were saved, they being on deck at the time of the catastrophe.

L. A. K.

The Adler was lifted by the waves over the edge of the reef and landed over 150 feet on its table-like surface, on her side, with her deck facing the shore and perpendicular to the reef on which she lay. She had part of her keel torn away and her bottom faced seaward; this position protected her crew from the seas that broke over her. She

lost 20 men as it was. On the gale abating, she was left high and dry, so one could walk almost dry-shod around her.

L. A. K.

See Text, Page 334.

There being no doubt in my mind in regard to our final fate, I said to the captain, "If we have to go down, let us do so with our flag flying." He gave the order, and our storm ensign was hoisted, and remained flying until the Olga in her collision with us carried it away by fouling its halliards; it blew on board of her. It was returned by her captain after the storm.

L. A. K.

See Text, Page 329.

Official Report of Commander D. W. Mullan, Commanding the Nipsic.

U. S. S. Nipsic (3d Rate),
Apia, Samoa, *March* 21st, 1889.

Sir: I regret to report that I was compelled to beach this vessel in Apia harbor on the morning of the 16th of March, 1889, in order to save her from total destruction and to save the lives of those under my command. The necessity was occasioned by the severe hurricane raging on that day and the parting of all chains. During this hurricane the vessel had three anchors down and veered to their full scopes as far as possible, in order not to collide with either of the German men-o'-war Olga or Eber, the former on the port beam and the latter astern and close aboard. During the height of the hurricane, about 5 A.M, of March 16th, the German war vessel Olga fouled this vessel, carrying away the whale-boat, dinghey, and port railing of poop-deck, bending boat davits, etc. About 6 A.M. the Olga again fouled this vessel, this time cutting away the port hammock-rail from the bridge to the gangway, and the upper and a portion of the lower section of the smoke-stack, the after ventilators, the port main yardarm, the steam launch and second cutter. Having lost the smoke-stack, and there being no draft, I found it necessary to use pork in the furnaces. During the

morning watch three men were washed overboard and swam safely to the shore. The seas were breaking over the ship so rapidly that some of the gun-ports were let down and the water bailed through them overboard. At this time an effort was made to get the forecastle-gun overboard as an additional anchor, when at 6.30 A. M. the starboard bower chain parted and the ship continued to drag towards the reef astern of the ship; finding it impossible to keep steam up, and there being every probability of the ship going on shore on the reef, I decided to beach her to save life. At 6.50 A.M. the port-chain was slipped and the ship was beached in front of the U. S. Consulate. Prior to slipping, all the prisoners were released. As soon as the ship was beached all the sick were sent on shore. In attempting to lower the gig in order to run a line on shore she was capsized, and the following named men, I regret to report, were lost, viz.: Henry Pontseel (seaman), John Gill (seaman), George W. Callan (apprentice), and Thomas Johnson (cabin steward). D. P. Kelleher (C. H.) and William Watson (oiler) jumped overboard, and were also lost. Lines were run from the forecastle, by means of which all hands abandoned ship the aforesaid morning. During the abandonment the Samoans did excellent work. The casualties of the ship during the hurricane are as follows: Cutwater gone; both bower anchors gone; jibboom sprung; starboard foretopsail-sheet bit gone; mainmast broken at second band from spar-deck; port hammock rail carried away from bridge to gangway; port main chains carried away; four shrouds of port main rigging carried away; port mizzen chains carried away; steam launch, second cutter, whale-boat, and dinghey all gone; sailing launch badly damaged; deck seams opened on quarter-deck; rudder-post and rudder gone; main-yard gone; upper section of smoke-stack carried away and lower section badly damaged; both after-ventilators gone.

In the Ordnance Department many articles . . . were either damaged by salt water or washed overboard.

In the Navigation Department such articles as . . . have been rendered useless by being filled with salt water, the seas coming down the ward-room hatch.

In examining the magazine four inches of water were found therein, but it is now comparatively dry. . . .

In the Engineer's Department boilers Nos. 5 and 6 have spread about three inches, bending tie-rods and lugs attached to after-side. The forward cylinder of main engine appears to be raised about 2½

inches. The after-bunker, starboard side, is carried away along the lower edge. The engines cannot be jacked a full revolution, showing that they are considerably out of line. From an examination by a diver, it is found that the three blades of the propeller are bent and a portion of the fourth gone, a portion of the false keel gone; also a portion of the stern-post; the planking on the port side from abreast the smoke-stack to break of forecastle is slightly chafed, several sheets of copper are off. There are some sails, hawsers now foul of the propeller; the rudder and rudder-post are gone, and the shoe is carried away. The ship is at present making no water. In conclusion I will say that everything was done that could have been done to save the vessel from a total wreck and the lives of those attached to the ship. Regretting this sad occurrence,

I am, Sir, Respectfully your obedient servant,

(Signed) D. W. MULLAN,
Commander Commanding.

REAR-ADMIRAL L. A. KIMBERLY, U. S. N.,
Commanding U. S, Naval Force on Pacific Station.

SEE TEXT, PAGES 332–3.

In the Congressional Record of March 2d, 1889, p. 2647, Mr. Hull of Iowa on the floor of the House said . . .

"What did he do? in the midst of that great storm that wrought such havoc among the shipping at Apia, when the elements were warring as they never warred before in any of the harbors of the world, when men were panic stricken; when ships were being destroyed, when it looked as though there was not one chance in a thousand for those whose lives were imperiled to escape. This man, keeping full control of his faculties, with undaunted courage took a rope in his mouth and swam through the surf in order to carry a life line; by his skill, his courage, his sacrifices (in consequence of which, as I understand from those acquainted with him, he cannot hope to live more than a year at the outside) he saved for this country its war vessel, and saved also the lives of four hundred brave officers and men."

In regard to the above, I will state that Lieutenant R. M. G. Brown performed no such feat; he neither saved

the ship nor crew, nor did he receive any physical injuries on the ship on that occasion. L. A. K.

Some one has most egregiously misrepresented the whole thing to Mr. Hull. Who was he?

L. A. KIMBERLY,
R. A., U. S. N.

COPY OF MY ORDER TO N. H. FARQUHAR, CAPTAIN U. S. N., D. W. MULLAN, COMMANDER U. S. N., J. W. CARLIN, LIEUTENANT U. S. N.

Sir: APIA, SAMOA, *March* 18th, 1889.

You are appointed the senior member of a Board to investigate and report on the causes and condition of losses and present condition of the Nipsic, Trenton, and Vandalia, driven on shore, and in two cases sunken, the Vandalia and the Trenton.

You will also state your opinion in regard to the Nipsic, as to whether she can be got into deep water, and as to whether she can be rendered seaworthy to proceed either to Honolulu or San Francisco. Very respectfully,

L. A. KIMBERLY,
Rear Admiral U. S. N.
Commanding U. S. Naval Force,
Pacific Station

To CAPTAIN FARQUHAR,
U. S. N.

THE BOARD'S REPORT.

APIA, SAMOA.

Sir: MARCH 20th, 1889.

In obedience to your order of the 18th inst. herewith appended, marked A, we have the honor to report as follows:

. . . . . .

We are of the opinion that it would be unsafe to send the Nipsic in her present condition to either Honolulu or San Francisco, as these ports are distant and to windward.

We are, however, of the opinion that when good weather sets in she might be towed or convoyed to some leeward port, as Auckland, to be docked and repaired,

Very respectfully,

(Signed) { N. H. Farquhar, *Captain U. S N.*
D. W. Mullan, *Commander U. S. N.*
J. W. Carlin, *Lieutenant U. S. N.*

As the result of the above report, see Note, page 351, Appendix, and to pages 323–4 of the Text. L. A. K.

ABSTRACT FROM TRENTON'S LOG

(Captain Farquhar's Report).

Month.	Day.	Bar.	Wind.	Force.	Remarks.
March	14	29.70			Noon to midnight much rain, got up steam in mid watch.
	"	29.60	Sd	2 to 4	
"	15	29.60			The wind from this direction from 4 A.M. until 8 A.M.
		29.56	"	0 to 4	
8 A.M.		29.42			
	"	29.30	"	2 to 6	
Noon	"	"	"	"	During this watch prepared to house topmasts and send down lower yards.
P.M.	"		"	"	
1 P.M.	"	29.24	East	1 to 2	From meridian to 4 P.M. sent them down and housed them, made preparations for bad weather.
2 "	"	29.20	"	1 to 2	At 2 P.M. wind variable in force, at 3 P.M. wind N.E.
4	"	29.29	North	4 to 7	This seemed to indicate the gale had broken & that the wind would haul W. instead it backed to the N.E. Bar. rising at 8 P.M. Up to this time ship was moored to 52 fms on port bower & 45 fms on stbd bower with stbd sheet under foot, at 7.57 port bower chain parted, let go port sheet, steamed ahead veering to 60 fms on it and stbd bower.
8 P.M. to		29.36	N.E.		
Midnight	"	29.40	NE by N to NNE	7 to 8	
		29.36			
Mid Watch	16	29.38	NNE	7 to 8	Steaming ahead slowly to relieve strain on anchors.

Month.	Day.	Bar.	Wind.	Force.	Remarks.
6 A.M.	"	29.23	N by E	6 to 9	Tremendous sea, about 7 A.M. wheel ropes carried away, rudder broken in two pieces, rendered useless. 9 A.M. wind N. fires were extinguished by water in fire-room, which came in through hawse-pipes notwithstanding all precautions in way of jackapes, hammocks, &c. Hand and steam pumps going, men bailing, hatches battened down, dragging slowly at times.
9 A.M.	16	29.30 at 11 A.M.	North	Hurricane	Set storm main and mizzen stay-sails with sheets amidships, to prevent ship sheering about.
1 P.M.	"	29.19	,,	Hurricane till Midnight	At about 3 P.M. parted port sheet chain, shortly after starboard bower, veered to 90 fathoms on remaining anchor. Shortly after 8 P.M. dropped alongside Vandalia, took her crew from tops and rigging, and made fast to her.
Midnight	"	29.52	N.N.W.		When Bar. slowly rose.
	17				Pounding terribly all night, but the wreck of the Vandalia kept us off the reef. Nothwithstanding every effort could not keep the water down in the hold. About midnight 17th a line was sent us from the shore, as much provisions as could be handled, was gotten on the spar deck. In the P.M. of 17th the water still gaining it was deemed advisable to land the crew and officers.

"TO THE MEN OF THE TRENTON."

Respectfully Offered to Rear Admiral Lewis A. Kimberly, U. S. Navy, by Mr. John Malone.

New York, *March* 15th, 1890. An Epic.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Through the black hurricane hear
The hearty English cheer;
Defiance to death and fear;
By half a thousand throats out-thrown,
From the decks of the "Trenton."

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
'Tis the salvo of the stars
To Saint George's crossed-bars
As the sturdy British tars
Steer their ship into the arms of the storm,
Slowly past the "Trenton."

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hearts that beat 'neath Berserk shields,
Hearts that crimsoned holy fields,
Bore, of old, the blood that yields;
That brother-hail of death doomed valor.
From the men of the "Trenton."

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Sea-eagles of the Elder strain,
The Saxon, Gael, Scot, Norse and Dane
Were mated in war's bloody rain,
And we, their brood, join death's song greetings
With our brothers of the "Trenton."

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Clontarf, Culloden, Fontenoy;
The battle-blasts where the alloy
Was forged, which kings cannot destroy;
To the stern music of the song we chant
With the men of the "Trenton."

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
How the brave tongues gave bay
From Lucknow, Balaklava, and the gray
War dusk of Nelson's glorious day!
And their echoes out-thunder the wild sea's thunder
Around the helpless "Trenton."

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Breast to breast in the New-Engle-land,
We smote each other with steel clad hand,
And the blows but toughened the welded band,
That ties our hearts, brave lads, to yours,
Brave lads on board the "Trenton."

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Ye had your fiery trial too,
When your fathers in gray and your fathers in blue
Laid their hot brows in the gory dew,
That their sons might be shoulder to shoulder to-day
'Neath the starry Flag of the "Trenton."

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Whatever the fate that betide ye,
God and Saint George abide ye!
Though we leave ye, we fondly confide ye
To the kindred love of love of the age unborn,
Heroic hearts of the "Trenton."

OUR FLAG.

By Annie Bronson King.

"Across the peach blow sky of spring
The storm dark clouds are looming;
With sullen voice the breakers ring,
The thunder loudly booming.
The huddled war ships ride apace,
Each at her anchor straining;
Black, black is all of heaven's face,
It lightens 'twixt the raining.

Like crumpled rose leaves the mist edge
The hidden reef enwreathing,
But cruel as hell the jagged edge
Beneath those waters seething.
On, on they come, the poor dumb things,
The storm winds fiercely driving;
At her dread work each breaker sings,
For conquest madly striving.
'If we must die' — the leader's voice
Outswelled the roar of thunder —
It is our own our solemn choice
To die our dear flag under.
'For us to-day the battle-field
Is where the seas are lying.
We claim the right we cannot yield
To glory in our dying.'
He ceased; upon the topmost mast
The stars and stripes were floating,
The sight is like a trumpet blast;
And other ships quick noting,
Up to the sky there sounds a cheer,
That starts the echoes flying.
Back comes the answer loud and clear,
From gallant hearts though dying.
A moment's space the waves in brine
Baptize the flag low lying,
And from the breakers comes no sign
Of living or of dying."

O Flag, dear Flag, once more thy name,
As always in thy story,
Has set a thousand hearts aflame
For thee and for thy glory.

See Text, Page 314.

"GOD'S OWNERSHIP OF THE SEA."

"God has given the land to man, but the sea he has reserved to himself. 'The sea is his, and he made it!' He has given man 'no inheritance in it, no, not so much as to set his foot upon.' If he enters its domain, he enters it as a pilgrim and a stranger. He may pass over it, but he can have no abiding place in it. He can-

not build his house nor so much as pitch his tent upon it. He cannot mark it with his lines, nor subdue it to his uses, nor rear his monuments upon it. It steadfastly refuses to own him as its lord and master. Its depths do not tremble at his coming. Its waters do not flee when he appeareth. All the strength of all his generations is to it as a feather before the whirlwind. All the noise of his commerce, and all the thunder of his navies, it can hush in a moment in the silence of its impenetrable abysses.

"Whole armies have gone down into that unfathomable darkness, and not a floating bubble marks the place of their disappearing. If all the populations of the world, from the beginning of time, were cast into its depths, the smooth surface of its oblivion would close over them in an hour; and if all the cities of the earth, and all the structures and monuments ever reared by man, were heaped together over that grave for a tombstone, it would not break the surface of the deep, or lift back their memory to the light of the sun and the breath of the upper air. The sea would roll its billows in derision, a thousand fathoms deep, above the topmost stone of that mighty sepulchre. The patient earth submits to the rule of man, and the mountains bow their rocky heads before the hammer of his power, and the blast of his terrible enginery. The sea cares not for him! Not so much as a single hair's-breadth can its level be lowered or lifted, by all the art, and all the effort, and all enginery, of all the generations of time. He comes and goes upon it, and a moment after it is as if he had never been there. He may engrave his titles on the mountain top, and quarry his signature into the foundations of the globe, but he cannot write his name on the sea.

"And thus does the sea ever speak to us, to tell us that its builder is God. He hewed its channels in the deep, and drew its barriers on the sand, and cast its belted waters round the world. He gave the sea its wonderful laws, and armed it with its wonderful powers, and set it upon its wonderful work.

'O'er all its breadth His wisdom walks,
On all its waves His goodness shines.'

. . . Let us remember him that gave it such vast dominion and made it to be not only the dwelling-place of His awful presence, . . . and the mighty instrument of His goodness. . . . 'He has made nothing in vain!'"

LEONARD SWAIN.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

BY

CAPTAIN ASA WALKER, U.S.N.

Read January 2, 1900.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

I HAVE been requested to tell my experience as a participant in the Battle of Manila Bay. It will become evident in the narrative, that though old in years, I am but an infant in the literary sphere, and as such shall need all kindly consideration. My paper will, necessarily, be confined largely to what came under my personal observation, both before and during the action of which so much has been written by pens far abler than mine. It seems like threshing over old straw, to add to the literature already existing, yet, mayhap, in the mass of chaff may be found a few more grains of the wheat of truth to increase the grand total.

The vessel which I had the good fortune and honor to command for two years, and which took a small part in the events under consideration, bore the historic name of Concord, in remembrance of that town where our forefathers, trusting in the justice of their cause, and with firm faith in overruling Providence, invoking the God of their fathers to be with them, threw down the gage of battle to the mightiest empire in the world. The citizens of Concord had presented to the ship a statuette of the "minute-man," on the headboards of her gangways was carved the same figure, and we adopted that for our semi-official crest.

The Concord after having been in commission for nearly six years and cruised on widely separated stations, under various commands, had returned to Mare Island in

1896 for thorough repairs and outfitting. On May 22d, 1897, she was again put in commission, the command being given to me. During the remainder of that year she was employed on the Pacific coast and in Alaskan waters, returning to Mare Island in December, to outfit for the Asiatic Station.

Leaving the Golden Gate on Jan. 8th, 1898, and touching for coal at Honolulu, we arrived at Yokohama on Feb. 9th, where the Olympia, flying the broad pennant of Commodore George Dewey, was awaiting our arrival. We had on board, in addition to our own supplies, thirty-five tons of ammunition for distribution to the Olympia, Boston, and Petrel.

Having received her invoice of ammunition and that of the Petrel, the Olympia sailed on Feb. 11th for Hongkong, leaving me orders to proceed in the Concord to Chemulpo, Korea, to relieve the Boston and assume the duties of that part of the station, as soon as convenient.

On the night of Feb. 18th, I received a dispatch from the Commodore informing me of the destruction of the Maine. On the next day we sailed for Chemulpo by way of the Indian Sea, arriving there on the 26th. I might tell of the marvellous beauty of this sea, but it would be an old, old story; and besides, on this occasion we saw no beauties, the entire scene being shrouded in snow, rain, and mist, from entrance to exit.

We found the Boston anxiously awaiting our appearance, each and all on board eager to bring to a close their long stay of six months in this uttermost part of the earth.

The next morning, Sunday, I went to the Boston to have a talk with Captain Wildes, in reference to the duty to be performed, to receive the correspondence in connection therewith, and to make arrangements for the transfer, on Monday, of stores and ammunition for his

ship. Just as I was on the point of leaving, the orderly brought to him a telegram in cipher, which, being translated, proved to be an order to him, as senior officer, to proceed with the Boston and Concord, with all despatch, to Hongkong. The Boston at once got out her boats, and that quiet Sunday afternoon was spent in the transshipment of stores from the Concord.

At daylight the next morning we were underway at full speed. So well did Captain Wildes obey orders, that, at midnight on March 3d, we were anchored in the harbor of Hongkong, where we found the Olympia, Raleigh and Petrel. Some time later the revenue cutter MacCulloch joined.

Here we learned that American and Spanish affairs had reached such a critical state, that war between the two countries might be declared at any moment, and we were informed that all preparations must be made to do our part, should hostilities commence. Meanwhile, the whole force of the squadron would be concentrated, so as to be able to act as a unit. It became the duty of each commanding officer to see that his ship was put and kept in the most efficient condition, as to drill and equipment. Especially was it impressed, that the supplies of provisions and coal must be kept to the highest point, and the batteries ready for immediate service.

The destruction of the Maine, with the fearful loss of life attendant, was still fresh in every mind, so that the eagerly scanned telegrams, indicating from day to day a closer approach to the border line between peace and war, were as balm to wounds. Believing, as we did, that cowardly murderers had sent those our brothers to untimely graves, it needed more than the average sailor's allowance of Christianity to eradicate from our hearts the desire for revenge.

As Americans, we are apt to boast of our wonderful

school systems, and point to their results, with feelings of national or state pride. Our schools and colleges are credited with turning out multitudes of students, who know something of everything; yet I will venture to say that few of our citizens would have recognized the title "Philippine Islands," fewer could have located them, and still fewer could have given any account of them; for instance, when the war was imminent, the wife of an officer serving on the Asiatic Station was congratulated that her husband was too far from the scene of conflict to take part in it, and yet it was here, in this most remote region, that the first crushing blow to Spanish dominion was delivered.

While the war seemed to be drawing nearer each day, it behooved our commander-in-chief to make provision, not only for striking his blow, but to subsist his forces, when the time should come in which there would be no port where supplies could be obtained, or where refuge from disaster could be taken; when neutrality would be proclaimed and the combatants forced to rely on their own resources. We read in history of fleets which kept the sea for months, subsisting the personnel on the supplies stored in their capacious holds; but these fleets collected their motive power from nature, — the winds of heaven wafted them to and fro, without demanding a vast space in their interior. Food, water, and ammunition was the freight that filled their enormous hulls, and of these the supply could be made to last almost indefinitely.

The modern man-of-war presents no canvas to the winds; within her bowels is an insatiable monster whose demand is ever for *coal*, and still more *coal*. Every cubic inch of available space is filled with fuel, and when this is consumed the vast machine becomes an inert mass. Coal, then, may be considered as the life-blood of the man-of-war, and upon its supply depends her existence as a living

factor in the battle equation. With the increase of space for coal and machinery has followed a decrease in the room devoted to provisions. A supply of food for from forty-five to ninety days is all that now can be counted upon.

With wise forethought Commodore Dewey made provision for the "lean days" that were sure to come. A steamer, the Nanshua, loaded with three thousand tons of coal, was lying in the harbor of Hongkong. This he purchased, cargo and all, and for her shipped a crew. The Zafiro, formerly in the Manila trade, was also purchased, as well as a shipload of coal in a sailing vessel. The squadron, at the last moment, coaled from this ship, and the coal remaining was put into the Zafiro, some seven hundred tons. Provisions for three months were purchased and loaded on board the Zafiro. This was the best and all that could be done to provide for the unknown. All through these long weeks the Commodore was forming his plans, and waiting for orders to proceed on his mission.

On the 21st the Baltimore came to swell our squadron. She at once was docked, cleaned and painted, and in twenty-four hours was filling her bunkers with coal. On the 22d Commander Lamberton arrived under orders to command the Boston. Captain Wildes requested to be permitted to retain the command, under the circumstances, and his request was granted, Commander Lamberton being assigned to duty as Chief of Staff.

On the afternoon of the 23d an official communication from the Governor of Hongkong informed the Commodore that, as a state of war existed between the United States and Spain, he was requested to withdraw his squadron from British waters within forty-eight hours. Later the Commodore received a message from the Navy Department announcing the war, and directing him to proceed

against the Spanish forces in the Philippines, concluding with the words: "You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavor."

The next day the Boston, Concord, Petrel, MacCulloch, Nanshua, and Zafiro left Hongkong harbor and anchored in the upper end of Mirs Bay, where they were joined on Monday by the remaining ships, the Olympia, Baltimore, and Raleigh. Mirs Bay was, at that time, Chinese waters, though since then it has been annexed to the Hongkong colony. Chinese neutrality was considered as a vanishing quantity; and though neither then nor at any other time were objections made by the Chinese government to the use of its territory by belligerents, I am of the opinion that any such objections, if made, would have been ignored. The civilized (?) nations of the world seem to consider the empire of China as "no-man's-land," rather than as a nation to which the usual laws of courtesy and custom should apply.

Of course, during all our stay at Hongkong, every endeavor had been made to ascertain the strength and position of the Spanish fleet, and to find out the location of all forts and mines. In these endeavors, we were, at best, but partially successful. That our squadron was superior in weight of metal to theirs, we had no doubt, but we could get no reliable knowledge of the batteries in and about Manila and Subic Bays. If met in the open, we felt assured that the Spanish squadron would be destroyed, but, how about the batteries? Our consul at Manila, Mr. Williams, had, from the first, zealously striven to accumulate all information available to him, but, naturally, being a suspect, all of his movements were watched and his opportunities minimized, so that, so far as land defences and mines were concerned, he was able to give but the vaguest rumors.

For some days before our vessel left Hongkong, the

masters of steamers coming from Manila told how that, on leaving Manila, they had been forced to take pilots, who steered courses quite different from those usually steered in leaving the bay, thus giving the impression that they were pursuing authorized tracks to avoid mine fields. From these reports, it became rumored abroad that both the Boca Chica and Boca Grande were thickly mined, and that there were mine fields further up the bay.

In getting underway from Hongkong, the Raleigh had disabled one engine by the breakage of a circulating pump. To repair this accident and to allow time for Consul Williams to embark on board one of our ships (he arrived in Hongkong after all of our vessels had left) necessitated a delay until Wednesday, April 27th, when, at 2 P.M., in single column, with the MacCulloch, Nanshua and Zafiro on the right flank, the war vessels put to sea, ten miles to the westward of Cape Bolinau being given as a rendezvous, in case of separation. Fancy this little squadron of six ships, the largest under 6,000 tons and the smallest of only 800, setting forth to do battle in an enemy's waters, seven thousand miles from a home port, with no base of supplies except the two small steamers accompanying it, with all neighboring ports closed by the stern laws of neutrality, and with no hope of aid from any source. Can it be wondered at that our friends at Hongkong prognosticated the most direful results and designated our enterprise as "Yankee temerity?"

The next two days were spent in a more careful and complete "clearing the ship for action." All of our vessels had been built before the use of wood in warships had been so universally condemned. In all of them, the bulkheads, ceilings, wainscotings, bunks and other furniture were of wood, made more highly inflammable by paint and varnish. So much of this light wood as possible was ripped out and thrown overboard. Turpentine, alcohol,

shellac and varnish chests were committed to the vasty deep, wringing the hearts of the executive officers as only the loss of such necessary articles in a ship's housekeeping could do. Spare chain cable was wrapped about shellhoists, and otherwise disposed of where it might afford protection to vital parts of the mechanism. Boats, spars and booms were securely lashed, and the first covered with canvas and nettings. All hose was connected with the fire plugs, and laid along the decks, ready for immediate use. All guns were loaded, and a good supply of ammunition for the rapid-fire guns and small arms was got on deck. These and many other preparations were made, and the men drilled at the various stations to which the emergencies might call them. When, therefore, the land at Cape Bolinau was sighted, every ship was in readiness to meet the enemy, when or where he might appear.

In the early morning of April 30th, the commodore made signal to the Boston and Concord to "proceed at full speed and explore Subic Bay." Putting on all steam, these two vessels soon left the rest of the squadron far behind, and in a few hours were apparently alone on the waste of waters. Before leaving Hongkong, it had been rumored that the Spanish fleet were concentrating at Subic Bay and would there make its stand. From Admiral Montojo's report, we afterwards learned that such had been the intention, and that having assembled there, was withdrawn to Manila Bay only on April 29th, the day before our arrival. Rumor also told us that in view of making it the principal base, one entrance to the bay had been blocked and the other heavily mined. Subic Bay is a most beautiful sheet of water, completely landlocked, with good, though deep, anchorage throughout its whole extent. A small island lies near the middle of the entrance, dividing it into two channels, the western

one, about three-quarters of a mile wide, with deep water from shore to shore, is the main ship channel, the eastern one, rather narrower, is more crooked and has much less water; this latter is the one which had been blocked.

Arriving off the entrance, Captain Wildes, in the Boston, steered for the main channel, wisely keeping the mainland shore close aboard. He had received orders to *explore*, and mines or no mines, batteries or no batteries, he boldly steamed into the bay; the Concord followed, about two cable-lengths astern. The passage into the bay was made without encountering any mines. When well inside, the Boston stopped and signaled the Concord to proceed, and explore the arms of the bay to the northward and eastward. It was a scene of most entrancing beauty; the smooth waters of the bay flashing back the brilliant sunshine of that perfect April day; from the water's edge on all sides rose up the massive hills, clothed from base to summit in tropical verdure; in the distance, to the north, could be seen the native town of Subic embowered in trees; nearer, to the east, was the Spanish settlement of Olongapo, with its whitewashed walls gleaming in the sun; not a sign of human life was visible, not even a canoe broke the calm waters of the bay.

After thoroughly searching each inlet and bend in the bay with glasses, the Concord signaled "Nothing in sight" and was directed to return and follow the Boston. Passing out in the same order, and as nearly as possible over the same ground, we reached the open sea about 4 P.M. There we saw the Baltimore coming up at race-horse speed, pursuing a small schooner. As she didn't seem to need any assistance from us, we stood on to rejoin the flagship and other vessels, which were seen approaching from the northward. In talking over the events afterwards with the commander-in-chief, he explained to me the arrival of the Baltimore. He said that after the

Boston and Concord had drawn well ahead, it suddenly occurred to him, "supposing they should find the Spanish fleet," and with this thought, he signaled the Baltimore to our support.

Later in the season the Concord again visited Subic Bay and counted, lying on the beach near the entrance, six big mines that had either been washed up there, or had been hauled up by fishermen. This proved that the rumor of mines had been true. A Spanish officer, in conversation after the battle of May 1st, would not credit the statement that our vessels had entered Subic Bay, for, he said, "eighty mines had been planted in the channel."

Shortly before sundown, the squadron having resumed its formation and standing slowly down the coast of Luzon, the flagship signaled for the commanding officers to repair on board. The commander-in-chief now announced his intention to enter Manila Bay that night and engage the enemy's forces, should they be found. Orders for the night were given, and after an informal talk, the commanding officers returned to their commands.

Each ship was directed to show but a single light, and that was to be displayed from the stern, showing but two points on either side from dead astern. These were for following vessels to steer by and keep position. Not the faintest gleam of light, save that mentioned, came from any ship. Like dim ghosts, these grim phantoms plowed through the water, the color with which all had been painted rendering them barely distinguishable from the gray of the ocean itself.

With all hands at quarters, all fires lighted under the boilers, and in perfect silence and darkness, we stood slowly down the coast. The dark bank of the land on our port beam was plainly visible. Each navigator, from time to time, assured himself and his captain of the ship's position, though well knowing that the pilotage of the

leading ship was in the hands of that most accurate and reliable officer, Lieutenant Calkins. It has been erroneously stated that the Olympia had on a board a Manila pilot. To Lieutenant Calkins is due all the credit of piloting the squadron on that night and on the following day. Since the Olympia drew more water than any of the other vessels, where *she* could go, *all* could follow. At about eleven o'clock a sudden change of the course of the leading ship told us that we were about to enter the Boca Grande, the southern of the two entrances made by the island of Corregidor. This entrance is about five miles wide, divided near its middle by a small rocky islet, El Fraile. Toward this islet we were now heading, and soon, through the gloom and darkness, its rocky outline was seen, looking very much like a ship under full sail. So near did we pass to this rock, that some of the vessels sheered off a bit to give it a wider birth. When abreast of El Fraile, the Olympia again changed course to about N.N.E., followed in succession by the ships astern. (The order in column was as follows: Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord, and Boston, which order was kept during the operations of the early morning next day). When four ships had followed the Olympia and just as the Concord had put her helm to starboard to change her course, a flash of light was seen proceeding from the rock, having the appearance of a defective rocket. We thought for the instant, that it was intended to signal our entrance to stations farther up the bay, and to Caballo Island. Instantly thereafter the scream of a shell, and the boom of the discharge of a cannon of large size informed us that here was located a battery, of which we had no knowledge. At this instant, to add to the interest of the occasion, the soot in the funnel of the MacCulloch burst into a blaze, sending up a tall column of flame and rendering her visible for miles as a beacon.

The shell from the battery, owing to our closeness to the rock, passed harmlessly over the fleet, though *each* man in *each* ship was satisfied, in his own mind, that it passed just between the masts of his own vessel. This initial shot was followed by two others, and was replied to by the Raleigh, Concord, Boston and MacCulloch in the order named. The failure of a primer on board the Concord deprived that ship of the honor of opening the ball in this part of the world; a shell from that ship, however, exploded in the battery, and the enemy's fire ceased. Later on I shall refer to this battery and others in this vicinity. It was now about half-past twelve in the morning of May 1st. It had been intended to proceed to the upper end of the bay and there bring the squadron to anchor; but the commander-in-chief concluded to keep underway, steaming slowly for a point just north of the mouth of the Pasig River, so as to be in position at early daylight. The men had been at their guns all night, being allowed to sleep there if inclined, but, I fancy, few had availed themselves of that privilege. At about four o'clock, hot coffee, beans and bread were served out, to stay the stomachs for the ordeal we knew was coming. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed throughout the squadron. No one could predict the result of the coming conflict, yet each, from the lowest to the highest, was prepared to do his level best. Slowly the night drew on to a close and the ruddy light in the east proclaimed the approach of day. In the early gray of the morning, one by one the ships of the squadron distinguished, flying from the mast of the Olympia, the signal: "Prepare for general action"; later, "Form in single column," and later still, "Close up." This last signal was kept flying during the whole action, indicating to each ship that its station was close astern of its leader. As the first of these signals was read and answered, from each masthead

and peak of each vessel the folds of "Old Glory" were given to the morning breeze, and I doubt not that each man and officer resolved in his heart that his life-blood should flow ere that glorious banner should pass from his keeping.

It had been rumored that the Spanish defence would be made off the breakwater at Manila and under the guns of the city batteries, but other counsels had prevailed, and we found only merchant vessels occupying the anchorage off the city.

Five miles to the southward of the city, behind a little peninsula, and situated on another peninsula is the town and naval arsenal of Cavite. Here, in the shallow waters of the bays thus formed, could be seen, drawn up in line, the fleet of Spain. Steaming slowly down past the city front, the battery at Malate, followed by the ships of his squadron, the Commodore headed for his prey. In vain the batteries thundered, the shots flew wild. Without making any reply, the Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, and Petrel stood on their way. The Concord and Boston, however, without slackening speed, sent a few shells into the batteries, to let the enemy know that we were not there solely to become targets.

At long range, the enemy's ships opened fire. Their shells fell short, throwing up from the smooth surface of the bay jets of foam and water. Still the Olympia stood on. Thicker and thicker fell the shell and wilder and wilder became the shooting. The shore batteries all along the Manila front kept up a continuous fire. Finally, when the lead showed that the Olympia had little water to spare under her keel, the helm was put aport and, at the distance of about 4,000 yards, the Commodore said, "Gridley you may fire when you are ready." In that instant began the storm of shell on that foredoomed fleet. It was now nearly six o'clock. As each ship, in its own

order, arrived at the turning point, she took up the fire and soon the roar of guns was continuous. The dons stood well to their guns, and endeavored to give us "A Roland for our Oliver," but their shooting was of the worst. Spray was dashed on our decks, shells screamed overhead, yet none of the projectiles came home. Slowly steaming along the Spanish column, past the batteries on Sangley Point, our vessels passed, when, turning with port helm, we again swept over the course, engaging with our starboard batteries. Five times in all we passed through that line of fire, and for an hour and a half devoted our energies to the destruction of our enemy. At this time, when two of the enemy's vessels were in flames and a third in a sinking condition, a report was brought to the Commodore that the ammunition supply for the 5-inch guns of the Olympia was almost exhausted. He thereupon signaled to the squadron to withdraw from action, and to let the people get breakfast, and later, for the commanding officers to repair on board the Olympia.

Although the incorrectness of this report with reference to the ammunition must have been immediately found out, it is probable that the commander-in-chief was anxious to learn the condition of the other vessels in the command, and to take, as it were, an account of stock, as well as to give the crews a breathing spell, and he therefore adhered to his order to withdraw from under fire. As it turned out, it was the right order at the right time, for it gave the enemy a chance to look over the field, and to recognize the fact that he was hopelessly defeated; and so well did he recognize this fact, that when again we opened on his works, there was not a single shot fired from his vessels.

On hauling off, the Concord had been signaled to go in to find out the enemy's loss, but while proceeding on this mission had been recalled. While getting my gig

ready to proceed to the flagship, I received a request by signal, from Captain Wildes of the Boston, to take him as a passenger. It seems that the Boston had not a boat in condition to float, all of them having been stove by the blasts from her own guns.

Up to this time, no one had any knowledge of the condition of any other vessel than his own, so that each commanding officer was prepared to listen to a tale of casualties. Imagine our surprise, when we learned the whole list of injuries was summed up in seven men slightly wounded, and a few insignificant scratches to the vessels.

As we pulled past the vessels of the squadron on our way to the flagship, the crews of each ship greeted us with ringing cheers, calling out the names of our commands and cheering to the echo.

At the hour of assembling on board the flagship, we were not aware of the extent of our victory, but when the Castillo broke into flames, the Christana being already ablaze, and the smaller vessels were seen seeking the shelter of the Arsenal Point, we then knew that we had bagged the whole covey, and that little else remained to be done — the enemy was totally beaten.

With the Spanish fleet had been an armed transport, the Isla de Mindanao. This vessel, in endeavoring to escape, had run aground to the northward of Bacoor, where she was now lying in shoal water.

The battery on Sangley Point was the only defence now remaining to the enemy, and signal was made to the Baltimore, Boston, and Raleigh to go in to silence it; "the Baltimore to lead." At the same time, the Concord was ordered to burn the grounded transport, and the Petrel to go in to bring the arsenal under her guns and complete the destruction of the fleet. At once the various vessels proceeded to the execution of their orders. The Baltimore, Olympia, Boston, and Raleigh opened a

storm of shell on the devoted battery, which pluckily, though ineffectually, replied. The Concord, in proceeding to execute her orders, passed to the southward of Sangley Point, thus opening the flank of the battery. This was too good a position to be wasted, so, stopping her engines, she opened a flank fire with shrapnel, with what effect I am unable to state, though the next day, when the captured battery was inspected, fragments of her shrapnel were found within the walls. Proceeding on her mission, the enemy's vessels under Arsenal Point were uncovered, and again the Concord stopped and opened fire on these vessels, and on the arsenal. She then steamed toward the grounded transport, and when within good range fired upon her with shell. Ten boatloads of men were seen to leave her and take to the woods. Soon smoke was seen coming up the forward hatch; later, flames appeared, and after waiting until the flames had made too much headway to be extinguished, the Concord hauled off and rejoined the fleet. Meanwhile the Petrel, drawing but twelve feet of water, had rounded Sangley Point, and stood carefully in toward Arsenal Point, meeting with no opposition, though firing at the fortifications of the arsenal and vessels inside. With her keel in the mud, she lay off the point until the Spanish flag was hauled down at 12.30 P.M., when, receiving signal to destroy all shipping, the whaleboat with seven men, in charge of Lieutenant (now Lieutenant-Commander) E. M. Hughes, was sent in behind the Arsenal Point, and the seven remaining ships of the Spanish fleet were fired. In returning to the fleet, the Petrel towed out two tugs and three steam launches, which her commanding officer thought might be serviceable to our forces.

So furious and well directed had been the fire of the vessels engaging the battery, that its defenders were driven from the works and all opposition ceased.

The orders to the commander-in-chief had been: "You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavor." Never were orders more literally carried out. Every one of the vessels of the Spanish fleet had been destroyed, and with the exception of a small transport and a tiny gunboat far up the Pasig River, and another gunboat of the same size in a river to the northward, which was afterwards captured, not an armed vessel in the waters of Manila Bay floated the Spanish flag.

We now had time to sum up the cost at which the victory had been won. The list of casualties to the personnel of the fleet was: not one man killed and but eight slightly wounded. Three ships of the squadron were untouched, and the injuries to the other three were of the most trivial character. The squadron was, practically, in as good condition for action as before the engagement began. The reports of commanding and executive officers are published in full in the "Appendix to the Report of the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, 1898."

In the city of Manila a perfect panic reigned, and it needed but the demand to bring about its surrender. The lack of troops for policing the place, however, prohibited us from taking possession of the city. The commander-in-chief opened communication with the governor-general, informing him that, if the Manila batteries fired on our vessels, he would at once shell the city. It was then tacitly agreed that neither party should open on the other. At the same time the Commodore asked permission to use the cable to send despatches to his government. This request was refused. Thereupon, by the Commodore's orders, the cable was cut off Sangley Point, so that it became useless to either belligerent. A week later it was discovered that, by another cable connecting Manila with the southern islands, messages could be sent, which (by

vessel to Borneo, involving a delay of two days) could be forwarded to the Spanish home government. This being cut, Manila was henceforth out of cable communication with the outer world.

As it was impracticable for us to guard and subsist prisoners, the crews of the Spanish ships and the marine infantry, in garrison at Cavite, were allowed to make the best of their way to Manila by land. The Spanish wounded, gathered at various hospitals, were collected and sent under a flag of truce to Manila, with the surgeons and nurses attendant on them. This was done, not so much to get them out of our hands as for protection to them from the natives, of whose disposition toward them we were doubtful. The Spaniards themselves had no doubt in the matter, and were impressed with the idea that the natives would cause them to reap as they had sown. The rulers had, by means of violent and abusive proclamations and teachings, impressed the lower orders with the belief that a victory for the Americans meant the death of all who fell into our hands, and the violation of everything by them held sacred. To illustrate: on May 2d I landed with Lieutenant Howard on Sangley Point to inspect the battery there, which had stood such a hammering. After walking about awhile, we saw approaching us, displaying a large white flag, two Spaniards in uniform, with two Sisters of Charity. We turned out to meet them. One of the officers, who could speak English fairly well, introduced himself as the Surgeon of the Isla de Luzon, and his companion as another medical officer. He said that they came to me to ask that we would not fire on their hospital, and to request our protection for the women and wounded. We at once set their minds at rest, assuring them that no injury or insult would be offered by any of our men, pointing out to them that many of our officers and men were of their own religion, and

that the garb of a Sister of Charity was as familiar to us and as much respected as it was in their own land. On separating we told them the name of our ship, and offered to render them any assistance possible in their good work. The next day, in the morning, a native canoe came alongside the Concord, and from it appeared our surgeon friend and a companion. They stated that early on that morning the storehouse of the hospital had been broken into and looted by the natives, and that they themselves had been threatened with death by throat-cutting (a favorite method with the natives of ending an enemy's life), and that, on the spur of the moment, our friend of May 2 had taken up the buckler our former interview had furnished and effected their escape. To use his own words, "I told them, in English, that I was an American, that I belonged to the Concord, and that the Concord would fire on them if they maltreated us." Thus they escaped, and, procuring a canoe, boarded the Concord to surrender themselves as prisoners. They were in wretched plight, covered with blood from the operations they had performed, wet, and hungry. We washed, clothed, and fed them, and, in the afternoon, sent them back to their wounded comrades, who were being embarked for Manila. They expressed themselves as filled with gratitude for the treatment received, and in bidding us good-by Surgeon Ronando said, "Your kindness will never be forgotten; whenever I think of this I shall say "Concord-peace."

We now had secure possession of the arsenal and town of Cavite, in which was posted a guard of marines to protect the public property that had escaped injury, and to guard against fire. In the arsenal and in Fort St. Philippe were immense stores of ammunition for cannon and small arms.

Manila, with its heavy batteries, could easily be blockaded when we had made secure the entrance and the rest

of the littoral. Expeditions were sent to the entrance to demand the surrender of all fortified positions therein. There was no attempt at defence made by the enemy, and in a few days every battery was surrendered and destroyed. In the Boca Chica, the northern and more narrow entrance, were four batteries, three on the mainland of Luzon, — mounting, in all, eight guns of different caliber, — and one of three 8-inch M.L.R. on Corregidor. In the Boca Grande were three batteries of rifles: one on the mainland of Luzon, on the southern side of the entrance, of three 6.3-inch M. L. rifles; one on El Fraile, our friend of the night of April 30th, consisting of three 4.7-inch B.L. rifles; and one of three 6-inch B.L. rifles on Caballo, a small island in prolongation of Corregidor.

We now had free exit and entrance to the bay, and could prevent the introduction by water of all supplies to the city. A strict blockade was proclaimed and executed.

All of the neutral merchant sailing vessels anchored off Manila on our arrival were directed to leave that anchorage and take up position under our guns. Several of these were loaded with coal; and as it was impossible to permit this coal to be landed at its original destination, the agents readily agreed to sell it, at market rates, to us. Thus we became possessed of several thousand tons of the article, which was as lifeblood to us. A limited amount of other supplies was obtained at various places until the arrival of a refrigerating ship from Australia with frozen beef, sheep, and vegetables, placed us beyond all want. We thus waited the arrival of the military force necessary to keep order in the city when it should fall into our hands.

INDEX.

Adams, Henry A., 83, 84, 94, 96, 98, 99.
Adams, Henry A., Jr., 99.
Adams, Charles Francis, 131, 150.
Adams, The, 249.
Adams, John, The, 254.
Adler, The, 321, 329, 336, 352.
African Chiefs, 62.
Alabama, 211, 212.
Alabama Troops, Infantry, 31st Regt., 239.
Albemarle, The, 291, 292.
Alden, James, 230, 231.
Alert, The, 323.
Alfred the Great, 23
Algiers, The Dey of, 26, 27, 37, 62.
Ammen, Daniel, 40, 165.
Anderson, Charles D., 238, 240.
Andrews, George L., 219, 241.
Annapolis, 9.
Anson, Robert E., 201, 202.
Apia, 308, 311, 312.
Armament, 109, 112, 118, 119, 148, 158, 161, 199, 212, 213, 214, 215, 286, 300, 386.
Arms, Frank H., 344.
Armstrong, James, 61, 85, 87, 90.
Armor, 118, 157, 158, 160, 161, 163, 164, 167, 171, 214, 221, 234, 304.
Arnold, Richard, 241, 242.
Arsenal Point, 381, 382.
Articles of War, 20.
Aspinwall, 256.

Badger, Oscar C., 43.
Bainbridge, William, 27, 28, 64.
Ball, Sir Alexander, 66.
Baltic, The, 95.
Baltimore, The, 371, 372, 375, 376, 377, 381.
Bancroft, George, 12.
Bancroft's History of U.S., 132.
Banks, Nathaniel P., 219, 220.
Barbary Powers, The, 6, 26, 27.
Barney, Joshua, 249.
Barrier Forts, The, 61, 63.
Barron, Samuel, 12, 58.
Battery Bee, 201.
Battery Gregg, 176.
Battle, Order of, 165, 217, 219, 222, 223, 376, 377, 378.
Bayonet and Cutlass, 255.
Beagle, The, 250.
Beaufort, The, 154.
Beauregard, G. T., 159, 179, 188.
Belknap, George E., 1, 61, 75, 155, 162, 191, 195, 196, 197, 255.
Bell, Charles H., 61.
Bell, Henry H., 61, 176.
Bellerephon, The, 33.
Belligerents, Confederate States Proclaimed, 130, 131.
Benbough, Private, 242, 61, 62.
Benham, A. E. K., 61, 62.
Bent, Silas, 11.
Berryman, Otway H., 82, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 94.
Biddle, Mr., 10.
Bienville, The, 224, 243.
Black Hawk, The, 104, 304.
Bladensburg, Battle of, 249.
Blake, Homer C., 256.
Blake, The, 51.
Blount's Bridge, 298.
Blockades, 57, 132, 138, 142, 143, 146, 157, 158, 159, 203, 206, 215, 217, 272, 273, 300, 301, 302, 386.
Board of Admiralty, British, 9.
Board of Commissioners, U.S. Navy, 9.
Boca Chica Battery, 386.
Borceau, The, 26.
Boston, The, 368, 369, 372, 374, 375, 377, 378, 379, 381.
Bourke, Captain, 42.
Bounty Jumpers, 302, 303.
Boyle, Junius J., 55.
Bowring, Sir John, 53.

Bragg, Braxton, 92.
Brandywine, The, 114.
Brannan, John M., 99.
Brazil, 62.
British Navy, 3, 29, 30, 69.
Breese, K. Randolph, 104.
Breese, Samuel L., 253, 255.
Bright, John, 134.
Broglie, Duc de, 146.
Broke, P. B. V., 37, 38.
Brooke, John M., 12.
Brooklyn, The, 59, 78, 79, 82, 84, 222, 223, 225, 227, 229, 230, 231, 233, 242.
Brown, Harvey, 95, 96.
Brown, Major, 240.
Brown, Robert M. G., 333, 334.
Bryson, Andrew, 186.
Buchanan, Franklin, 12, 122, 125, 217, 235, 237.
Buchanan, James, 129.
Bunce, Francis M., 176.
Burnside, Ambrose E., 144.
Butler, Benjamin F., 274, 275, 278, 279.
Byng, Admiral, 21.

Cairo, The, 104.
California, 251.
Caldwell, Charles H. B., 52.
Calhoun, John C., 138.
Calkins, Carlos G., 377.
Calliope, The, 321, 328, 332.
Cambridge, The, 274.
"Camels," 215.
Camperdown, Battle of, 33.
Canandaigua, The, 165, 196.
Canonicus, The, 199, 200–202.
Canton, 61.
Cape Cruz, 250.
Carlin, James W., 335, 336, 343, 344, 357.
Cassin, Stephen, 249.
Castillo, The, 381.
Catalpa, The, 200.
Cat o'nine Tails, 21, 22.
Catskill, The, 165, 175, 176, 177, 183.
Cayo Blanco, 249.
Cecil, Lord Robert, 134.
Ceres, The, 296.
Chain Armor, 221, 232, 374.
Charleston, 204, 157 et seq., 202.
Charleston Mercury, 93.
Charts and Instruments, Depot of, 10.
Chase, Salmon P., 144.
Chatard, Frederick, 253.
Chauncey, Isaac, 36.
Cherub, The, 33, 59.
Chesapeake, The, 25, 28, 33, 36, 37.
Chickasaw, The, 221, 223, 238, 239, 240.
Chicora, The, 157, 158, 163.
Christina, The, 381.
Circourt, Mr., 132.
Civil War, The, 271.
Clark, Charles E., 169.
"Clearing Ship" for Action, 373, 374.
Coal, 370, 371.
Cobb, John C., 220.
Cobb, Signal Quartermaster, 169.
Cobbett, William, 31.
Cobden, Richard, 134.
Cochrane, Lord, 67.
Cockburn, Admiral, 39.
Code, The Naval, 20.
Coffin, Sir Isaac, 16.
Colhoun, Edmund R., 184.
Collier, Sir George, Admiral, 38.
Collingwood, The, 57.
Collins, John, 228.
Colorado, The Steam Frigate, 47.
Colored Troops, 96th Regt. (Engineers), 220.
Columb, Admiral, 152.
Columbia, The, 114.
Columbus, The, 114.
Commerce, American, 131.
Commissioners, Board of, U.S. Navy, 9.
Commodore Hull, The, 287, 294, 296, 300.
Concord, The, 367, 368, 369, 372, 374, 375, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382.
Conemaugh, The, 224, 225, 239.
Conestoga, The, 104.
Confederate Bonds, 139.
Confederate States of America, 135.
"Confederate" Troops, 7th Cav., 293.
Congress, The, 5, 25, 116, 119, 141, 152, 281.
Connecticut, The, 272.
Conover, Thomas A., 109.
Constellation, The, 25.
Constitution, The, 25, 28, 31, 33, 38, 248.
Convoying, 303, 304.
Conway, Quartermaster, 90.

Corregidor Battery, 386.
Corsairs, Confederate, 131.
Corea, 61, 62, 248, 256.
Courts-martial, 42.
Cramp, Wm. & Sons, 160.
Craney Island, Defense of, 248.
Craven, Tunis A. M., 52, 60, 99, 227, 228, 252.
Cricket, The, 106.
Crusader, The, 78, 99.
Cruisers, Wooden, 7.
Cuba, 249.
Culpepper's Battery, 239.
Cumberland, The, 78, 101, 108, 117, 281.
Cumberland, Officers of the, 116, 117.
Cumberland River, 303, 304.
Cumbria, The, 206.
Cummings Point, 180.
Cushing, William B., 291–3.
Cutlass Compared with Bayonet, 255.
Cyane, The, 252, 253.
Cyclones, 314, 315.

Dacres, Captain, 39.
Dahlgren, John H., 6, 11, 174, 175, 177, 183, 184, 188, 189, 190, 204, 205.
Dahlgren Guns, 12, 204, 205.
Daniel, Junius, 293, 294.
David, The, 192, 195, 196, 197, 198.
Davis, John L., 186.
Davis, Charles H., 159.
Dayton, William L., 151.
Death Penalty, 20, 21.
Decatur, Stephen, 27, 37, 62, 66.
Decatur, The, 56.
Deep Sea Soundings, 11.
Deer, The, 203.
De Haven, Edwin J., 11.
De Kraft, J. C. P., 220, 224, 232, 238, 239.
Delaware, The, 114.
De Soto, Hernandez, 211.
Dewey, George, 368, 371, 372.
Dimmock, Miss, 290.
Discipline, 8.
Dismal Swamp Canal, 284.
Dock Yards, 12.
Dolphin, The, 111, 114.
Douglass, Captain, 346.
Downes, John, 165, 168.
Drafted Men, 302, 303.
Drayton, Percival, 164, 165, 225, 230, 240, 241.
Drury's Bluff, 199.
Dudley, Thomas, 151.
Duelling, 65, 68.
Duncan, James M., 194.
Dundas, Adam D., 57.
Dundonald, Earl of, 67.
Du Pont, Samuel F., 6, 9, 12, 159, 162, 164, 165, 166, 170, 174, 253, 273.
Duvall, Marius, 196, 197.

Eastport, The, 106.
Eber, The, 321, 329, 336, 346, 347, 352.
Edson, Lieutenant, 250.
El Fraile, 377, 386.
Elliot, Jesse D., 52.
Elliott, Stephen, Jr., 188.
England, 129 et seq., 150, 195.
English Sympathy for the Confederacy, 133 et seq.
Engineers, Naval, 12.
Equipment of Landing Parties, 258, 260.
Erben, Henry, 88, 89, 90.
Ericsson, John, 4, 5, 147.
Erie, The, 67, 103.
Escort, The, 298.
Essex, The, 33, 59, 249.
Estrella, The, 239.

Fairfax, Donald McN., 165.
Farquhar, Norman H., 357.
Farragut, David G., 6, 9, 12, 16, 59, 106, 212, 216 et seq., 225, 229, 230, 231, 234, 240, 241, 243, 250, 273, 302.
Farrand, Ebenezer, 79, 85, 87, 88, 89, 90.
Ferry-boats, 272, 286.
Fiji Islands, 250, 254.
Fire, Preparations for, 374.
Flag Officers, The, 6.
Flogging, 21, 22, 23, 51.
Florida, 83, 91.
Flusser, Charles W., 292.
Folger, William M., 71.
Folly Island, 175.
Foote, Andrew H., 6, 9, 21, 61, 174.
Forbes, John, Admiral, 18.
Formosa, 61, 248, 255.
Fort Barrancas, 82, 83.
Fort Beauregard, 186.
Fort Bowyer, 211, 212.
Fort DeRussey, 112.
Fort Fisher, 106, 199, 254, 255.

Fort Gaines, 212, et seq., 220, 238, 239, 241.
Fort Gregg, 180.
Fort Jefferson, 99.
Fort McAllister, 163.
Fort McHenry, 249.
Fort McRae, 82, 86, 88.
Fort Monroe, 140, 142.
Fort Morgan, 59, 212 et seq., 220, 221, 227, 232, 241, 242.
Fort Moultrie, 167, 184, 185, 186, 200, 201, 202.
Fort Pickens, 83, 87, 88, 94, 97.
Fort Powell, 213, 232, 238, 239.
Fort Sumter, 112, 130, 165, 167, 169, 171, 172, 181, 182, 183, 188, 189, 193, 198, 202.
Fort Taylor, 99.
Fort Tombigbee, 212.
Fort Wagner, 176, 177, 178, 183.
Fort Washington, 293.
Foster, John G., 293, 294, 297, 298.
Fox, Gustavus V., 105, 273.
Fox, The, 249.
France, 26, 130, 132, 134, 135, 136, 151, 198, 211.
Franklin, Samuel R., 239.
Freeman, Martin, 225, 229.
Fremont, John C., 251.
Friendship, The Ship, 250.
Frontera, 253.

Gaboon River, 61.
Gaines, The, 215, 234.
Galena, The, 159, 222, 227, 232.
Gardus Island, 256.
Garnett, Richard B., 293, 294.
Gaspé, The, 16.
Genesee, The, 224.
Georgia Troops, Cav., 2d Regt., 224.
Germans at Samoa, 307, 311, 319, 340, 343.
Germantown, The, 56, 114.
Gibbon, Lardner, 11.
Gibraltar, 67.
Gilliss, James M., 10.
Gilmore, Quincy A., 175, 177, 180, 188, 190.
Gladiator, The, 92.
Glassell, W. T., 192.
Gloucester, 24.
Gloucester Point, 112.
Glynn, James, 61.
Godon, Sylvanus W., 204.
Goldsborough, Louis M., 10, 12, 278, 279, 281, 283.
Governor Buckingham, The, 300.
Granger, Gordon, 212, 220, 240, 241.
Grafton, Edward C., 224.
Grant, Ulysses S., 101, 219, 220.
Grant's Pass, 213, 239.
Gray, Boatswain's Mate, 326.
Great Berribee, 61.
Greble, John T., 277.
Green, Joseph R., 165, 195.
Greasing Armor, 164.
Greene, S. Dana, 148, 282.
Gregory, Francis H., 11, 40, 41, 253.
Greyhound, The, 250.
Greytown, 78.
Gridley, Charles V., 379.
Grog, 44, 46, 47, 49, 51.
Guaymas, 252, 253.
Guerriere, The, 31, 33, 39.
Guizot, 132.
Gulf Stream, 11.
Gunboats in the Civil War, 274.
Guns, Blast of, 381.

Hakodata, 63.
Hale, John P., 51.
Hall, Admiral, 53.
Hampden, Me., 249.
Hampton Roads, Battle of, 118 et seq , 141 et seq., 154.
Harrington, John, 117, 123.
Hartford, The, 59, 222, 225, 227, 230, 231, 232, 234, 235, 236, 242, 243, 255.
Hatteras, Cape, 285, 286, 288.
Hatteras Forts, 115, 273.
Hatteras Inlet, 288, 289.
Hawaii, 62.
Hawley, John M., 323, 348, 350.
Hermes, The, 211.
Herndon, William L., 11.
Heywood, Charles, 109, 117, 120, 122, 253.
Hickley, Admiral, 92.
Hill, Daniel H., 293.
Hill's Point, 289.
Hiogo, 256.
Hiogo Bay, 7.
Hitchcock, Robert B., 12.
Hoff, Henry K., 250.
Home Squadron, The, 77, 109.
Hongkong, 369.
Hongkong, Governor of, 371.
Honolulu, 61, 248, 256.
Hornet, The, 33,
Housatonic, The, 158, 165, 195.

Howard, Thomas B., 384.
Howard, Charles W., 191, 193.
Hudson, William L., 11.
Hughes, Edward M., 382.
Hull, Isaac, 27, 39.
Huron, The, 165, 206.
Hurricanes, 307, 314, 315, 316, 317, 321, 337.

Illinois Troops, Infantry, 77th Regt., 220; 94th Regt., 241.
Independence, The, 252.
Ingersol, Lieutenant, 250.
Ingraham, Duncan N., 61, 157, 158.
Isle de Mindanao, The, 381.
Insurgent, The, 26.
Iowa Troops, Infantry, 34th Regt., 220; 38th Regt., 241.
Ironclads, 187, 188, 190, 198, 272.
Irwin, John, 88.
Itasca, The, 216, 222, 234.
Ito, Admiral, 7.

James Island, 189, 200.
Jamestown, The, 115, 149.
Japan, 62, 63, 64.
Japan Stream, 11.
Japanese, The, 61, 64, 65, 226.
Japanese Navy, 7.
Java, The, 31, 33, 38.
Jeffers, E. G., 239.
Jeffers, William N., 11, 12, 239.
Jenkins, Thornton A., 11.
Joinville, Prince de, 141.
Jones, Paul, 24.
Jones, Thomas ap Catesby, 62.
Johnston, James D., 228, 235, 237.
Joselyn, Drummer, 124.
Jouett, James E., 225, 230, 231, 234.

Kalakaua, King, 61.
Kane, Elisha K., 11.
Kane, Captain, 328, 331.
Kearney, Lawrence, 250.
Kearney, Stephen W., 252.
Kelly, John, 61.
Kennebeck, The, 222, 223, 234.
Kennedy, Charles H. A. H., 52.
Kensington, The, 302.
Keokuk, The, 165, 167, 168, 169, 184.
Keystone State, The, 114, 157, 158, 272.
Key West, 256.
Kiersted, Andrew J., 324.
Kimberly, Lewis A., 61, 305.
King, Annie Bronson, 361.
King, Thomas, 139.
King, William M., 89.
Kirker, Coxwain, 120.
Korea, 61, 62, 248, 256.

Lackawanna, The, 222, 223, 233, 236, 242
Laguna, 253.
Lamberton, Benjamin P., 371.
Landing Parties, 256 et seq.
Lavalette, Elie A. F., 252.
Lawrence, James, 27.
Lay, John L., 291.
Lee, R. E., The, 302.
Lee, Samuel P., 278, 287, 303.
Lehigh, The, 186, 193.
Lenhart, John T., 117.
Lejeune, I. A., 344.
Lenthall, John, 5.
LeRoy, William, 157.
Li Hung Chang, 8.
Liberia, 62.
Lighthouse Department, 11.
Lily, The, 346.
Lincoln, Abraham, 80, 144, 172, 173.
Little, George, 26.
Little, Master-at-Arms, 192.
Livingston, John W., 116.
Longshaw, William, Jr., 193, 194.
Los Angeles, 251, 252.
Losses, American, 33, 125, 189, 194, 195, 199, 200, 243, 381.
Losses, British, 24, 33.
Louisburg, 15.
Louisiana, The, 289, 296.
Lovering, Francis J., 168.
Luce, Stephen B., 12, 127, 198, 199.
Lu-pe-pa, 307, 311, 340, 341, 342.
Luzon, Batteries, 386.
Lynch, William F., 11.
Lyon, Henry, 232, 324, 351.
Lyons, Lord, 129, 137.

MacCullough, The, 369, 372, 373, 377, 378.
MacDonough, Thomas, 27.
Macedonian, The, 31, 33, 67, 68.
Mackenzie, Alexander S., 176, 256.
Maffit, John N., 99.

Magruder, George A., 11.
Magruder, John B., 277.
Mahan, Alfred T , 10, 25, 72.
Mahopac, The, 200, 201.
Maine, The, 368, 369.
Malate, 379.
Malays, 250.
Mallory, Stephen R., 83, 84.
Malone, John, 360.
Manhattan, The, 221, 223, 237.
Manila Bay Battle, 367, 376.
Mann, Dudley, 139.
Manvila, 211.
Marblehead, 24.
Marines, 19, 248, 257.
Maryland Troops, Cavalry, 3d Regt., 220.
Marion, Battery, 186.
Marquesas Islands, 249.
Marston, John, 111, 116, 149.
Mason, John M., 136, 138, 153.
Massachusetts Troops, Militia, 3d Regt., Volunteer Infantry, 27th, 24th Regts., 293.
Mataafa, 307, 311, 319, 336.
Matanta, 312.
Maury, Dabney H., 10.
Maury, Matthew F., 10.
Mazatlan, 252.
McCauley, E. York, 61, 111, 112, 113.
McClellan, George B., 150.
McDiarmid, John, 296.
McKean, William A., 98, 99.
McNamara, Private, 120.
Meigs, Montgomery C., 95, 96, 97.
Mercedita, The, 157, 158.
Mercury, Charleston, 93.
Merriam, Greenlief A., 351.
Merrick & Sons, 159.
Merrimack, The, 4, 108, 111, 113, 117, 141 et seq., 154, 281, 283, 284.
Metacomet, The, 222, 230, 231, 234.
Mexico, 80, 134, 135, 136, 247, 250, 251, 254.
Mexico City, 253.
Miami, The, 292.
Mill, John Stuart, 134.
Miller, Joseph N., 198.
Milne, Alexander, 136, 142.
Mines, 375, 376.
Minnesota, The, 115, 125, 141, 149, 150, 282, 283.
Mirs Bay, 373.
Mobile Bay, Battle of, 211 et seq.
Mobile Register, 93.
Mohawk, The, 78, 99.
Monarch, The, 33.
Monitor, The First, 4, 5, 108, 126, 127, 128 et seq., 154, 159, 164, 165.
Monitors, The, 160, 163, 164, 167, 170, 172, 173, 174, 181, 185, 188, 198.
Monongahela, The, 222, 223, 233, 235, 236.
Monroe Doctrine, 135, 136.
Montauk, The, 165, 175.
Monterey, 251.
Montevideo, 248, 256.
Montgomery, James E., 240, 241.
Montgomery, John B., 56.
Montojo, Admiral, 374.
Moore, A. B., 212.
Morgan, The, 215, 234.
Morris, Charles, 11, 249.
Morris, George N., 116, 117, 124.
Morris Island, 165, 175.
Motley, John Lothrop, 137.
Mulje, 252.
Mullan, Dennis W., 323, 348, 350, 351, 353–5, 356.
Mulinu, 312.
Mullany, J. R. M., 95, 233.
Murphy, Patrick W., 234.
Murphy, Private, 242.
Murray, Alexander, 111.
Mutiny Act, The British, 23.

Nagasaki, 61.
Nahant, The, 165, 167, 175.
Nanshua, The, 371, 372, 373.
Nantucket, The, 165, 198.
Napoleon III., 134, 135, 139, 146, 154.
Napier, Charles, 33.
Nashville, The, 216.
Nation, The, 20.
Naval Academy, U.S., 9, 12.
Naval Apprentices, 12.
Naval Appropriation, 22.
Naval Brigade, 247 et seq.
Naval Brigade, Bartlett's, 275, 276.
Naval Code, 20.
Naval Engineers, 12.
Naval Observatory, 10.
Navigation Laws, 135.
Navy, British, 21, 33, 34, 35.
Navy Department, U.S., 20, 107
Navy, Japanese, 7.

Navy, The New U.S., 5, 58, 70.
Navy, Provincial, 14-17.
Navy, U.S. of 1812, 29, 30.
Navy, U.S. of 1861-65, 272, 273.
Neale, Benedict, 248.
Negroes, 227.
Nelson, William, 100.
Netting for Torpedoes, 193, 194.
Neutrality, 131 et seq., 371, 372.
New Berne, 284, 289, 293.
New England, 13, 14.
New Ironsides, The, 157, 159, 160, 165, 170, 182, 184, 187, 199.
New Orleans, 273.
Newton, Lieutenant, 250.
New York Troops, 3d Regt., Art., 3d Regt. Cav., 293.
Niagara, The, 98.
Nicaragua, 248.
Nicholson, J. W. A., 52.
Nields, Henry C., 231.
Nile, Battle of, 33.
Nipsic, The, 314, 317, 323, 329, 336, 343 et seq., 350, 351, 353-7.
Nookahevah, 249.
Norfolk, 110, 111, 280, 281, 283, 284.
North Carolina Troops (U.S.), 1st Regt.
North Carolina Troops, Confederate, Infantry 17th, 18th, 19th, 26th, 32d, 43d, 47th, 52d Regts., Cavalry, 59th Regt., 293.
North Pond, 249.

Observatory, National, 10.
Observatory, Naval, 10.
Octorora, The, 216, 222.
Officers, American, 43, 70, 71, 72.
Officers, British, 42, 43.
Officers, Southern, 80.
Officers, Volunteer Naval, 272, 278, 279.
Ohio Troops, 96th Regt., Infantry, 220.
Oil Used on Waves, 336.
Olga, The, 317, 321, 329, 330, 346, 353.
Olympia, The, 368, 369, 372, 377, 381.
Oneida, The, 222, 231, 234.
Ordnance, Bureau of, 12.
Ormsby, Mr., 346.
Ossipee, The, 222, 233, 237, 238.

Page, Thomas J., 11.
Page, Richard L., 241.
Pago Pago, 308.
Palmerston, Lord, 139.
Palmetto State, The, 157, 158, 163.
Pamlico River, 289.
Panama, 61, 248, 256.
Paris, Count de, 151.
Paris, Declaration of 1856, 131 et seq.
Parker, Foxhall A., 182, 209.
Parker, William H., 154, 158, 159.
Passaic, The, 164.
Patapsco, The, 165, 200.
Patrick Henry, The, 149.
Paulding, Hiram, 11, 111, 113, 159.
Pawnee, The, 78, 113, 114.
Peacock, The, 33.
Peiho, The, 66.
Pembina, The, 224.
Pendergrast, G. J., 79, 82, 109, 111, 116.
Peninsular Campaign, 140, 150.
Pennsylvania, The, 114.
Penobscot, The, 250, 256.
Pensacola, 79, 82, 86, 90, 221.
Penton, Pilot, 183.
Percival, John, 53.
Percy, Lord, 211.
Perkins, George H., 237.
Perry, Matthew C., 6, 12, 61, 62, 253.
Personnel of U.S. Navy, 70.
Pettigrew, John J., 293.
Petrel, The, 368, 372, 377, 379, 381, 382.
Phœbe, The, 33, 59.
Physical Geography of the Sea, 10.
Pickering, Charles W., 195.
Pickett, John T., 81, 82.
Pierce, Ebenezer W., 276.
Pinckney, Midshipman, 67.
Pinkham, A. B., 250.
Pinola, The, 224.
Pirates, 26, 27, 28, 249, 250.
Pocahontas, The, 78, 79, 82.
Pomeroy, George P., 239.
Pontiac, The, 199.
Poor, Charles H., 61, 83.
Porpoise, The, 44, 49, 54, 249.
Port Royal, The, 222, 234.
Port Royal, Battle of, 273.
Port Royal Expedition, 273.

Porter, Benjamin, 179.
Porter, David, 27, 62, 249.
Porter, David D., 4, 5, 12, 96, 97, 98, 103, 104–107.
Porter, William, C. B. S., 52.
Portsmouth, The, 63, 251.
Potomac, The, 249.
Potomac, Army of, 140.
Potter, Edward C., 298.
Powhatan, The, 78, 79, 96.
Preble, Edward, 27.
President, The, 25, 39.
Princess Royal, The, 159.
Princeton, The, 12.
Privateers, 15, 132.
Punch, 137.

Quaker City, The, 272.
Quallah Battoo, 250.
Queensbury, Marquis of, 133.

Radford, William, 116, 117.
Raleigh, The, 369, 372, 373, 377, 378, 379, 381.
Ramage, James, 249.
Rams and Ramming, 118, 121, 123, 125, 126, 161, 214, 233, 235, 236, 237.
Randolph, Victor M., 90.
Raritan, The, 114.
Read, John J., 192.
Register, Mobile, 93.
Reindeer, The, 33.
Remey, George C., 182.
Renshaw, Francis B., 79, 85, 89, 90, 93.
Rhind, Alexander C., 165, 168.
Rhode Island Troops, Infantry, 5th Regt., 298.
Richmond, The, 221, 222, 223, 233, 242.
Right of Search, 28, 153, 154.
Ringgold, Cadwalader, 11.
Rio Grande, 253.
Rio Hacha, 61.
Ripley, Charles S., 345.
Roanoke, The, 116, 126, 141, 150.
Robertson, Beverly H., 293.
Robeson, Henry B., 176, 186.
Robeson, George M., 6.
Rockton, The, 352.
Rodgers, C. P. R., 166, 171.
Rodgers, George W., 183.
Rodgers, John (1798), 249.
Rodgers, John (1861), 4, 6, 11, 39, 61, 165, 167.
Rodgers, Raymond, 12.
Rodman Guns, 204, 205.
Rodman's Point Battery, 294, 295, 296.
Roe, Francis A., 61, 69.
Roebuck, John A., 133.
Ronando, Surgeon, 385.
Roosevelt, Theodore, 71.
Ropes, John C., 272.
Rous, John, 15, 16.
Rowan, Stephen C., 6, 12, 177, 186, 187, 191, 196, 197, 252.
Russell, Lord John, 130, 136, 137, 152, 153.
Russia, Emperor of, 152, 153.
Rutledge, John, 157.
Rutledge, Battery, 186.

Sabine, The, 78, 79, 82, 83.
Salisbury, Marquis of, 134.
Salem, 24.
Saltonstall, William G., 269, 274 et seq , 294, 300 et seq.
Samoa, 61, 68, 307.
Samoa, Americans, British and Germans in, 338 et seq.
Samoans, The, 309 et seq.
Samoan Archipelago, 308.
Samoan Islands, U.S. in, 317, 318.
Sampson, William T., 11, 200.
Samurai, The, 63, 64.
San Blas, 252, 253.
Sandbags, 164, 173, 181, 182, 221.
San Francisco, 251.
Sanford, Henry S., 151.
Sangley Point Battery, 380, 382.
San Jose, 253.
San Juan de Ulloa, 57.
San Pedro, 251.
Saratoga, The, 56.
Savage, Thomas J., 239.
Savaii, 308, 312.
Schoonmaker, C. M., 68, 335, 336, 343, 344, 345.
Scott, Gustavus H., 201.
Scott, Winfield, 250.
Sebago, The, 224.
Selfridge, Thomas O., Jr , 101, 104, 116, 117, 121-124.
Selma, The, 215, 224, 234.
Seminole, The, 222.
Seneca, The, 199.
Seymour, Sir George F., 56.
Seymour, Sir Michael, 53, 56.
Seward, William H., 144, 154.
Shannon, The, 33, 37.
Shanghai, 61, 254.

Sheffield, Lord, 26.
Sherman, William T., 103.
Shimoda, 63.
Ship-builders, 8, 14.
Ships, Screw, 12.
Ships, Wooden, 7.
Shirley, The, 15.
Shubrick, William B, 11, 250, 252.
Shufeldt, Robert W., 62.
Sicard, Montgomery, 11
Simpson, Edward, 11, 186.
Sisson, Henry T., 298.
Skinner, Charles W., 46.
Slamm, Levi D., 55.
Slavery, 137, 138.
Slemmer, Adam J., 83, 86, 87, 90.
Slidell, John, 136, 138, 153.
Sloat, John D., 56, 251.
Smoking, 40.
Smith, Joseph, 5, 11, 109, 159.
Smith, Joseph B., 5.
Smith, John, (1812) 31.
Smyrna, 61.
Snuff-dipping, 290.
Soley, John C., 245.
Southfield, The, 293.
Spain, 130, 134, 136, 211, 371.
Spinola, Francis B., 298.
St. Lawrence, The, 126, 141, 150.
St. Louis, The, 78, 82, 99.
St. Mary, The, 56.
Stafford, Le Roy A., 344.
Stanton, Edwin M., 144, 145.
Stedman, Charles Ellery, 168.
Stellwagen, Henry S., 157.
Stevens, Thomas H., 186.
Stevens, Private, 242.
Stewart, Charles, 27, 28, 31.
Stockton, Richard I., 12, 56, 62, 67, 251, 252.
Stonewall, The, 204.
Storm Waves, 314, 315.
Strain, Isaac G., 11.
Stringham, Silas H., 11, 273.
Strong, George C., 175.
Strong, James H., 233.
Stuyvesant, Moses S., 116, 117, 124.
Subic Bay, 374, 375, 376.
Substitutes, 302, 303.
Sullivan's Island, 168, 184, 188, 200, 202.
Sumatra, 250.
Supply, The, 83, 86, 88, 91.
Susquehanna, The, 115.
Sutton, Francis E., 343, 344.
Swan, Leonard, 366.
Swanage, Battle of, 23.
Swinton, William, 14, 149.

Talbot, Cyrus, 25.
Tamasese, 311, 319.
Tampico, 253.
Tascaluca, 211.
Tatnall, Josiah, 66, 67, 146.
Taylor, William R., 12, 159.
Teaser, The, 149.
Tecumseh, The, 59, 221, 223, 224, 227, 228, 231.
Tennessee, The (U.S.), 221, 243.
Tennessee, The Ram, 122, 214 et seq., 224, 227, 231, 232, 238.
Tennessee River, 303, 314.
Tennessee Troops, Confederate, Infantry, 1st Regt., 242.
Terms, Naval, 44.
Thatcher, Henry K., 21.
Times, London, 28, 137, 152.
Tiensten, 8.
Tierney, Matthew C., 124.
"Tinclads," 303, 304.
Tobasco, 253.
Toombs, Robert, 78, 219, 228, 230.
Torpedoes, 190, 191, 192, 195, 212.
Torpedo Boats, 291.
Torpedo School, 12.
Totten, Benjamin J., 250.
Toucey, Isaac, 100.
Trafalgar, Battle of, 33.
Transports, Army, 273.
Trent, The, 136, 138, 153, 154.
Trenton, The, 316, 317, 320, 322, 324–337, 345.
Trescott, Peter, 183.
Tripoli, 62.
Trippe, John, 27.
Truxton, Thomas, 11, 26.
Tucker, John R., 157.
Turner, Thomas T., 162, 165, 170, 177.
Tuspan, 253.
Tutuila, 308.
Tyson, Herbert B., 242.

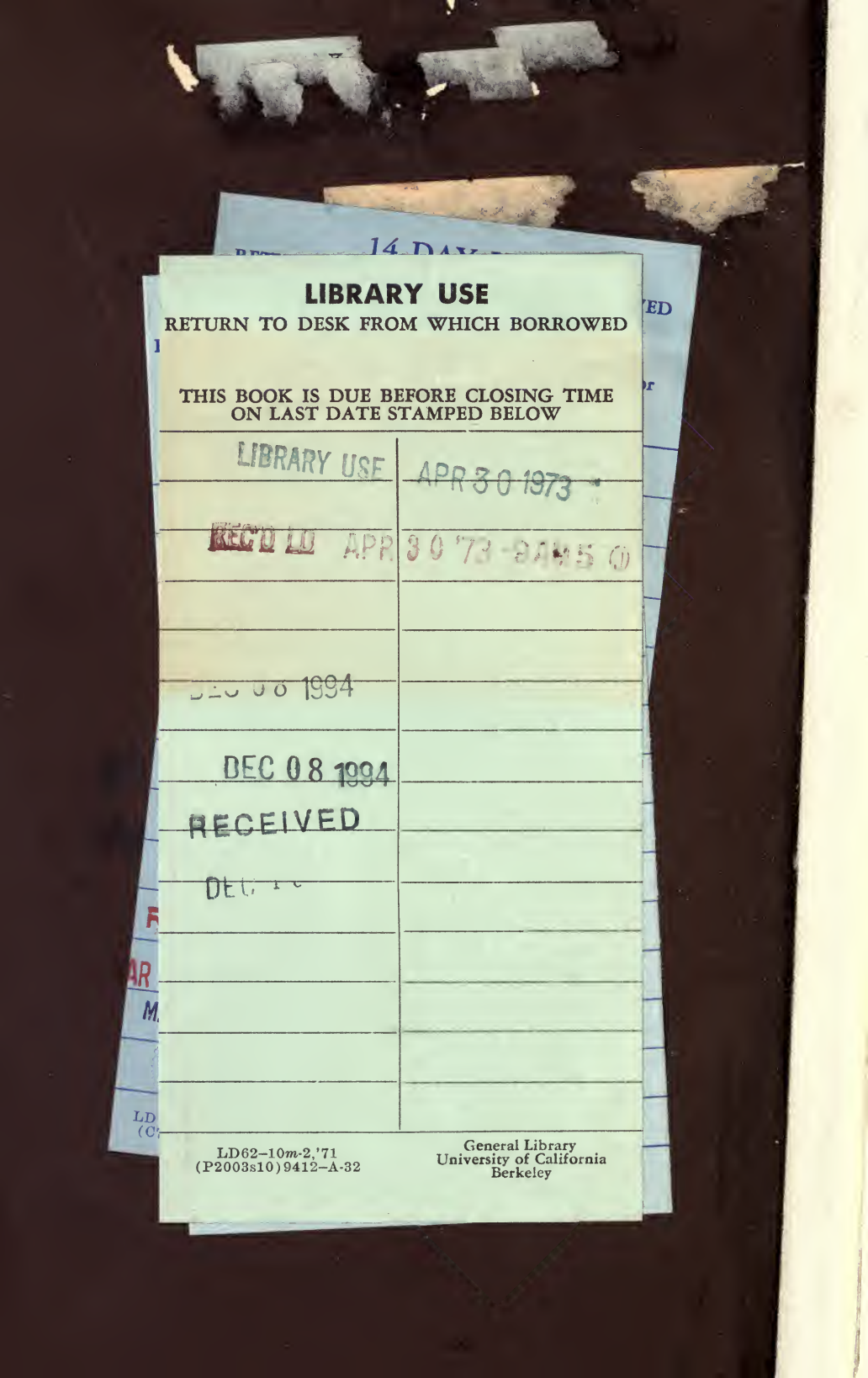
Unadilla, The, 165.
Uniforms, Naval, 17, 18, 19, 43.
United States, The Frigate, 25, 33.
Upolu, 308.
Upoul, 308, 309

Vaisiquano River, 312, 313.
Valparaiso, 39, 61, 67.
Valparaiso Bay, Battle of, 33.
Van Brunt, J. G., 282.
Vandalia, The, 68, 313, 314, 317, 320, 321, 329, 330, 334, 343 et seq.
Vanderbilt, Cornelius, 145.
Vanderbilt, The, 145, 283.
Vengeance, The, 26.
Vera Cruz, 55, 61, 79, 80, 81, 82, 253.
Vicksburg, 104.
Victoria, Queen, 152, 153.
Victory, The, 33.
Vigilant, The, 16.
Vincennes, The, 250.
Virginia, 111, 113.
Virginia, (Merrimack) The, 114, 141.
Virginia Troops, Infantry, 8th, 18th, 20th, 28th, 56th, 59th, Regts., 293.
Visitation of Ships, 28, 153, 154.
Vogdes, Israel, 84, 94.

Wabash, The, 115, 117, 166
Walke, Henry, 86, 88, 90, 91.
Walker, Asa, 365, 380, 381.
Walker, William S., 84.
War with Barbary States, 27.
War with England (1812), 28-39.
War with France, 269.
War with Mexico, 54, 55.
War, Revolutionary, 23, 24.
War College, 12.
Warren, Admiral, 31.
Warrington, Lewis, 11.
Washington, George, 16.
Washington, N.C., Siege of, 289, 293 et seq.
Wasp, The, 33.
Watson, J. Crittenden, 241.
Weehawken, The, 4, 165-167, 175, 183, 184, 185, 187, 194.
Welles, Gideon, 144, 145, 147, 273, 274.
Westfall, John, 325.
Wharton, A. D., 228, 235, 336.
Wildes, Frank, 368, 369, 371, 375, 381.
Wiley, Henry A., 344.
Wilkes, Charles, 11, 250.
Wilmington, N.C., Attack on, 289
William IV., King, 50.
Williams, Oscar F., 372.
Williams, James M., 238, 239.
Wilson, John C., 343.
Winnebago, The, 221, 223, 226.
Winthrop, Theodore, 277.
Wisconsin Troops, Infantry, 20th Regt., 241.
Wissahickon, The, 165.
Women, Southern, 284.
Wood, John Taylor, 154.
Woodbury, Jesse P., 183.
Wool, John E., 143.
Worden, John L., 46, 94, 95, 165, 282.
Wyandotte, The, 78, 82, 83, 86, 87, 88, 91, 95.
Wyoming, The, 255.

Yalu, Battle of, 194.
Yankee, The (tug), 114.
Yazoo River, 104.
Yedo Bay, 6.
Yorktown, The, 115.

Zafiro, The, 311, 373.
Zettich, John J. P., 231.


LIBRARY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

THIS BOOK IS DUE BEFORE CLOSING TIME
ON LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW

LIBRARY USE APR 30 1973
RECD LD APR 30 '73 -9AM5 (J)
DEC 08 1994
DEC 08 1994
RECEIVED
DEC 1 c

LD62–10m-2,'71
(P2003s10)9412–A-32

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C051356327

293594

E461
.M45
v.12

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY